WARCRAFT

THE ROLEPLAYING GAME

LANDS OF CONFLICT™

A Fantasy Setting Sourcebook for v.3.5 Roleplaying

SWORD & SORCERY™

JANWISE 2004

On Thursday, 18 March 2004, my twin brother Michel
passed away from unexpected heart failure.
In a matter of three days he progressed from
a simple fever to a life-threatening situation which,
in the end, took his life at the age of 19.

I want to thank everyone for your support
in the years we worked and lived together.
Thank you, art communities and art supporters,
for bringing so much joy to my brother and me.
Although we are separated physically
we will always be Twincruiser in spiritual essence.

— René Rijkel Koiter

Michel Martin Koiter

Born: San Rafael, Argentina - 3 May 1984
Died: Rotterdan, The Netherlands - 18 March 2004

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Special Thanks — Mike Johnstone
To Chris Metzen and Bob Fitch: once again, we couldn't have done it without you. Your generosity is unparalleled, and we thank you for the opportunity to explore here the incredible setting you have created.

To the other amazing folks at Blizzard: Paul Sams, Elaine Di Iorio, Neal Hubbard, Marc Hutcheson and Lisa Bucek.

To all the fantasy RPG settings of the past and present, which were inspirations and guiding lights throughout the development of this book. We hope we have made a worthy entry in your company.

Dedication
Lands of Conflict is dedicated to the memory of Michel Koiter (3 May 1984 – 18 March 2004), who contributed his great art and spirit to **Warcraft** and left us far too soon. Thank you, Michel.

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Pike's chest heaved with the strain of trying to breathe properly as he lay in the dirt. His entire left side felt as if it were on fire. His arm throbbed as though it had been crushed in an artisan's vice. He spat and was unsurprised that he could taste blood in his mouth. Still, he was alive, and that was something more than he thought possible a few moments before.

The knight rolled himself over and attempted to stand. Bracing himself against the bulk of a nearby tree, he managed to gain his feet. Squinting in the bright sunlight, Pike surveyed his surroundings. His old shield lay shattered and torn on the ground a few steps away, but the stout warhammer that was still by his side appeared unmarred. He looked down at his surcoat and saw it torn to rags, his armor barely held onto his frame by a few ragged leather straps. Still, Pike smiled once again at the fact that he wasn't dead.

Recalling the reason he was still alive to ponder these things, he limped over to the prone figure lying a few feet away. The large orc was struggling to pull himself to his feet. His bare leg was a mess of gashes, and his dark chainmail hung loose and torn about his thickly muscled frame. Still, the orc had the presence of mind to keep a grip on his weapons, a pair of wicked looking twin axes still covered in gore from the beast.

The beast in question was a massive reptile that lay dead in the center of the clearing, just a few yards from where it had erupted from the thick underbrush a short while before. When it had first roared, Pike whirled about and brought up his shield by reflex just as the monster reached him. It struck ferociously, a blur of claws and fangs. Pike was forced back step by step, never given a clear shot to strike back with his warhammer. The creature attacked relentlessly. A killing blow was inevitable. Then Pike heard the second roar, but this one did not come from the creature.

Duncan Pike knew somewhere in the Swamp of Sorrows there was a Horde settlement called Stonard, but he hadn't thought himself close enough to run into one of its inhabitants. His mission was to carry orders to a secret covey keeping watch on the borders of the humid swampland; he never expected he would actually see an orc. The savage warrior had come howling from the trees and had thrown himself on the beast

in a berserker rage. The orc's twin axes pounded a savage rhythm deep into the monstrous lizard's scaled flesh and rough bone. Bellowing in pain, the scaled predator swung around to address the new attacker, and it was then that Pike received his opening. With a battle cry of his own he brought his hammer down again and again on the creature's scaled hide. The two warriors engaged the creature for what seemed like forever before it finally fell and lay still.

Now Duncan Pike found himself in a dilemma. He looked down at the wounded orc who was his enemy — but who also had doubtless saved his life. And why? Pike's brown eyes met the pale green of the orc's. For a moment he remembered that his father, a simple man, had taught him to judge others by their actions, not by any other measure. Maybe somewhere along the line, someone had told this orc the same thing.

He offered his hand to the green-skinned warrior, who gave a sharp-toothed grin and accepted the assistance. The powerfully built orc weighed a hefty load, but Pike managed to pull him out of the dirt. Speaking not a word of the orc's rough language, Pike started laughing at the absurdity of the situation. The orc started in with a guttural laugh, and for a moment the two warriors understood each other perfectly.

"C'mon," muttered Pike, "I know of a goblin outpost not far from here. We can both get aid there. And I hope you have some coin to pay them, because I sure don't." The orc warrior seemed to understand the gist, and his fanged grin got even wider. Together, they limped back into the deep forest and away from the corpse of their fallen foe.

INTRODUCTION

To His Highness, King Magni Bronzebeard, Rightful Sovereign of Ironforge and Dun Morogh, and Grand Explorer of the Guild;

To High Explorer Tomli Magellas and all august members of the Excursion Council:

The task you set me many months ago is completed, thank Kaz'goroth, and I now present the results of my travels and my research in this modest volume. I've titled it simply *Lands of Conflict*, for conflict describes rather aptly the current sorry state of affairs throughout the eastern continents — and what must continue if the nations of the east will one day destroy the Scourge.

You might see fit to send a copy west across the sea, for reading it may encourage Ms. Proudmoore and Warchief Thrall to return home and lend a hand in dealing with Kel'Thuzad and his minions. Certainly, those strange night elves and that damnable Frozen Throne cannot mean as much as the ravaging of their former lands and the destitute, fearful lives of their former peoples. Forgive me, but a weary dwarf can still dream.

All the world's troubles of the past decades (nay, even the past centuries) find their roots here, in the east, and they must come to a resolution upon the blighted soil of the Plaguelands, in the streets of Stormwind, at the gates of Ironforge itself. While I encountered much weariness and isolation throughout the eastern lands, I also saw much determination and even hope. I believe we can rid ourselves of the undead and the demons. We will, of course, need the right people in positions of influence and a general consensus that working together produces better results than petty bickering; yet the seeds of a combined resistance are at least planted. The account given in this humble tome should offer His Highness and the Explorers' Guild ample guidance for how to act against the Lich King in the next days and years.

I shall proceed to summarize the book's contents and note the function of any of its special features, for the reader's benefit.

Summary of Contents

Because knowing the past lets us see how we got into the mess of the present, **Chapter One: History & Culture** reviews the events and character of the world's distant and recent ages. It also discusses some of the finer and more intriguing aspects of life on Azeroth, such as currency and goblin shops. Finally, this chapter closes with a lengthy timeline of the world's history, from what we know of the titans up to the present day. I must thank High Explorer Magellan for all his assistance in taking advantage of the Guild's very impressive collection of historical and cultural texts, without which Chapter One would be far less useful and much more prone to error, I am sure.

In **Chapters Two** through **Four**, I describe the current state of all noteworthy regions in **Azeroth**, **Khaz Modan** and **Lordaeron**, respectively. For each region entry, I give information — as far as I could gather it — on population, rulers, settlements, languages, resources and more. I also discuss at length each region's people and culture, geography, sites and settlements, and history. Sprinkled deftly throughout these chapters, if I do say so myself, are excerpts from various sources and conversations that I recorded during my travels, as well as the occasional more focused look at certain important personalities and the make-up of a few fighting forces, Alliance and otherwise.

A Note on Sidebars

Sidebars providing statistics for and descriptions of notable NPCs and sample mass combat units appear in Chapters Two, Three and Four. These sidebars are primarily GM aids, containing some information best kept from the curious eyes of players.

Statistics for the mass combat units are based on the rules presented in Chapter Three of the **Alliance & Horde Compendium**, especially the "Unit Combat Statistics" and "Commanders and Orders" sections. Mixed units have the stats for each creature separated by a slash (i.e., "DF 80 (8)/60 (6)," for the damage factors of human knights and heavy warhorses, respectively). A unit's commanders receive short stat blocks, focusing on the key information required to use them in mass combat battles, such as skills, feats and number of orders per battle round.

Chapter Five: Adventures captures particularly admirable tales I heard while knocking back a few pints with the locals of various regions. Young explorers of the Guild are welcome to seek out the

truth or falsity of such tales, and bless their souls if they do. The infamous Arena in Azeroth's Stranglethorn Vale, the insidious Dark Iron dwarves of Khaz Modan, the foul machinations of undead and demons in Lordaeron's Silverpine Forest: find them if you dare, my fellows, just make sure you keep your axe and your wits about you — then tell me everything at the Weary Boots.

Supplementary but no less important information appears in two appendices. **Appendix One: Organizations** details what I could learn about several groups and societies active in the eastern lands, such as the Cult of the Damned and the Stormwind Assassins. **Appendix Two: Miscellaneous Notes** offers a variety of items that I consider intriguing and that might prove of some use to the Guild — notes, for instance, on the dark apothecaries and Scarlet Crusaders, along with a short bestiary and descriptions of items both magical and mundane.

I hope that my efforts please His Highness and the Council. If you have queries or comments, you know where to find me.

Sincerely,

Brann Bronzebeard

Cross-References

Unless indicated otherwise, the following notations throughout identify material from other **Warcraft RPG** sources and distinguish new material in **Lands of Conflict** when necessary:

- An asterisk (*) refers to the **Warcraft RPG** core book.
- Two asterisks (**) refer to the **Manual of Monsters**.
- A dagger (†) refers to **Alliance & Horde Compendium**.
- Two daggers (††) refer to **Magic & Mayhem**.
- A double dagger (‡) refers to **Lands of Conflict**.

"Garrick?" The question came out in a raspy whisper from lips that were withered and sickly pale. Still, the sound of that familiar voice rekindled the flame of hope in Garrick's heart.

"Yes Adric, it's me. It's Garrick. I've found you at last." He looked at the face of his childhood friend with all the compassion he could muster. The young wizard apprentice had entered this patch of blighted forest some time ago, and finally his efforts had paid off. Good old Adric stood on the crest of the hill nearby, motionless as only the dead can be. Adric's skin was so shrunken that the bones beneath were almost visible. From his empty eye sockets a pale yellow light glowed like twin lanterns, and his tattered clothes barely hung on his thin frame. Still, despite all this, there was no mistaking his childhood friend. The undead lowered the old crossbow he carried and continued to stare incredulously.

"I came to find you, Adric, once I heard about a dead man in these woods, a dead man with a crossbow that matched your old family one. Remember, we used to practice with it together as boys? I'd know it anywhere."

The dead man lowered his head sadly. "Oh, Garrick, you shouldn't have come here."

Garrick spoke quickly. "Don't despair Adric. I've come on a mission. My master, he is one of the mages who seeks to reclaim Dalaran. He sent me here to take observations on the spread of the Scourge's plague. But once I heard your description from a woodsman, I abandoned my master's research and set off in this direction. I just knew I could find you. You see, my master is working on a way to reverse the plague. He only has theories right now, but when you come back with me, we can work on it together. It may take some time, but with you there to help the research will go much faster."

Adric raised his head and once again focused his mournful eyes on Garrick. "It's far too late for help, old friend."

Garrick raised his voice in passionate anger. "I refuse to believe that! We can undo this, don't you see that? Come with me now, you don't have to exist like this anymore. Just follow me back to my cart, it's not far away. I can sneak you into the city. You

can meet my master and we can get started right away. This plague can be reversed, maybe for everyone. My cart is just this way." Garrick turned and started back down the hill in the direction he had come. He took just a few steps when he caught a sound he had not heard since his childhood: the twang of a particular crossbow being fired.

His back exploded in pain and he found himself wondering who had punched him so hard. The blow upended him as he fell down the hill, unable to get a grasp on the slippery bed of leaves that covered the ground. He turned over painfully again and again, until his momentum ceased at last and he rolled up against the stump of a tree.

Garricks's legs were numb and he found he couldn't breathe quite right. His lower back was a riot of pain from where the bolt had struck. Yet over his own raspy breathing he heard the thumping of ragged boots making their patient progress down the hill.

From the corner of his eye Garrick saw his old friend sit on a large gray stone nearby. The now empty crossbow rested against the dead man's leg as Adric stared off into the dark woodlands. His hollow voice came again in a corroded whisper. "I meant it when I said you shouldn't have come here, Garrick, my old friend. Everything changed the day Prince Arthas rode here. Now, everything is dead. But somehow everything goes on. If I tried, I think I could go on forever now." He then turned his baleful yellow eyes on his friend. "Your largest mistake was assuming that I wanted to be cured, Garrick."

Garrick couldn't hear his friend too well. He couldn't feel his legs at all now, and everything was going dark around him. His own voice sounded shrill in his ears. "A-Adric, I think I'm d-dying…."

"Yes," answered Adric nonchalantly, "I do believe you are. But don't worry, old friend, we'll have all the time in the world to talk once you're done with that part."

CHAPTER ONE: HISTORY & CULTURE

This chapter reviews the world's history up to our own time, just so that we're all certain of why the Lich King's walking corpses now march nigh uncontested throughout Lordaeron. There's some sort of lesson to be learned in remembering what's happened both recently and long ago, but damned if I can see it as other than this: we must once more fight desperately to gain our freedom.

I decided also to include some discussion of current intriguing aspects of life in the eastern lands, mostly for the benefit of young prospectors who will set out on whatever journeys here in the east.

To close the chapter, I've provided a detailed and impressively thorough — if I may be permitted a small boast — timeline of the world's noteworthy events during its many millennia.

Lands of the Past

Younger prospectors and explorers — and there are more and more of them with each passing day — often come to me with questions about my methods. *How do you do it?* they ask. *How do you come back from a distant land and know it as well as a native?*

They're looking for some sort of exciting revelation — a trunk of disguises, perhaps, or my secret technique for spying unheard and unseen on a remote encampment. Now, I won't say that I haven't used a disguise or two in the past, and when the situation is sufficiently dangerous there's no shame in lurking in the bushes. Yet their faces always fall when I give the real answer:

The way to become an expert on a place is to know it before you leave.

Of course, you can't know a town's favorite inn songs until you drink with the locals, but anyone can go to a place to find what it *is*. Any creature with feet and eyes can do it.

A true explorer knows that some of the most valuable time on a journey is spent in scriptoriums and archives before a rucksack is packed. I've spent my life exploring the length and breadth of Azeroth, from Sunwell Grove to Booty Bay. The tree's worth of friends and stories I harvest in those faraway places is grown from the seed of a helpful librarian who helped me gather the maps and history I needed to get there in the first place.

So, before I begin telling you tales of how things are now, let me set the stage a bit by talking about the past.

Campaigning in Earlier Eras

The primary setting for the **Warcraft RPG** is the period following the Third War and the events that played out in *Warcraft III: Reign of Chaos* and *The Frozen Throne*. Yet the history of Azeroth is rich and full of adventure. Long before the Horde and the Alliance, the Kaldorei discovered magic and built a legendary empire that crumbled against the might of the Burning Legion in the War of the Ancients, and the disgraced Quel'dorei braved the Maelstrom to find a new land where they could explore the ways of magic. Little is known of the dwarves in this era, though some records indicate that they had stone hides (or "rock skin") and seemed more "elemental" in nature. An underground war was fought in the shadows to prevent the return of the demons to the world of the living.

As Brann expounds on the known history of the Lands of Conflict, see these sidebars for more information on running campaigns set in these eras.

Lands of Savagery, Lands of Magic

What we know about our world's earliest history is wrapped in mystery and legend. Thousands and thousands of years ago, Azeroth was one enormous continent surrounded by the sea. Known as Kalimdor, it was an explorer's paradise — danger and adventure just a step away, every river and mountain range completely unmapped.

The jungles and forests were ruled by tribes of trolls, wandering packs of beast-men hunting savage sabercats and kodo beasts and offering up their blood in dark rituals. While the explorations of the Guild will occasionally turn up the petrified remains of a troll encampment from these days, the trolls had nothing that would qualify as even the smallest of towns. Metalworking was unknown to them, and their weapons were carved from the bones of their fallen prey. Engravings on these weapons show scenes of the hunt as well as fierce duels between trolls, suggesting that they were much like their modern descendants, a society ruled by the strong, the cunning and the bloodthirsty.

While the dwarves and humans were still getting onto their feet, the elves as we know them had already been running for quite some time. More attuned to nature and the land, they were a nocturnal people known as the Kaldorei. It's difficult to uncover too much about this period, as the elves of Quel'Thalas are loath to speak of it. Yet what is known is that these earliest elves were the first to discover the ways of magic through something called the Well of Eternity. A source of enormous power and great reverence, the Well brought the Kaldorei to heights never before seen on Kalimdor. Their cities and temples spread across the continent and left the other primitive races in awe. In the early histories of dwarves and humans, the Kaldorei are shadowy figures of dark perfection wielding incredible god-like powers.

Then something happened that changed the world forever. Something went wrong with the Well, or with the Kaldorei, or with both. Somehow, the Burning Legion entered the world for the first time. Kalimdor felt the searing lash of the demon armies for the first time as they ravaged the countryside and left it a smoldering wasteland. The humans and trolls retreated deep into the wild, and the dwarves sealed the gates of their underground cities… leaving the Kaldorei to face the demons on their own.

In the war that followed, the Kaldorei rallied their forces and fought their way to the Well of Eternity. There, they made the supreme sacrifice and destroyed the source of their power to rid the world of the Burning Legion. When the Well collapsed, it took the world with it. Even in their distant fortresses, far from the Well, the dwarves feared for their lives as the very rocks around them shifted and crawled as though they were living creatures. The great Kaldorei cities fell into the earth, and the sea rushed in to fill the void. Long-dormant volcanoes erupted and the rivers ran black with ash, running toward the sea and the whirling vortex that now marked the lands of the elves.

As dark clouds gathered to blot out the sun and sky for an entire generation, the first great age came to an end.

Adventures at the Dawn of History

Campaigns set in the earliest days of the world of **Warcraft** happen between 10,000 and 14,000 years before the present day. The night elf society is similar to that seen in *Warcraft III*, but the other races are quite different. The high elves are still physically the same as the night elves, living nocturnal lives and slowly corrupting themselves with arcane magic. The dwarves are just beginning to develop their traditions and make the earliest of the technological innovations that will revolutionize the world. Humans are nearly as savage as their foes among the trolls, and both groups wander the land battling each other while trying to plant the seeds of their cultures.

Campaigns during this time should center on exploration and discovery, on first contact and seeing everything in the world for the first time. Outside the boundaries of the Kaldorei cities and temples, the world is completely untamed; it calls for explorers and traders who will journey into the untracked wilds. It also calls for warriors and spies to fight the war between the Azotha and the jungle trolls, or between the night elves and Queen Azshara's demon guard. It's a time when a canny diplomat might have changed the course of history forever. It's a time when characters can stand on the shores of the Well of Eternity itself.

Tinkers and even simple technology (phlogiston and gunpowder have yet to be discovered) are exceedingly rare in these days, found mostly among the dwarves. Spellcasters come only from the ranks of the Kaldorei, where the corrupting influence of the Well of Eternity has already sparked the battle between arcane and divine spellcasters that will continue for thousands of years.

Affiliations are nearly always along racial lines, though despite their physical appearance the Kaldorei are already divided into the night elves and the "highborn" elves.

Lands of Chaos, Lands of Empire

The explosion of the Well of Eternity did far more than destroy the civilization of the elves — it reshaped the entire world. Azeroth was one land no longer, shattered into many continents and islands, with the Maelstrom at the ocean's heart marking the grave of the Kaldorei.

Dwarven history tells little of this period. Except for occasional armed expeditions from one clanhold to another, our people sealed themselves underground. We neither knew nor cared what went on outside our mountain homes. It was during this period, however, that we honed our artistic skills, perfecting the arts of metalworking and stonecarving as we worked out our fears and frustrations on the walls and passages of our homes and turned them into the places of craftsmanship and beauty that we still know today.

For thousands of years, the human tribes teetered on the brink of extinction as their numbers were winnowed by an ever-increasing struggle simply to gather what was needed for survival. For millennia they persevered, wandering ever further afield in search of game, wood and refuge.

Finally, the clouds parted. The sun returned and green sprouts pushed through the ash-fertilized earth of the sere plains, although the Barrens — once a vast, western forest region — were blasted into a dry, desolate wasteland by the Sundering. Centuries passed as forest and jungle once again flourished, and the beasts increased in number until herds of kodos once again roamed the plains. Even dragons roused from their long slumbers to soar through the warm sunlight and cooling rains. Slowly, all traces of the cataclysmic death of the Kaldorei were erased save for the ceaselessly hungry maw of the Maelstrom.

The surviving tribes of humans sent out intrepid bands to explore the reborn world and to find their long-lost brethren. Slowly, trade routes were established across the revitalized world. However, the savage trolls had survived their own hardships and emerged to once again harry the human merchants and travelers. Soon the trolls were bold enough to raid settlements, pillaging the towns and taking away slaves and fodder for their heathen rituals. The strongest of the human tribes, the Arathi, convinced the scattered threads of humanity to gather under their rule and wove them together into the empire of Arathor. Though some tribes chafed when their destinies were bound together, the Arathi assured them the land would always belong to all peoples and named the land as a whole in homage to their ancient ancestors: Azeroth.

Together, the humans constructed the fortress city of Strom and raised an army that pushed back the trolls. Yet raids by the trolls continued to prevent any large-scale farming and remained a danger to anyone traveling outside the empire's protection. The leaders of the tribes had gathered in Strom to try to conceive a strategy when word came of an elven emissary at the city gates. The stunned humans, who had long believed all the elves destroyed in the defeat of the Burning Legion, were quick to bring the envoy into their council.

The envoy explained that long after the destruction wrought by the Maelstrom, some of the survivors had made their way to northern Azeroth and established a new kingdom, called Quel'Thalas, and a new source of magical power, called the Sunwell. She also told how the elves were waging their own war with the trolls and how the elven defenses were perilously close to falling under the onslaught. The elves requested assistance from the army of the human empire to stave off an oncoming assault that threatened to shatter the borders of the elven nation. After discussion, Arathor agreed to help Quel'Thalas — but required that the elves teach humans the ways of magic and sorcery. The elves were quick to agree, and the combined elven and human forces drove back the trolls on both fronts until the bestial tribes held a mere shadow of their former power.

With the threat of the trolls removed, the high elves quickly transformed the lands within the borders of Quel'Thalas into a lush paradise where they could spend the years in peace and quiet contemplation. The humans, on the other hand, spent centuries expanding their borders until the Empire of Arathor nearly covered Azeroth. As their lust for power pushed them to master the arts of magic they were learning from the elves, so did their lust for land pull them northward into the mountains. There, they encountered a dwarven expedition gathering supplies, and our two peoples met for the first time.

Empire Building

Campaigns of several types can be played out in the time following the destruction of the Well of Eternity and the great elven empire. Among the elves, campaigns could explore the loss of civilization, the attempts to reestablish a homeland atop Mount Hyjal, the exile of the high elves, and the night elves' entrance into the Emerald Dream. The night elves' divine spellcasters will still be bolstered by the demi-god Cenarius walking among them. Arcane spellcasters will be weak, struggling to create and protect a new source for their power in the second Well of Eternity and — after they've been exiled and journey to create Quel'Thalas — the Sunwell. Both groups will be living in the wild and fighting to survive like they never have before or since.

Campaigns among the dwarves — the culture that best survived the cataclysm — might play out the repercussions of isolation as supplies run short, tempers flare, and the dwarven clans go through the near-inevitable power struggles. Other campaigns might deal with new underground realms opened by the upheavals, and what creatures might emerge from deep within the bowels of the earth. Some characters might play the artisans, craftsmen and tinkers who made the tremendous advances of the period.

This is the era in which the dwarves have "awakened" from ancient times, shaken deeply by the Sundering and forgetting much of what they were as a race. Emerging from beneath the earth, they begin to explore their surroundings. Yet they no longer have skin of stone, but are flesh like other races — losing all knowledge of their racial heritage, especially knowledge of the titans who created them and of their purpose (to shape the world). The dwarves split into three clans: the Bronzebeards (mountain dwarves), the Wildhammers (hill dwarves), and the Dark Irons (shadowy, wandering sorcerers).

Human campaigns could begin in the years that were nearly the race's last, as it eked out sustenance from the ashes and the aftermath of the destruction. Then, as the sun returns, players would have a chance to help fight the trolls and build an empire, from the earliest towns to Strom and the Empire of Arathor.

Eventually, generations later, all these campaign types collide when the three races gather to fight the final war against the trolls that allowed for the settlement of Lordaeron. (At this time, all trolls in Lordaeron are forest trolls from Zul'Aman; jungle trolls would be encountered only in far off Stranglethorn.) Spies and diplomats will have crucial roles in the days leading up to and through the first meetings of the races. Though humans may have previously had access to divine spells through worship of the Old Gods or early cults that would become the Church of the Holy Light, once they meet the elves of Quel'Thalas they will finally have access to arcane spellcasting. Similarly, once the dwarves emerge from their mountain homeland and share their technological advances, other races will finally be able to become tinkers. Fighting side-by-side for the first time against unending waves of savage trolls, the races who will one day form the Alliance fight not to save the world, but to once and for all time set the course of their own destinies.

We had previously encountered the elves; indeed, they came to us first when they needed assistance against the trolls, but the clan leaders had determined that they wanted little to do with a race they found pretentious and overbearing. Yet the clans of Khaz Modan and the humans of Arathor met under a brighter sun, and they soon became close allies. The humans provided the dwarves with a wide array of surface goods, and the dwarves traded the finished goods produced in our underground workshops. Passing through our lands in peace, the humans expanded their empire into the northern half of the continent, which they named with a combination of words from the human, elven, and dwarven languages: *lorn*, dwarven for "land"; *daer*, the human word for "people"; and *ronae*, "peaceful" in the elven tongue — hence, Lordaeron.

All the races thought it was the dawn of a second great age; they would soon learn, to their sorrow, that it was already late afternoon.

Lands of Darkness, Lands of Demons

As they quickly embraced the ways of magic, human mages rose in power until they matched and even surpassed their elven tutors. In parts of the empire, human sorcerers cleared fields, hunted dragons and reshaped the earth itself at their whim. To many across Arathor and to some on its ruling council, this seemed at best a too-easy path and at worst an abuse of a sacred power. Confronting the wizards took the Empire of Arathor over the brink of civil war as the "magocrats" carved out their own territory where magic could be practiced without restriction. In some places those fearful or distrustful of magic banded close to one another to prevent the mages from taking power, while others compromised and allowed the free use of magic so long as it was policed by Guild overseers.

When all was said and done, the sprawling Empire of Arathor had fallen apart into seven separate nations: Lordaeron, Stormwind, Kul Tiras, Stromgarde, Alterac, Gilneas, and Dalaran.

It was soon discovered that the use of magic without constraint didn't mean that magic could be used without consequence. Relations between the newly independent human nations were strained as the rulers of the magocracies became increasingly withdrawn and obsessed with amassing magical power. This led them straight into darkness — where they found demons waiting.

What happened in the years following is a secret history that has only been uncovered in recent times. To most people of Quel'Thalas, the dwarven citadels and the seven kingdoms, these were centuries of peace and prosperity. Yet unbeknownst to all but a few, the powerful spells of elven and human mages had quietly called to the Burning Legion. The demons were happy to answer the summons and began to slip back into Azeroth. An elven society called the Council of Silvermoon had long ago sworn to forestall any full return by the Legion; this society met with the most powerful wizards of the human nations to form the Order of Tirisfal to hunt those demons who had already arrived. Eventually, the Order's members combined their magical energies to anoint a single special champion — the Guardian. Only one Guardian existed at any time, guided by the Order, and this person wielded divine-like powers to beat back the demons.

The Order and its agents were tireless in their efforts to track and destroy the demons, who grew increasingly reckless in their attempts to regain a foothold on the world they had lost so long ago. The demons finally overstepped their bounds when they began to drain dragons of their magic, at which time Aegwynn, the current Guardian, chose to aid the dragons against the Legion. With her assistance, the demons were driven back and utterly destroyed.

The world returned to a peace it never knew it had lost. Far, far away, though, the Burning Legion plotted its revenge and gathered its forces.

The Great and Secret Game

Most **Warcraft** campaigns are set during times of open warfare. However, games in the time of the Guardians of Tirisfal occur in a period when the battles were in the shadows, when the mages slowly corrupting themselves with arcane magic were desperate to maintain an illusion of peace.

The demon-hunting agents of the Order of Tirisfal might come from any race or class, and their motivations could range from generations-long vows with the Council of Silvermoon to simple profit motive as mercenaries collect a bounty for each demon head collected. Through it all, the Order and its agents remain the "men in black cloaks," cleaning up all evidence of their struggles and denying the existence of the enemy. For more than a thousand years, this battle is fought by the Magna Aegwynn, one of the last Guardians, until the close of the era when the dragonflights help her defeat and seal the demon lord Sargeras in an undersea tomb.

Much adventure remains for those not fighting the secret war. The same years are those leading up to the birth of the wizard Medivh and his long sleep. Quel'Thalas, the dwarflands, and the seven human kingdoms are at the height of their power and pristine in a way they will never be after Medivh awakens to open the first portal to Draenor.

Lands of Storms, Lands of the Horde

In a Guildhall or taproom, this is usually the point in my history lecture where I see people beginning to nod off or think about quietly ordering another round.

(Incidentally, the gauge of a good storyteller is that the audience should drink only when the teller does. They should be so focused on the story that they think to raise their mugs only when the storyteller must moisten his tale-parched throat. So if you see someone order another drink and you glance down to see a half-full mug before you… it's likely time to wrap up your tale and save your strength for another night.)

So, lest I begin covering ground that my esteemed liege or my readers in the Guild and elsewhere have likely walked themselves, I will rely on your own memories of the invasion of the Horde and the three great wars that followed. For those reading my words in some far distant land who were lucky enough to live those days in peace, or those in some far distant time when even those momentous events have faded to but another topic of the tutors, I recommend you read any of the innumerable tomes penned on those days for tales of incredible courage and adventure. I could not do them justice if I covered a thousand times a thousand pages in my spider-scrawl.

Lands of Conflict, Shadows of the Past

Though time marches onward, it never leaves the past wholly behind. The ruins of ancient towns, buildings and temples still mark the landscape, the tombstones of times past. Disturbing the spirits of the dead is a distasteful thing at best, and at worst — and often — a dangerous thing. Yet the ruins remain an invaluable and fascinating gateway into their time.

Stories and legends keep the past alive, but physical remains provide proof that the stories are more than the ramblings of an imaginative minstrel. In all my years wandering Azeroth, I have never failed to follow a rumor of an ancient city in shambles or the entrance to an underground temple to the Old Gods. And when I discover a building from the days of the Kaldorei, when I can step into the earliest days of known history, when I get that much closer to discovering the truth of our origins… those are the moments that drive me to be an explorer.

Shadows of the Past, Future's Dawn

As Brann notes, elements of **Warcraft's** past that have survived into the present make terrific adventure seeds. Many of the missions in the **Warcraft** computer game draw in elements from Azeroth's rich history, from the tomb of Sargeras to the underground prison of Illidan Stormrage.

The cataclysmic sundering of the world after the destruction of the Well of Eternity and the razing of entire kingdoms in the wake of two wars and the onslaught of the Scourge can easily have hidden the ruins of not just innumerable temples, tombs and towers, but entire cities. Did the Guardians of Tirisfal imprison any of the demons they captured, and if so, where? Do any temples built by the trolls still stand from the days when they hunted nomadic tribes of humans so long ago? What is happening in the remains of the orc internment camps on the Alterac plains? Ask the unanswered questions of Azeroth's past and answer them in your campaign.

Chapter Six of the **Warcraft RPG** lays out nearly a dozen different general types of campaigns that can be run in the western lands. Many of these same campaign types have appeared throughout the history of Azeroth and the eastern lands, as explained above and played by millions of gamers in the *Warcraft* computer games. Specific ideas for adventures in the lands of conflict are seeded throughout the following chapters of this book, but here is another look at some of those general frameworks into which they might be placed:

• **Diplomacy:** Peace holds in the west, even after the skirmishes sparked by the assaults on the Horde by Admiral Proudmoore. In the east, the only factors preventing another full-fledged war are the expanses of blasted, plague-ridden wasteland between the factions and their diminished numbers. It will only take time before the Scourge dominates enough of the living to begin their expansion in earnest, or the Defias Brotherhood gathers their number to reveal what's hidden in the depths of the Dead Mines. Only those skilled with manipulation and diplomacy will determine if the coming age is one of peace, or merely the next series of battles in an unending cycle of war.

• **Dungeoneering:** The last fifty years have sundered the countryside and shattered entire nations. Once-proud castles and cities lay in ruins, and the ravages of battle have torn open the earth to reveal long-hidden secrets. From recovering artifacts lost in the battles beneath Khaz Modan to the catacombs that might have been hidden in the rebuilding of Stormwind, much adventure awaits those adventurers ready to plunder the past and confront its guardians.

• **Espionage:** Where once there was only the Alliance and the Horde, there are now numerous independent factions rising to power in the world of Azeroth. Major factions such as the undead Scourge and lesser powers like the Syndicate are all attempting to seize power in the chaotic aftermath of war, and the first weapon they require is information. Those who can bring it to them, whether through treachery or deceit, might ask for handsome rewards.

• **Exploration:** Despite its proud and storied history, little is known of the details of the present world of Azeroth. Where once there were kingdoms and empires, war and conflict have left only blank spots on a map waiting to be filled in by intrepid explorers. The Explorer's Guild has led the way into many of these mysterious regions, but there are innumerable trails remaining to be blazed by the skilled and courageous.

• **Horror:** Darkness has taken root in the once-green lands of Lordaeron. The skeletons, ghouls and abominations of the undead Scourge stalk a cracked and blasted landscape, preying upon any living creature foolish enough to wander into their domain. Only champions willing to face down evil itself can hope to pull even the smallest part of the Plaguelands from the clutches of the Lich King.

• **Mercenaries:** There are many combat-hardened veterans who were abandoned in the

Alliance and Horde's rush to confront the Burning Legion on Kalimdor. Some of these veterans banded together, others joined an independent faction, and those remaining now answer only to themselves. These mercenaries are warriors and wizards for hire, selling their services to anyone with enough gold in his pouch.

• **The Quest:** Those with wisdom and experience can sense the approach of another important moment in the history of Azeroth. They know that the shape of the next era will be decided by heroes who set out in search of lost and ancient powers, from the hammer of Muradin Bronzebeard to the hidden necropolis where the Guardians of Tirisfal buried their dead. Some of these quests will turn adventurers into true champions, while others might determine the fate of the world.

• **Settlement:** The eruption of the Well of Eternity, the arrival of the Horde, the spread of the Scourge, the attacks of the Burning Legion — rarely has civilization gained a foothold in the eastern lands before it was thrust back to the borders of savagery. The graceful towers and thick walls of cities are separated in eastern Azeroth by vast tracts of untamed wilderness. Settlers with the skill, boldness and strength of arms to withstand the challenges and dangers of the wild may find that from crude beginnings mighty empires can be born — or reclaimed. In the north, the Scarlet Crusade is always searching for settlers willing to make a stand on the edge of the Plaguelands and reclaim a part of humanity's ancestral lands.

• **Survival:** From the earliest nomads wandering eastern Azeroth to the adventurers exploring the aftermath of apocalyptic wars and cataclysmic upheavals, part of daily existence has always been the battle to survive. With the Alliance shattered by the Scourge and the clans of the Horde in far-off Kalimdor, there are many small settlements that have been forced to become entirely self-reliant. When the people are in need of lumber or gold, they must seek it out. When the village falls under attack by the Defias Brotherhood or the Blackwater Raiders, heroes will not come from far away — they must come from within, and only those native heroes can ensure that the settlement endures.

• **Trade:** Trade routes are just beginning to be reestablished across eastern Azeroth, spearheaded by the efforts of the Venture Company to connect isolated goblin trading posts. Intrepid adventurers might sign on to explore an overland trade route, or to protect a trade caravan from the depredations of bandits and the creatures of the wild. Alternately, they might choose to join with one of the "free merchants" attempting to compete with the goblins — which means that heroes will be guarding caravans not only from thieves and beasts, but also determined assaults financed by the Trade Princes.

• **War:** The drumbeat of war still sounds on the wind in eastern Azeroth. For some, such as the Scarlet Crusade, the Third War has yet to truly end. For others, such as Alliance remnants who believe the Horde weakened by the severing of its ties with the demons of the Burning Legion, the time for a new war approaches. With the storm clouds on the horizon, it is one of the rare moments when heroes have the opportunity to decide which army they will join — or if they might form their own.

The Warcraft Library

For players and Game Masters (GMs) interested in setting games during the First, Second, or Third War, there is a wellspring of information available in a variety of forms. These sources may also prove useful to those gathering information to build a campaign set during earlier eras.

Computer and Console Games

Warcraft: Orcs and Humans (Blizzard, 1994)

Warcraft II: Tides of Darkness (Blizzard, 1995)

Warcraft II: Beyond the Dark Portal (Blizzard, 1996)

Warcraft III: Reign of Chaos (Blizzard, 2002)

Warcraft III: The Frozen Throne (Blizzard, 2003)

There's no substitute for playing the original games to capture the flavor of the world of Azeroth. Valuable information can found in the game manuals as well. The manual to *Warcraft III: Reign of Chaos* in particular is useful for its detailed history of events from the earliest days of the Kaldorei through the beginning of the Third War.

Strategy Guides

Warcraft: Orcs and Humans Official Secrets and Solutions (Prima Publishing, 1995).

Warcraft II: Tides of Darkness: The Official Strategy Guide (Prima Publishing, 1996).

Warcraft II: Beyond the Dark Portal Official Secrets & Solutions (Prima Publishing, 1996).

Warcraft III: Reign of Chaos Strategy Guide (BradyGames, 2002).

Warcraft III: The Frozen Throne Strategy Guide (BradyGames, 2003).

Written with the assistance of *Warcraft's* creators at Blizzard Entertainment, these books not only walk you through every puzzle and battle in the computer and console games, but occasionally also provide a peek behind the scenes at events both in the game and its creation.

Novels

Warcraft: Day of the Dragon (Richard A. Knaak, Pocket Books, 2001)

Warcraft: Lord of the Clans (Christie Golden, Pocket Books, 2001)

Warcraft: The Last Guardian (Jeff Grubb, Pocket Books, 2001)

Warcraft: Of Blood and Honor (Chris Metzen, Pocket Books, 2001)

Set between the events of *Warcraft II* and *Warcraft III*, these novels tell sweeping tales in the best *Warcraft* style and flesh out the history and characters of the games.

Also look for **Warcraft: The War of the Ancients Trilogy** by Richard A. Knaak, to be published in 2004. The first volume is **The Well of Eternity**.

Other Books

The Art of Warcraft (Jeff Green and Bart G. Farkas, BradyGames, 2002)

A gorgeous book packed with concept art and stories direct from the *Warcraft* development teams at Blizzard Entertainment.

Websites

Blizzard Entertainment: http://www.blizzard.com/

Official Warcraft II site: http://www.blizzard.com/war2bc/

Official Warcraft III: Reign of Chaos site: http://www.blizzard.com/war3/

Official Warcraft III: The Frozen Throne site: http://www.blizzard.com/war3x/

Official World of Warcraft site: http://www.blizzard.com/wow/

Official Warcraft Online Strategy and Information Center: http://www.battle.net/warcraft-universe.shtml

Blizzard's official websites for past and future *Warcraft* games, your one-stop shop for unit breakdowns, previews and strategy guides, downloadable demos and additional content, links to community and fan sites, and more.

Bronzebeard's Compendium of Essential Knowledge

(or, A Gadabout's Gazetteer)

If history is the wall upon which the portraits of the present are hung, experienced travelers come to see that the portrait they view is framed by their own interests. I've a good friend in the Guild who has taken meticulous notes on every meal he has eaten everywhere in Azeroth for the last twenty years. When you ask him whether he recommends a particular trade route through the Elwynn Forest, you can be certain that his first consideration isn't attacks by the Defias Brotherhood — it's whether or not there are fine meals to be had in the taprooms of Goldshire and Westridge.

So I must confess to the Guild and the throne that in my past reports I've been accused of giving more general topics short shrift while expounding at great length upon important topics such as how migration patterns affect hunting in the Hinterlands and where in the south one can still find the remaining stocks of Darrowmere summerwine. In the following pages, I will attempt to prevent such oversights in this particular report by discussing issues of breadth and scope.

Currency and Trade

Gold is a tricky thing. Many of us would rather we didn't have to bother with it all… but failing that, we'd prefer to have as much as possible. An old saying goes, "Anything can be bought if you have enough gold." I'm here to tell you that it isn't true.

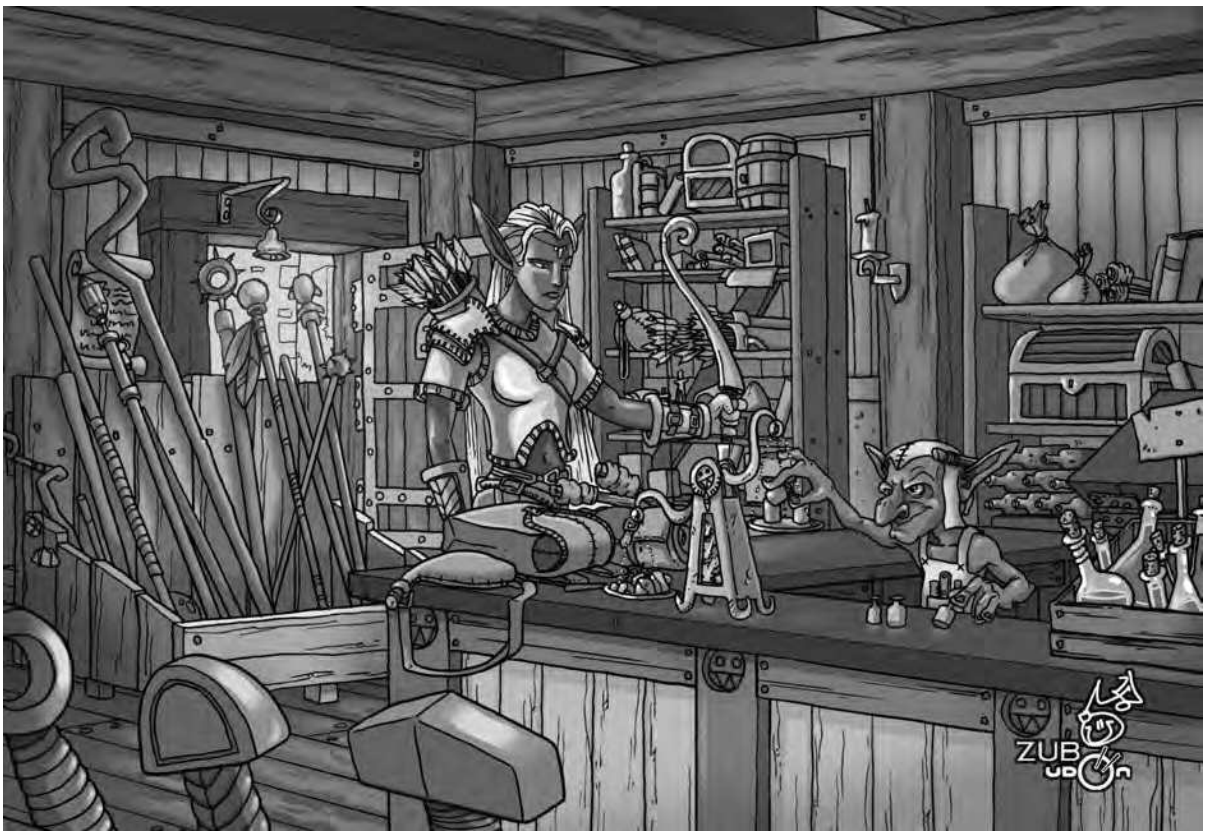
Many years ago, I was traveling through the wastes around the Dark Portal to the orc home world when I suddenly came down with a particularly violent ailment that left me lying nearly insensate under a thin clump of scrub brush. On the fourth morning of my illness, I lifted my waterskin to my lips, only to have it slip from my weakened grip and spill its contents onto the parched soil. As I watched the blazing sun climb high into the sky, I cast about my fevered mind for an escape even as I felt the cold shadow of death falling over me. Then I realized that the shadow was that of a rag-clad hermit, a gnome perhaps, who began poking at me with a stick. I pointed weakly at the sloshing gourds hanging from his belt and rasped through my blistered lips that he could take all the gold in my pouch in exchange for two days' water. The hermit took my pouch, poured its contents into his hand — then threw them over his shoulder. He turned and was about to leave when suddenly he spotted the gryphon feathers woven into my beard. Hooting in happiness, he plucked the feathers and dragged me over to his saddled kodo. The hermit took me back to his hut and spent three weeks nursing me back to health. Explaining that he was writing a magic spell on seven scrolls that would open a magic portal to the "land of green," he said he hoped that any traveler who carried quills in his beard might give him some pointers.

Completely crazy, that hermit.

My point is that sometimes gold is completely worthless, while items you had considered heretofore worthless can suddenly become the treasures used to buy back your life. Those who spend their days in the civilized lands or with the portable civilization that is the army may forget the wonder that is the barter system, where one might purchase a saw with a basket of eggs rather than with pieces of gold.

Barter is particularly widespread in the north these days, where many of the trade routes have been completely disrupted by the attacks of the Scourge. Those few villages still hanging on in isolated glades and valleys survive through the barter system; one person will raise chickens, another weaves roughspun cloth, a third grows wheat, and all trade their excess to one another. Travelers through these areas often find it hard to step into this cycle of survival unless they have something to trade of exceptional rarity in the area. I made my entire journey through Alterac and the Plaguelands into Tirisfal carrying a pack filled with nothing but fishing hooks, whetstones, and candles.

Of course, there are plenty of places where gold is still accepted and even required for purchases. Shops run by the goblins, for example, accept only gold. However, gold can take many forms. In towns near operating gold mines, gold is often in nugget or dust form and spent by weight, with every business



from trading posts to blacksmiths using a balance scale to measure their customers' payments.

When taxes or trade take the raw gold to a larger city, local governments have minting operations that ease and speed trade by melting the metal and forging it into coins of standard weight. With only a few exceptions, such as the quarter-pound coins once minted in Moonbrook, gold coins typically are made three to the ounce, or roughly fifty to the pound.

In the minting process, coins are always stamped with the mark of the local power, which causes problems of its own. Coins minted in Stormwind these days, for example, are marked with the face of young King Wrynn. When these coins are later stolen from travelers by the bandits of the Defias Brotherhood, the renegades mar the face of the king to produce what are known as "cross-eyed coins." The cross-eyed coins, in turn, are seen as a mark of treason against the throne and have been declared illegal by the Stormwind Council. Hence, you might walk into the Pig and Whistle in Stormwind with a pocket full of gold coins produced locally… yet find yourself unable to purchase a flagon of mead due to a few scratches. Similarly, the people of Westfall are growing increasingly upset with the inability of the Stormwind Guard to protect their villages from the attacks of the Brotherhood, and some have begun refusing Stormwind-minted coins as a political protest. Though I have yet to encounter it, I have no doubt that were I to carry a Stormwind coin long enough and far enough, I would find someone who believed that it had captured the soul of a man.

Not that strange coinage is always a problem. Coins minted in Stromgarde long ago, or in Lordaeron before it was overrun by the damnable Scourge, are becoming increasingly rare, and some sentimental merchants will actually treat these coins as though they were more valuable than normal. I know of a merchant in the south whose family was lost to the undead during the war, and he accepts coins minted in Lordaeron as though they were five Stormwind pieces.

When I was a child, all coinage was made from gold. Every town and clanhold had its own gold mine, with a string of miners hauling nuggets and ore back to the local town hall to be weighed and counted. In recent years, especially after three wars have swept the length and breadth of the land-

scape, untapped veins of gold are becoming more difficult to locate, and as a consequence trade in less valuable precious metals has increased. Though worth a tenth of their golden counterparts, silver pieces have become common in marketplaces, and many businesses even accept lowly copper pieces. (As silver pieces and copper pieces are usually considered too low in value to stamp during the minting process, they are the standard form of payment to workers who desire… the maximum portability in themselves and their currency.)

Coinage in the World of Warcraft

The monetary system in the world of **Warcraft** operates on the scale described in the "Wealth and Money" section of Chapter 7 in the *Player's Handbook*. But for the type of political problems Brann describes above, rates of exchange are as laid out in the *Player's Handbook*, and prices for trade goods and equipment not explicitly determined elsewhere in the **Warcraft RPG** and its sourcebooks are as described in the chapter. The only exception is that platinum pieces have yet to make an appearance in the world of Azeroth; though the value of platinum is recognized, it is rare enough that it is still used primarily as a decorative material rather than a type of coinage.

Languages

You'll see them carved into the wall as you enter the Explorers' Guildhall in Ironforge:

The most useful souvenir a traveler can pick up in a foreign land is its tongue

Those are the words of the wise Samul Strangehands, one of my mentors, who joined me in founding the Guild. I insisted they be posted for all to see, as they have eased my way and saved my life more times than I can count over the years.

There are more than a dozen major languages in Azeroth, and there's little excuse for every explorer not to have at least a passing fluency in all of them. Not because your education will be complete once you can sing in Thalassian and curse in Draconic. Far from it — learning the vocabulary and grammars of every linguistic tome you'll find in the average clanhold library will only provide you a stepping stone so that you don't stumble once you're out in the field.

Let me provide an example by way of a story. As early as the First War, I had already learned a bit of Orc in order to help question prisoners of war. By the end of the Second War, I considered myself conversational in the orc tongue and once spent a long night arguing the subtle merits of open-pit versus coal-buried roasting of meat with an orc captain. However, following the Third War, I was traveling in the Hinterlands when I stumbled across a small band of eight orcs who had somehow remained behind when their brethren set off for Kalimdor. After the defeat of the demon Sargeras, the band was freed of the bloodlust that had controlled them as part of the Horde, and they started a farm around their new home in an abandoned watchtower near Durnholde. When I came across them, they had been together in an Alliance prison camp for several years, then alone in their isolated home for several more. Time, combined with their change of attitude, had shifted their tongue until it was barely recognizable as the language I thought I knew so well. They were friendly enough, so I stayed for several weeks, slowly communicating through hand signals until we had a shared vocabulary. Their words were similar to the Orc language I knew and were spoken in the same guttural growl. Yet the word *trk'hsk*, which I knew to mean "blood shed in battle," had come to mean something more akin to "that sacrificed to the earth" in order to make crops grow.

An extreme example, but it is reflective of what happens across the land. Towns develop their own slang, craftsmen and merchants have their guild cants, even twin brothers can have their own argot — and none of them can be learned from books, though all convey valuable information. An explorer cannot learn that information unless he first learns the tongue.

Travel

In the following pages, I'll go into great detail regarding specific towns and regions. For those readers of this report who seek such information so that they might never need to go to the places covered, I pity you. However, if you are a kindred soul for whom

reading about a distant land ignites the spark of a burning desire to see it with your own eyes, you will quickly discover that you cannot arrive at a destination without first making the journey.

The easiest way to travel, of course, is to put one foot in front of another. Repeat the process enough times and with enough patience, and you can travel anywhere you like. Poyli Stonesole is famous in the Explorer's Guild for his four-year walking journey that took him from Sunwell Grove to Booty Bay. These days, with the black shadow of the Scourge falling across the roads of the north, the Dark Iron dwarves in the mountains, and the multitude of dangers in the south, the journey might take a bit longer, but it remains possible.

Those with the money for tack and feed — as well as the enviable skill to charm stubborn beasts — can easily round up saddle or pack animals that might help them on their journeys. I've never had much luck with them myself; the one time I took a mule into Deadwind Pass, it ended up buried under a rockslide and I had to carry my own pack (as well as the added burden of thirty pounds of mule jerky). Of course, I know many travelers who have no problems whatsoever and praise "traveling like a knight," watching the miles go by from a perch high above the road.

If you don't mind doing a bit of your travel off solid ground, you can easily find a schooner for hire that will take you not only from the mainland to Tol Barad or Crestfall, but all the way across the western bay to Gilneas or Hillsbrad. If you like fish breakfasts and the wind at your back, many waterside towns will have fishing boats whose crews will be happy to take you as far downriver or along the shore as you'd like to go in exchange for a handful of coins. I'm never comfortable out on the water — not too many years ago I lost a good friend to a seawolf — but sometimes it's a necessary evil in order to make good time from one harbor to another.

One mode of travel I do recommend are the zeppelins you'll occasionally find tethered at goblin trading posts. Those who brag about riding high on horseback should board a zeppelin to see what riding high is really like — it often seems as though the top of the gasbag is scraping the very clouds as you travel above a landscape that looks like some sort of mapmaker's model. It's a bit expensive, and it's vaguely uncomfortable to travel in cold, airy holds designed for cargo crates, but zeppelins can get you across enormous distances phenomenally quickly. One Guild expedition using the airborne vantage point to confirm the details of maps drawn by Poyli Stonesole managed to cover that pioneer's trail in just under eighty days!

Traveling by Zeppelin

Unless previous arrangements have been made, there is only a 20% chance that a random goblin trading post will have a cargo zeppelin moored nearby and available for hire. A zeppelin can cover about 500 miles in a 12-hour day of travel, allowing the crew time to rest and make any necessary repairs. The average cost of hiring a zeppelin and its three-man crew (pilot, navigator, and engineer) is 20 gold pieces per day on a round trip and 30 gold pieces per day for a one-way trip (with an increased cost in order to cover the empty zeppelin's return trip).

For more on goblin zeppelins, including their game statistics, see Chapter Five in **Magic & Mayhem**.

Goblin Shops

At some point after the Second War, the goblins apparently grew tired of carrying explosives for the Horde and decided that they needed to take control of their own destinies. Surprisingly, they proved smart enough to know that building an army of their own would be an even bloodier choice for their race than sapping and planting mines. So they chose a different path.

I remember the first time I came across a goblin shop. I was in Duskwood, in the middle of nowhere, returning home from a long expedition. There was still two weeks' worth of walking between me and Dun Morogh, and I was running low on supplies. Villages had been scarce and I was nearly out of shot for my trusty blunderbuss, so hunting would soon be quite difficult. I was just considering the idea of running down rabbits and strangling them when I spotted a wooden shack up ahead on the edge of a clearing. The sign above the door read "STUFFE FOR SAIL — Rollo Tanglefut, PROP." On the

front porch stood a goblin in a grubby apron, waving an empty scabbard. "You need stuff?" he cried. "I got stuff you buy! Come to Rollo's shop!" Intrigued, I went into the shack's dusty interior and found it stocked to the gills with an odd miscellany of gear and equipment — including a case of rifle ammunition, for which I gladly traded a pouch of silver dust. Now I make certain to stop by Rollo's shop whenever I'm in the area, as do many others. These days, you might know that shack and the clearing as the town of Tanglefoot Junction.

The goblins have taken to the role of merchant with a vengeance, and now it's hard to travel for more than a day or two without stumbling across a goblin shop of some size. Goblin zeppelins fly across the continent, delivering goods, supplies, messages and passengers from one shop to another, and I've heard more than one goblin brag that if it isn't in his shop, he can have it on the shelves within a week. One joker challenged that claim and ordered a dozen shredders, only to find them waiting outside his cottage two days later.

Apparently, the proprietor of each goblin shop determines how to protect his business from theft. Solutions I've heard employed include the hiring of mercenary fighters as security guards; complicated, tinker-built security systems; and, most notoriously, enormous bombs on a dead man's switch that can be detonated on a moment's notice if a goblin merchant feels threatened. After news spread of thieves and bullies entering shops that were replaced moments later by smoking craters, few have found the nerve to probe how a given shop might be protected.

Though many shops remain independent, a growing number of them have signs declaring that they are owned and operated by something called the "Venture Company," which the proprietors claim is headquartered in a faraway city ruled by goblins where the streets are paved with gold. Someday soon I hope to mount an expedition to see if there's any truth to the stories — or if they're simply part of a pseudo-religion passed among the goblins to motivate their new profit-driven existence.

Goblin Goods

Goblin shops can be found nearly anywhere on Azeroth, seemingly regardless of whether or not there are towns nearby and heedless of dangers such as the Scourge. The goblins will sell anything to anyone, at only slightly inflated prices. Roll percentile dice on the list below to determine whether a store has a desired item (see Chapter 7, "Equipment," in the *Player's Handbook* and Chapter Three of the **Warcraft RPG** for a breakdown of which items fall into each category).

If a goblin shop doesn't have an item in stock, there is a 25% chance the proprietor can order and deliver the item within 1d4 days. Otherwise, the wait may be up to 1d20 days.

Equipment	d%
Ammunition	80%
Armor, heavy	40%
Armor, light	70%
Armor, medium	50%
General adventuring gear	90%
Mounts and related gear	30%
Shields	50%
Special substances and items	30%
Tools and skill kits	50%
Trade goods	80%
Vehicles	10%
Weapons, exotic	25%
Weapons, firearms	40%
Weapons, martial	60%
Weapons, simple	75%

A Detailed History of Azeroth

Okay. Once more through history before we take a look at how things have turned out. If I haven't said it in as many words, let me say again now why all of this is worth reading and worth learning: what's happened before can happen again. How many times has the Burning Legion come to our world? Are we really foolish enough to think the demons are gone forever this time?

In more recent history, the Alliance and Horde have fought three great wars that have taken both to the brink of destruction. You may know the tales of a peaceful coexistence between the orcs and humans on faraway Kalimdor, but how long do you think it will be before the lingering hostilities in the west flare up and the two forces line up across the battlefield again?

What's happened before can happen again. Which would make adventuring a boring proposition, but for the flip side of the coin: new things are happening all the time. When you set out into the wilds, you'll encounter things that are new to you on a daily — hourly! — basis. Stay out there long enough, and you might find something new to the entire world… and that's what exploration is all about.

Timeline of Events

–147,000

A mysterious race of vastly powerful beings known as the titans arrives on Azeroth. They create two caretaker races to watch over and help reshape the world. The dwarves are placed in charge of maintaining the earth, while the sea giants watch over the waters.

–65,000

Azeroth consists of a single, giant continent known as Kalimdor. At its center is the magical Well of Eternity, placed by the titans as a source of restoring energy.

–64,001

Before the titans depart, they empower dragons to watch over Azeroth and protect it from anything that might threaten the tranquility of the world.

–14,000

A race of feral, nomadic humanoids is drawn to the Well of Eternity. Known as the Kaldorei, they are transformed by its power and become strong, wise and virtually immortal. Unbeknownst to them, their transformation accidentally releases magic into the world.

–13,500

The Kaldorei begin to actively study and practice arcane magic. They bend magic to their will and use it to build beautiful cities, craft artifacts and reshape the land. Some Kaldorei resist the lure to use the Well of Eternity's power and warn others of the dangers of abusing it. Their warnings go unheeded.

A group of upper-class Kaldorei call themselves the Highborne and revel in the use of magic.

–11,500

The Highborne slowly descend into decadence, obsessed with using the Well of Eternity's magical energies.

–10,250

The Highborne unwittingly attract the attention of the Burning Legion — a race of magic-consuming demons from another dimension. Unable to enter Azeroth's dimension physically without assistance, Sargeras, the lord of the Burning Legion, begins subtly to manipulate the Kaldorei nobles.

The Highborne open a portal deep within the Well of Eternity. This portal stretches between dimensions and forges a path from Sargeras to Azeroth.

–10,000

The Burning Legion pours into Azeroth, led by two of Sargeras' most powerful lieutenants: Archimonde the Defiler and Mannoroth the Destructor. The demons savagely assault the Kaldorei's unprepared civilization.

–9,999

Three young Kaldorei heroes approach the reclusive demi-god Cenarius and request assistance. The three heroes are the brothers Malfurion and Illidan Stormrage, and the priestess Tyrande Whisperwind.

Cenarius hears their pleas and calls the ancient dragonflights to defend Azeroth.

The Well of Eternity implodes in on itself, releasing a massive shockwave. With Sargeras' link to Azeroth destroyed, the Burning Legion is expelled from the world and hurled back to their dimension.

The seas rush in to fill the void left by the Well of Eternity and permanently split Kalimdor into several splinter continents. A furious, unending storm of elemental energy rages above the spot where the Well of Eternity once stood. It becomes known as the Maelstrom.

–9,998

Illidan Stormrage secretly creates a new Well of Eternity using water that he had stolen from the original Well. Malfurion is enraged when he finds out and locks his brother away in an underground prison.

Three of the most powerful dragons — Alexstrasza, Ysera and Nozdormu — create the World Tree. Known as Nordrassil, the tree grows to massive proportions and covers the new Well of Eternity, obscuring its existence.

–9,900

The surviving Kaldorei, now known as night elves, abandon the use of arcane magic. They exile

themselves in seclusion around Mount Hyjal and the World Tree and begin practicing a safer form of divine nature magic.

–7,300

Malfurion exiles the last of the Highborne. The remaining Kaldorei weave a powerful enchantment and seal the borders of their lands in a protective mist.

–6,800

The Highborne, now called high elves, land on the shores of Lordaeron and establish their new home. They call it Quel'thalas.

–3,900

The high elves create a new source of magical energy and call it the Sunwell.

–2,800

The human tribes band together in the face of frequent raids by the forest trolls and form the first human nation, Arathor. The high elves are also hard-pressed by the forest trolls and enter into an alliance with Arathor, teaching humans the ways of arcane magic.

–2,700

Human and high elf wizards convene and form a secret order called the Guardians of Tirisfal. The order's purpose is to empower a series of individuals to wage a secret, never-ending war against the Burning Legion.

–2,500

The race of dwarves awakens and emerges from the expansive titan-created city of Uldaman, located deep beneath the earth. They call their new civilization Khaz Modan.

–1,200

The human nation of Arathor grows too large and shatters into seven independent splinter nations — Lordaeron, Stormwind, Kul Tiras, Stromgarde, Alterac, Gilneas and Dalaran.

–823

The current Guardian of Tirisfal, Aegwynn, learns of a growing demon presence on the continent of Northrend. With the aid of dragons, Aegwynn tracks the demons down and defeats them.

Sargeras appears and challenges Aegwynn. Although she easily slays his physical form, Sargeras' spirit secretly enters Aegwynn's body and hibernates inside of her.

Aegwynn seals Sargeras' carcass in a hidden tomb, buried deep beneath the Great Sea.

–500

Sargeras' second-in-command, Kil'jaeden, discovers another world ripe for conquest. The world is Draenor, homeland of the shamanistic orcs and the peaceful draenei.

–100

Kil'jaeden contacts one of the most powerful orc shamans, Ner'zhul. Through quiet manipulations, Kil'jaeden starts to spread violence and savagery throughout the orc race.

–46

Ner'zhul realizes the threat that Kil'jaeden poses and cuts off contact. Kil'jaeden quickly replaces him with Ner'zhul's most powerful apprentice, Gul'dan.

–45

Gul'dan gathers the most powerful shamans in the orc clans and teaches them how to communicate with spirits in the Twisting Nether. A pact is formed between Guldan's followers and the dark forces of Kil'jaeden. Together, they create the Shadow Council.

The Shadow Council begins quietly infiltrating the highest political ranks in each of the orc clans.

Aegwynn decides to bear a child and pass the mantle of Guardian of Tirisfal to him. The spirit of Sargeras quietly infects her unborn son as he grows in her womb.

–41

Gul'dan teaches the dark arts of demon magic to other orcs, turning shamans into warlocks and training them in necromancy.

–40

The Shadow Council manipulates the clans into forming a single, unified Horde. Gul'dan coerces its leaders into outlawing shamanism and installing his warlocks as key advisors.

Kil'jaeden dispatches the pit lord Mannoroth to Draenor in order to bind the orcs to his will. Chieftains from each of the twelve orc clans are tempted by his promise of power and drink from Mannoroth's blood, ensnaring themselves in the curse of bloodlust and initiating a slow corruption of their entire race.

–30

Aegwynn's son Medivh turns 14 and abruptly falls into a mysterious coma. Sargeras' presence perverts Medivh's mind and soul and bends them to his will.

–23

The orcs give in to rage and attack their longtime neighbors — a peaceful race known as the draenei. Virtually unchallenged, the Horde easily defeats the vastly overmatched draenei.

–20

The orcs track down the last organized forces of the draenei and finally conquer all of Draenor. The widespread practice of necromancy finally drains Draenor completely, leaving the land dead.

–19

With no enemies left to fight, the orc clans fall into anarchy and begin waging war against each other.

–10

Gul'dan begins to explore the Twisting Nether with a projection of his mind. He desperately searches for new worlds for the Horde to conquer.

Medivh awakens from his coma-like state and finds himself a grown man.

–5

Sargeras, working through Medivh, sends Gul'dan a series of visions, showing him images of a rich and fertile land ripe for conquest. The land in his visions is Azeroth.

Medivh creates a small rift between Draenor and Azeroth. The rift is initially too small for even a single orc to pass through, but it grows slowly.

0

Orc scouts enter the rift and begin exploring the lands on the other side.

A small outpost is gradually constructed in the disease-ridden marshlands around the rift's exit point, providing a military foothold for the Horde in the new world. Known as the Black Morass, the marshlands are completely uninhabited and provide perfect cover for the Horde's arrival.

1

Gul'dan manages to open a permanent rift between the two worlds. The Dark Portal opens fully for the first time, allowing the orcish Horde to begin its assault on Azeroth.

The First War begins.

Initial battles do not go well for the Horde. Expecting an easy victory against a weak opponent, the Horde rushes to assault the fortress of Stormwind Keep, only to suffer a defeat of catastrophic proportions. Few orcs survive the initial battle.

Gul'dan invokes shadow magic to enshroud the Black Morass in a blinding mist. The mist obscures the retreat of the last remaining orcs and prevents the human forces from pursuing them.

The Horde is humiliated by its unexpected rout, and the tribes swiftly descend into turmoil. Chaos ensues, with factions blaming each other for the Horde's defeat.

2

Gul'dan manipulates a ruthless dictator onto the throne of the Warchief. Known as Blackhand the Destroyer, the new Warchief rallies the tribes back together again and prepares them for a new assault on Azeroth.

Medivh sends Gul'dan another vision, teasing him with images of the Tomb of Sargeras and the power it contains.

The Horde surges into Azeroth again, decimating towns and villages and plundering everything in its path.

Durotan, chieftain of the Frostwolf clan, is ambushed and slain by rival orcs. The assassins leave Durotan's infant son for dead, but the young orc is quickly discovered and saved by a band of humans under the command of Aedelas Blackmoore. The infant is taken as a slave and given the name Thrall.

3

Lord Anduin Lothar realizes Medivh's betrayal. He leads a small band of gryphon-mounted warriors to Medivh's tower and confronts the wizard.

Lothar slays Medivh's body and destroys the spirit of Sargeras. Medivh's spirit escapes, however.

4

Blackhand the Destroyer is betrayed and slain by Orgrim Doomhammer, a trusted general and close friend. Doomhammer replaces Blackhand as Warchief of the Horde.

Stormwind Keep falls before the full might of the Horde and is sacked. During the battle, King Llane is slain by one of Gul'dan's assassins, the half-orc Garona.

Spies loyal to Orgrim Doomhammer capture and torture Garona. In agony, she reveals the existence of the Shadow Council and directs them to the location of Gul'dan's warlocks near the ruins of Stormwind Keep.

Doomhammer dispatches his elite wolfriders to the ruins. They slay or execute most of Guldan's warlocks and disperse the remaining members of the Shadow Council. Gul'dan pleas for mercy and offers complete submission. Doomhammer accepts and grants him mercy.

Lord Anduin Lothar concedes that the Kingdom of Stormwind has been lost. He rallies his countrymen and leads them in a desperate retreat across the Great Sea, eventually landing upon the shores of Lordaeron.

The First War ends.

Gul'dan uses his powers to raise an unholy legion of Stormwind's fallen soldiers and names them death knights.

5

King Terenas of Lordaeron offers the refugees sanctuary and convenes an emergency council to discuss the invasion. Together, Lothar and Terenas convince the others to form an alliance between the seven human nations and the kingdoms of the dwarves and high elves.

The Horde brings ogre allies through the portal from Draenor and replenishes its depleted ranks.

Afraid for the survival of his people, the troll Zul'jin coordinates an alliance between the forest trolls and the orcish Horde.

Sir Uther Lightbringer founds an order of holy defenders known as the Knights of the Silver Hand. Their purpose is to serve as a last line of defense against the Horde.

6

The Second War begins.

The Horde pushes north, rolling through the continent of Khaz Modan and up into Lordaeron. The conflict is widespread and bloody, with large portions of Quel'Thalas destroyed by the Horde.

The Alliance makes a desperate stand and stalls the Horde's advance. The combined forces of humans, high elves and dwarves manage to rally and push the Horde back to the ruins of Stormwind Keep.

Gul'dan, consumed by his thirst for personal power, secretly forges an agreement with a group of demons loyal to Sargeras. They agree to help Gul'dan locate their master's tomb.

Gul'dan searches for the Tomb of Sargeras and raises it from deep beneath the ocean. When Gul'dan enters the burial chamber, however, he accidentally releases a swarm of demons that kill him. The demons surge out of the Tomb of Sargeras and inflict great damage on the forces of the Horde.

Deathwing, an ancient and powerful black dragon, assumes the form of Lord Prestor — a young human diplomat — and infiltrates the high council of the Alliance. Using subtle magic, the dragon ensnares the minds of the human leaders and forces them to grant him the title of king of Alterac.

The Alliance pushes the weakened and disorganized Horde all the way back to the Black Morass, where the Dark Portal is located. Lord Anduin Lothar is slain during the Alliance's final victory. The Dark Portal is shattered.

The Second War ends.

7

Ner'zhul opens additional portals in Draenor and flees through one. The energies from the portals conflict and create a series of violent earthquakes and storms that tear Draenor apart in a catastrophic explosion. Its floating shards eventually become known as Outland.

Kil'jaeden captures the fleeing Ner'zhul and irreversibly transforms him into the Lich King, encasing him in a block of ice.

8

Under orders from the Kirin Tor, the conclave of wizards that rules Dalaran, Rhonin and Vareesa Windrunner free the imprisoned Dragonqueen, Alexstrasza. Three other dragon aspects — Ysera, Nozdormu and Malygos — are also awakened. Together, the dragons manage to defeat Deathwing and force him to flee.

Blackmoore begins instructing Thrall in how to fight. The young orc is a good student and quickly becomes an accomplished warrior. At the same time, he secretly learns to read and speak the language of men.

10

Kil'jaeden casts the Lich King's icy prison into Azeroth, followed by a legion of undead followers. It comes to rest on the continent of Northrend, buried deep within Icecrown Glacier.

Ner'zhul corrupts the Archmage Kel'Thuzad and directs him to begin spreading a disease across Lordaeron. Kel'Thuzad creates the Cult of the Damned to aid him in his mission.

14

Thrall begins to fight in the slave pits as a gladiator and swiftly gains a reputation as a peerless warrior.

16

Thrall escapes from Blackmoore's control and begins to search for his lost heritage. He learns of the existence of the Warsong clan — the only clan remaining that is undefeated by humans — and of its ferocious leader, Grom Hellscream.

18

Thrall defeats a disguised Orgrim Doomhammer in combat and earns his respect. Doomhammer appoints Thrall as his second-in-command.

Thrall, Hellscream and Doomhammer combine forces to raid the internment camps and free their fellow orcs from captivity. Thrall convinces them to reform the Horde.

19

Orgrim Doomhammer is slain in battle and Thrall becomes the next Warchief of the Horde. He turns his people from the practice of demon magic and reintroduces them to the abandoned shamanistic culture of their ancestors.

20

Kel'Thuzad's Cult of the Damned infects Lordaeron's farmlands with the Lich King's plague. Uther Lightbringer and his Knights of the Silver Hand try to stem the tide of the disease, but fail.

Prince Arthas fears that the spread of the disease will tear the Alliance apart and eventually lead to the downfall of the entire human race. He tracks the source of the plague to Northrend and attempts to slay the Lich King. There, Arthas falls prey to a trap and loses his soul to the cursed blade *Frostmourne*.

The Lich King transforms Arthas into a death knight. He returns to Lordaeron, assassinates his father King Terenas, and takes charge of the undead forces.

The Third War begins.

Kel'Thuzad seizes Medivh's spellbook from the city of Dalaran and uses it to summon forth the Burning Legion. Archimonde and his host of demons arrive in Dalaran.

The spirit of Medivh foresees the eventual downfall of Lordaeron and begins to manipulate events in order to arrange the formation of a last-ditch alliance between the mortal races on Kalimdor.

Guided by a mysterious vision from Medivh, Jaina Proudmoore loads several ships and sets sail through the Maelstrom to the far-off continent of Kalimdor. Simultaneously, the Horde steals several human warships and also begins traveling to Kalimdor.

Thrall's ships land on a mysterious island chain in the Maelstrom and encounter a friendly tribe of jungle trolls. Thrall helps the trolls to escape from their sinking island, and the trolls respond by joining the Horde.

The Maelstrom scatters the Horde's fleet. After regrouping on Kalimdor, the orcs encounter a race of wise giants known as tauren. Thrall dispatches Grom Hellscream to lead a group of orcs north and begin collecting lumber.

The tauren lead Thrall to the lair of a mysterious Oracle, who turns out to be Medivh. Jaina Proudmoore is already there, and Medivh introduces her to Thrall. Medivh warns both of them about the coming of the Burning Legion.

Night elf Sentinels respond violently to lumber-gathering incursions by orcs into the forests of Ashenvale. The orcs, led by Grom Hellscream, respond in kind and engage in battle with the night elves. Cenarius intervenes and temporarily halts the Horde's advance.

Mannoroth deceives Grom into drinking from a corrupted well of demon blood. The power of chaos grants Grom and his followers incredible strength and near invulnerability. The orcs strike back and slay Cenarius.

The night elves awaken Malfurion and the rest of the slumbering druids.

The Burning Legion arrives in Ashenvale, seeking the World Tree and the Well of Eternity that it guards.

Malfurion and Tyrande free Illidan from his prison. Illidan consumes power from a demonic artifact known as the *Skull of Gul'dan* and then tracks down and slays Mannoroth. However, the artifact initiates a transformation in Illidan, irreversibly changing him into a demon. He is banished by Malfurion for his actions.

Thrall's orcs and Jaina's humans join forces with the night elves in a desperate attempt to defend Mount Hyjal from Archimonde's advance. However, the demon is too powerful and systematically destroys their forces.

The night elves sacrifice their immortality and imbue the World Tree with the spirits of their ancestors. The World Tree becomes empowered and lashes out at Archimonde with a wave of pure magical energy, destroying the demon and all of his forces.

The Third War ends.

Now mortal and possessing only a fraction of their old powers, the night elves begin the process of rebuilding their society.

Thrall leads the orcs south to the deserts of central Kalimdor. They found a new homeland, called Durotar, and begin constructing the city of Orgrimmar.

Jaina also travels south, sailing her people to the large, coastal island of Theramore. There, the humans disband their fleet and construct a new city in which to live.

Illidan awakens the amphibious race of naga and bends them to his will. He journeys to the Tomb of Sargeras, following in Gul'dan's footsteps. Illidan manages to find an artifact known as the *Eye of Sargeras*.

21

Illidan travels to Lordaeron and uses the *Eye of Sargeras* to open a portal to Outland in the ruined city of Dalaran. A band of night elf heroes ambushes Illidan and tries to take him captive. However, he dives through the open portal and escapes to Outland.

The remaining high elf forces gather under the leadership of Prince Kael'thas Sunstrider. Craving magic, they follow Illidan through the portal to Outland.

22

In Outland, Kael and the high elves pledge allegiance to Illidan. Together, they seize control of the Black Citadel, a stronghold of the Burning Legion.

23

Arthas' undead forces reach the continent of Northrend and approach the Lich King's throne. However, Illidan's forces return from Outland and

position themselves around the Lich King's tower before Arthas can reach it.

Arthas defeats Illidan in combat and dons the Lich King's crown, infusing his body with the spirit of Ner'zhul.

Strange human forces begin to conduct raids against Orgrimmar's outlying villages. Thrall empowers a half-ogre, half-orc beastmaster named Rexxar to investigate the situation.

24

Rexxar sneaks into the human settlement on Theramore Isle and confronts Jaina about the recent attacks on orc territories.

Admiral Proudmoore, Jaina's father, arrives on Theramore with the remainder of the Kul Tiras navy and reveals himself as the force behind the recent attacks.

Admiral Proudmoore's troops land on Kalimdor and engage Thrall's Horde in a series of battles. The Kul Tiras marines lose badly and are forced to make a last stand on Theramore Isle. Jaina pleads with Thrall for mercy on the citizens of Theramore who are still loyal to her.

The Horde assaults Theramore Isle, slaughtering the Kul Tiras forces and killing Admiral Proudmoore. Thrall honors Jaina's request and orders the Horde to withdraw, leaving Theramore damaged and in flames but still standing.

25

Present time.

The non-aggression pact in Kalimdor between the Horde and Theramore Isle is tenuous at best, and tempers still run hot over the recent conflict. Both humans and orcs begin to expand across Kalimdor, settling in whatever habitable locations they can find.

Lordaeron remains loosely controlled by the undead, although a civil war rages between Arthas' Scourge and Sylvanas' forsaken. Demons roam freely across the continent, terrorizing what few human forces remain. Pockets of human knights and dwarven warriors slowly gather in an attempt to regroup and initiate a counterattack.

Although Azeroth has been battered by bloodshed and warfare for years, there is still no indication that the turmoil will soon come to an end. Each of the mortal races begins to position itself for what could soon become the most crucial period of time in the world's history.

Sir Antonio Kremen felt quite the fool, being bound and gagged and shoved unceremoniously into the back of a small covered wagon as he was. The thugs who captured him had committed the foul deed with almost no trouble at all to themselves. In fact, from what he could decipher from their chatter at the head of the wagon, the task had gone more easily than expected. Sir Antonio could only heave a heavy sigh at that. He knew he shouldn't have taken that last, heavy drink before leaving the tavern, and now he was paying for his folly.

He sat back, resigned to his situation. In his younger days, he could have handled the uncouth louts with one hand secured behind his back, but such glory days were far behind him. He was an older man now (*and much more dignified*, he added for his own bruised ego), with tracts of land and a large household to oversee. With the rebuilding of the city of Stormwind, his family had prospered more than in the years before the war with the orcs. They supported King Anduin Wrynn unfailingly even during the worst of times.

Yet now he would be ransomed back, much to the ruin of his house. The family had enough money to live comfortably, but the way his captors were talking, they would demand an outrageous sum for his return. And Sir Antonio had to admit that his family would pay the amount eagerly. It was a sad world indeed when love and loyalty were used so easily against the kind-hearted.

With a sudden, lurching motion, the wagon stopped. Sir Antonio craned his neck to peer through the knothole that he had discovered upon his rude awakening in the wagon. Two men had dismounted from the wagon and were walking toward a young maiden sitting by the side of the road. The girl was obviously a sheepherder, tending her flock. Even as she huddled in the folds of her long baggy cloak, Sir Antonio could see she was fetchingly fair, and there was no doubt from the way the two men leered at her that they meant her no good. It was her poor luck that they spotted her.

Sir Antonio knew he must warn the girl, and so did the first thing he could think of: He began to bang his head against the side of the wagon as hard as he could. Maybe

the poor girl would realize the danger that was upon her and flee. He would not have his carelessness be the harm of this innocent girl as well as of his family.

From outside the wagon, Sir Antonio heard the sounds of a struggle and a loud groan of pain. Sir Antonio almost wept at the injustice of it, when suddenly the back of the wagon sprung open. Blinking at the harsh light of day, he was shocked to see the young woman standing there, a broad smile upon her fair countenance.

She leapt onto the back of the wagon and began cutting his bonds with a long, curved knife. "Hello there. You are Sir Antonio, I would presume?" Her voice was confident, and under her plain brown cloak he could see she was wearing well-crafted dark leathers and fine black silk clothing.

Once free of his gag, Sir Antonio could only stutter in confusion. "Yes, that is who I am. But my dear, what about those wicked men? What has happened?"

The girl smiled sweetly. "Don't worry about them, sir knight, they've been taken care of. By the way, thank you for the distraction you provided. It was most brave of you, though hardly necessary. I think the smaller one never even saw my knife coming. Oh, and the good King Wrynn sends his regards."

"The King?" asked Sir Antonio in confusion, still trying to make sense of this turn of events.

"Yes, who else do you think could make such good use of a Stormwind Assassin? His instructions regarding your safe return were most specific, and frankly there is no job too trivial if it's in the service of the royalty. His Majesty is most eager to see you home, good sir." With a sly wink she then added, "Now, shall we turn this wagon around and go home, or would you prefer it if we extended your trip into the countryside?"

CHAPTER TWO: AZEROTH

During my previous travels in Azeroth, I stopped in Stormwind for an extended stay. I looked up an old friend of mine, Hargh Silvereye, and shared an ale or three with him. We met at the Pig and Whistle — he insisted that what he had to tell me about the Alliance in Azeroth would go over better with some ale.

The Alliance forces of this continent are a hardy and bitter bunch — hardy because they are determined to remake their homes and scour the land of the Burning Legion and the Horde, but bitter because of the Alliance's new "home" many leagues across treacherous waters.

Hargh told me that many here feel abandoned by Admiral Proudmoore and his daughter. Azeroth's forces also fought in the Third War and stayed to heal their land, unlike those who left. Some of the more ambitious Alliance troops here are dedicated to freeing Lordaeron from the undead once Azeroth is cleansed. Hargh suspects that most leaders here allow them that dream, for this continent will not likely be in any shape to lose its soldiers to the northern undead any time soon.

The small factions of Horde in the east are hunted constantly by Alliance forces. The word from Jaina Proudmoore is that the Alliance declared a truce with the Horde, but neither faction here follows that decree.

One more bit of information from Kalimdor meets with derision from both the Alliance and the Horde here: that of the Burning Legion's defeat at Mount Hyjal. While people concede that the Legion is not the fighting force it once was, the demons and undead remain a significant threat in Azeroth. Several regions are tainted by their slime, and Azeroth will not consider the undead defeated until the land is free of every last one.

After leaving Stormwind, I saw Azeroth for myself. Most of the western lands show the resilience of the Alliance, especially of the humans. South and east, however, I found the continent still suffers from the conflicts that ravaged it for the past fifty years.

Blasted Lands

Population: 2,000 (55% Dreadmaul ogre, 15% demon, 15% draenei, 10% human, 5% high elf).

Government: Primarily tyrannical law within tribes.

Rulers: Agramalor, Lord of Dreadmaul ogres (male ogre Ftr10/Wiz8); Lord Kazzak, Lord of Doomguard demons (male doomguard Wiz10); Archmage Thas'ranan, Commander of Nethergarde's mages (male high elf Wiz13).

Major Settlements: Nethergarde Keep (300), The Tainted Scar (300).

Languages: Common, Eredun, Low Common, Orc, Thalassian.

Faiths: Burning Legion, Holy Light.

Resources: Minerals.

Affiliation: The Burning Legion.

The Blasted Lands bear that name for a reason: they were twisted by the magic that brought the Dark Portal into being, spewing the rampaging Horde into Azeroth. Now, the wretched land hosts few inhabitants and no significant settlements.

There is but one usable road in the Blasted Lands, guarded at the north by Nethergarde Keep's grim mages. They have the unenviable task of watching the Dark Portal, guarding the rest of the continent from the demons in the south and protecting themselves from the ogre tribes that roam the desert.

The weather here is dry and hot during the day and bitterly cold at night. Mountains block any moisture that may come from the Swamp of Sorrows to the north, and no rivers grace this land. The eastern coast will occasionally get storms from the sea, but these downpours come so quickly the water merely runs off the packed earth and back into the sea.

People and Culture

I was received with reservation at Nethergarde. At first, I thought its people were uptight bastards, but when I learned of their responsibility and the danger they face, I gave them permission to be as grim as they liked. These poor sods fight daily with the ogre magi and demons that threaten either to destroy the keep or take over the Dark Portal.

This tightly knit community experiences little crime; however, those found breaking the agreements they take on when accepting a post at the Keep are sent for a time to the Stockade in Stormwind. These mages cannot afford any dissention in the ranks.

If you must visit the Blasted Lands, remember that the Nethergarde mages are the only hospitable people in the entire region. And they're not even that hospitable.

Geography

Magic that leaked through the Dark Portal warped the Blasted Lands, leaving an infertile desert landscape. This region does not welcome life of any form.

The Tainted Scar: This area is covered with a thick, vile mist that chokes mortals stupid enough to venture close. Demons dwell here and pervert the already taxed land with their energies. Many people believe that Lord Kazzak of the Burning Legion resides in a tower hidden in the poisonous fog, but few have returned to give details.

Sites and Settlements

The Blasted Lands have the Alliance powers guarding the north, the demon infestation in the south and ogre tribes in the middle.

The Dark Portal: The portal that started it all. An unnecessary guard of reluctant mages and paladins allowed me only within a couple of hundred feet. I could still see the massive statues of robed figures that flank the portal and the purple, swirling mass of magical energy that leads to Outland. The area around the portal is blackened and scarred from the explosion that destroyed the portal years ago. Newly rebuilt, it yet resonates with an evil thrum.

Nethergarde Keep

Population: 300.

Government: Feudal monarchy.

Rulers: Archmage Thas'ranan, Commander of Nethergarde's mages (male high elf Wiz13); General Lordenson, Commander of Nethergarde's warriors (male human Ftr8/Plw6).

Languages: Common, Thalassian.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Magic, tension.

Affiliation: Alliance.

Nethergarde Keep is a dam holding back the evils of a blighted land — and a building full of uptight perfectionists. It was built by the Archmage Khadgar, who led an expedition into Draenor long ago and was lost. The mages who occupy it today serve in honor of his memory.

This medium-sized keep sits at the very north of the Blasted Lands, guarding the sole road into the region. Its mages and warriors have given up fun for duty and a constant struggle against demons and ogres. Some may think they are losing, but they continue to fight to protect the portal and the rest of Azeroth from Lord Kazzak's forces.

I fear the Keep's greatest problem is not the threat from the outside but the threat from inside. Thas'ranan and Lordenson share leadership, the first leading the mages and the second the warriors. They are rarely at odds, but when they are, the other inhabitants make themselves scarce as the sparks fly. The Keep's people are a solitary bunch under a great deal of stress. If you ask me, the place is a powder keg.

The only building for miles, the Keep stands stark and alone by the road. Warriors man the walls at all times, watching for movement to welcome ambassadors or food trains from Stormwind, to turn back travelers, or to mount a defense against ogres or demons.

History

This foul desert was once a fen of marshlands called the Black Morass, similar to the Swamp of Sorrows. When Medivh built the Dark Portal to connect Azeroth to the orc home world of Draenor, the orcs poured through and began the first of the great wars. The orcs' arcane magic was so strong it consumed the swampland and left dry red clay. When the Alliance destroyed the Dark Portal, the spread of the taint stopped, but the Blasted Lands still cannot heal itself.

As if the Horde weren't enough, Dreadmaul ogres also came through the Dark Portal. Unlike the orcs, they remained in the Blasted Lands. Nethergarde's mages tell me they believe the ogres serve Lord Kazzak. Whoever their master is, he orders them to attack the Alliance's keep on an uncomfortably regular basis.

Adventures

Caravans headed for Nethergarde Keep need guarding, and its grumpy inhabitants prefer the company of those who deliver food and mail over that of an exploring dwarf.

Sudden Sickness: The whole of Nethergarde Keep is struck by a mysterious illness, and the Dreadmaul ogres take their opportunity to attack. With sickness inside and a siege outside, the mages and warriors send messengers to retrieve anyone capable of wielding a sword or healing sickness.

The Burning Steppes

Capital: Blackrock Spire (1,500).

Population: 3,000 (50% Blackrock orc, 30% Fire-Gut ogre, 15% black dragon, 5% Dark Iron dwarf).

Government: Tyrannical dictatorships.

Rulers: Warchief Rend Blackhand (male orc Ftr8/Rog5); Chief Ogg'ora (female ogre Sor9).

Major Settlements: Fire-Gut Rock (900), Blackrock Deeps (150).

Languages: Draconic, Dwarven, Kalimag, Orc.

Faith: Shamanism.

Resources: Minerals, torture.

Affiliation: Black dragonflight and fire elementals.

The only accessible passage from Azeroth to my home in Khaz Modan is through foul Blackrock Spire and the Burning Steppes. The highway is thus well traveled, but still dangerous. Passing over rugged foothills and mountains, the road is frequented by enough travelers to be safe, but beasts will sense when you leave the road and pounce on you instantly.

While many use the Burning Steppes as a thoroughfare, it is populated by one of the few successful orc settlements in Azeroth. These orcs do not honor Thrall's truce with the Alliance, instead following the barbaric practices of the orcs I remember from before the Third War. Yet speaking truthfully, I can't blame their hatred of the Alliance, as Stormwind parties hunt them frequently. If you delve deeper into the region, you can find ogres, dragons and my vicious cousins of the Dark Iron clan.

With the volcanic activity and lava flow, the weather is in a perpetual state of hot and dry. This is perhaps the most arduous leg of the journey from Khaz Modan to Azeroth.

People and Culture

The casual (and lucky) traveler between Khaz Modan and Azeroth is unlikely to see any of the Burning Steppes' inhabitants. Still, orcs maintain a lasting settlement around the volcano, staying hidden from the road but always keeping watch for Alliance attacks.

These orcs are more typical of those I saw during the First and Second wars rather than the current Horde I hear tell of in Kalimdor. Bloodthirsty and savage, they mine the mountains around Blackrock Spire for metals with which to make weapons and armor.

The Fire-Gut ogres from the south study arcane magic, but their massive bodies still allow them to excel in combat. Give an ogre sorcerer a club and she's still likely to bash out the brains of the strongest dwarven fighter. This violent race is dedicated solely to claiming the Burning Steppes as ogre territory. The Alliance — not to mention the orcs, the Dark Iron dwarves and the dragon folk — will not let this happen, as they refuse to lose the only passage to the north.

The black dragons are elusive, and one who wishes to avoid getting torn apart doesn't approach without considerable firepower. They will attack solitary travelers for the sport of it and consider anyone approaching their usurped fortress free game.

Geography

Lacking the grace and beauty of Khaz Modan's peaks, the Blasted Lands' mountains show the force of the energy that twisted them. The very rock melted when the volcano was formed, and lava changed the surrounding areas forever. The Blackrock Spire is awe-inspiring in its sheer mass and obvious devastation, while the rest of the land visibly attempts to recover from the damage done by the rebirth of the fire elemental king, Ragnaros.

Sites and Settlements

The Burning Steppes are occupied by those who greet travelers only if they're on the end of a pike. Travel through this land is a necessary evil, and the quicker the better.

Blackrock Deeps (fortress, 300): One of the more talented masons of the Dark Iron clan, Franclorn Forgewright, created this dungeon under Blackrock Spire fortress after Ragnaros was summoned. Rumor has it that Ragnaros dwells here with the remaining Dark Iron dwarves who do his bidding. No one can get inside, though any who try and manage to survive babble about armies made of moving stone. One wonders what Ragnaros plans to do with this army once he retakes the fortress from the draconic forces that control the upper levels.

Blackrock Spire (fortress, 450): Franclorn Forgewright built this grand fortress as the new home of the Dark Iron dwarves after their idiotic summoning of Ragnaros destroyed much of the mountain range. Nefarion, a dragon lieutenant, had other plans, and drove the dwarves to the dungeon in his attempt to seize the fortress. He and his forces cannot take the lower depths of the complex, as Ragnaros still wields power there.

The Dark Irons shaped cooling lava to form the foundation for this fortress, and it is a wonder. Barely visible from the Molten Span, it stands black and foreboding. Dragon sentries man the walls, and the black obsidian seems to suck the light in from all surrounding areas. The dragons delight in attacking travelers, so leaving the road may be a bad idea in this area.

Blackrock Spire Foothills (encampment, 1,500): The orcs have built several encampments at the foot of the volcano, claiming the mountain as their own (but refusing, I noticed, to explore the depths of it). They have hidden much of their settlements in the foothills, making sure that someone will not simply happen upon them. They can see people approaching for miles.

Although the orcs outnumber the ogres, they are still bothered by ogre attacks as they also fend off hunting parties from Stormwind sent to eradicate the Horde from Azeroth. There is an angry, desperate sense about this place.

Fire-Gut Rock (camp, 900): This ogre camp is well away from the main thoroughfare, in the northeastern area of the Burning Steppes. The ogres within keep no allies except other ogres, and are determined to push all other races from the land. The camp is strongly defended, with well-fortified ogre mounds staggered in a valley of rock.

The ogres do not take kindly to visitors of any race but their own, made apparent by the mangled bodies hanging from trees in the wilderness near the camp. Carrion eaters dwell here in mass numbers, as the ogres simply hang from trees what they do not eat. If someone were foolish enough to visit this area, the beasts would likely get him first before he even laid eyes on an ogre.

The Molten Span: The connection preceding the fortress of Blackrock Spire is, I will grudgingly admit, a fine construction indeed. This massive stone bridge crosses the gorge of fire created by Ragnaros. If you do not wish to dangle your life high above a pool of lava, you may walk down stairs carved into the rock to an obsidian platform that runs all the way around the inside of the gorge, allowing for travel to a another staircase on the other side. You will pass several massive statues of dwarves along the way, anchoring adamantine chains that suspend a great wedge of earth over the lava flow.

Ruins of Thaurisan: This mockery of dwarven settlements was named after the first pretender who titled himself the Dark Iron king. They left Khaz Modan and built this city, but during the war with our people destroyed it when the volcano was formed by their folly.

History

These steppes were formerly part of the Redridge Mountains before the Dark Irons came here after their exile. They established a colony called Thaurisan, but were not even smart enough to keep it safe. Their thane, a mad sorcerer, summoned the fire elemental king Ragnaros to aid them in the war against the Ironforge dwarves. Ragnaros' arrival melted several mountains in this range and forged a great volcano in the blast's epicenter. Tales circulate of Dark Irons living as puppets to Ragnaros, who dwells under Blackrock Spire. Though it is but a rumor, I believe it is true.

Orcs also came here after the Second War and maintain settlements around and within the volcano, the climate being to their liking, I expect. The Horde conquered Blackrock Spire and used it as a base of operations during the campaign against Lordaeron in the Second War. Warchief Orgrim Doomhammer slew the human hero Anduin Lothar by the foot of the volcano at the war's end, though Lothar's death turned the tide and spurred the Alliance on to crush the failing Horde.

Adventures

Many people in Khaz Modan and Stormwind will pay adventurers to hunt the monsters in the hills, either for pelts, meat or to protect the road. Those braver or stupider than I may even explore the depths of Blackrock Spire.

Rescue on a Holiday: The Horde has stolen a child for use in a sacrifice for one of its barbaric feasts, and the PCs have 12 hours to rescue her.

Deadwind Pass

Population: 1,000 (75% Deadwind ogre, 15% human, 5% undead, 5% demon).

Ruler: Warlord Kolbine (male ogre Bbn17).

Major Settlements: Deadwind Ogre Mounds (700).

Languages: Low Common, Orc.

Resources: Death, terror.

Affiliation: Independent.

Deadwind Pass is another region of this proud continent perverted by evil magic. It sits in the very

middle of Azeroth and connects Duskwood and the Swamp of Sorrows. The Ivory Spire of Karazhan, the seat of Medivh once upon a time, still stands; it leaks corrupting magic, destroying the region's flora. A foul wind constantly blows across the decimated canyon, giving it the name Deadwind, and travelers are wise to stick to the road and hurry along their way.

Although Deadwind does have a handful of inhabitants, you will not likely run across them. The Deadwind ogres comprise most of the population. They are the biggest obvious threat to travelers and why most caravans and groups go heavily guarded.

The weather is in one of two states: threatening to storm or stormy. The wind smells foul and dead, and the lightning storms are actually a bit of a concern to travelers carrying metal weapons.

People and Culture

The Deadwind ogres are dedicated to cleansing the region of all interlopers; some speak of a "master," but we do not know to whom they refer. These ogres dress in foul rags and carry crude, rough weapons like all other ogres I've encountered in Azeroth.

The humans of the region are travelers, carrying their homes on their backs and trying to stay one step ahead of the ogres, demons and undead that haunt them. I spoke with some, and they would not tell me why they remain here in Deadwind when there are safer places in Azeroth. They do not recognize the Alliance or even ask its aid. They simply move from place to place, fighting for their lives, stolidly proclaiming Deadwind Pass as their home.

Geography

This land is dead. The remaining trees are leafless and petrified, leeched of life by the tower's foul magic. Undead and demons move over the land, refusing to allow it any chance of healing itself. In clear view of the road, scarecrow-like totems hang from the trees, a warning to remain on the path.

The main pass is through the middle of the region, and one must travel to the south to reach the cursed Ivory Tower of Karazhan. In all my research, I found only reports of people claiming that they wished to travel there, but none by those who returned. The few who did return claimed simply that they never reached the tower: attacking ogres forced them back before they came within sight of it. Considering the mages, paladins and fighters who made the one-way trek, I found it best to avoid the tower.

Besides the ogres, travelers must watch for harpies in the canyons.

Sites and Settlements

Deadwind Pass is an area I cannot imagine any being wishing to live in, but live here they do.

Deadwind Ogre Mounds (village, 700): Little is known of these violent ogres. They built their mounds into the very cliffside along the southern pass and look down upon the road, ready to ambush any curious adventurers. Few escape their attacks.

Ivory Tower of Karazhan: Located along the pass to the south of the ogre mounds, this tower is the bane of Deadwind Pass and perhaps all of Azeroth. Once Medivh's home, its use is now unknown. No one who wished to investigate it has returned with a report. Ogres attack anyone they find in the area, making such forays doubly dangerous. The Alliance forbids venturing into this area until it has a better understanding of the tower and the magic within.

History

The fates of many people in Azeroth — and the surrounding continents — were forged here. Medivh made his home here and planned the Dark Portal's creation and opening. His evil is felt in this region more strongly than anywhere else, the land corrupted forever, perhaps, with the foul taint of his magic.

Currently, the pass has little significance. People move through quickly, wishing to avoid ogres, undead and demons. Some of the traveling folk in the area whisper that the attacking monsters do not kill those they capture, but take them back to the tower. If this is true, then someone must reside there.

Adventures

If you want to go to Deadwind Pass, you have my sympathies. Yet the traveling folk can usually use a good healer, and caravans always need more mercenary protection.

Speed Rescue: The paladins of Stormwind have contacted the player characters (PCs), telling them that five of their young recruits decided to prove themselves and their dedication to the Holy Light by investigating the Ivory Tower. Their hands full with an orc raid, the paladins cannot stop the recruits before they reach southern Deadwind Pass. The PCs must catch the recruits and return them to Stormwind, keeping them safe.

BLACKROCK SPIRE
FIRE-GUT ROCK
RUINS OF THAURISAN
BURNING STEPPES
STONEWATCH KEEP
STORMWIND
NORTHSIRE ABBEY
TOWER OF IL'GALAR
LAKESHIRE
EASTVALE CAMP
REDRIDGE MOUNTAINS
WESTRIDGE G.
GOLDSHIRE
ELWYNN FOREST
FALLOW SANCTUARY
SWAMP OF SORROWS
TOWER OF AZORA
LOST TEMPLE
DEADWIND PASS
WESTFALL
DUSKWOOD
STONARD
RAVEN HILL
DARKSHIRE
SENTINEL HILL
NETHERGARDE KEEP
BRIGHTWOOD GROVE
KARAZHAN
MOONBROOK
BLASTED LANDS
THE DARK PORTAL
THE DEAD MINES
ZUL'GURUB
ZUL'KUNDA
THE TAINTED SCAR
STRANGLETHORN VALE
ZUL'MAMWE
THE VILE REEF
GROM'GOL
THE ARENA
BOOTY BAY
Azeroth

Duskwood

Excerpt from a Letter to King Llane Wrynn

There is little hope for us if you do not send forces to our aid. The undead overwhelm our scouts, our livestock does not grow, a pregnancy — human, elven or dwarven — has not been carried to term in two years. The Alliance has abandoned our residents to fuel the undead forces.

If our pleas remain unheeded, I can only pray that after I fall to the undead I will lead the Scourge against Stormwind so that you will know the horror we live with every day.

Your loyal servant,
Lord Ello Ebonlocke

Capital: Darkshire (3,500).

Population: 5,000 (60% human, 20% Vul'Gol ogre, 5% Ironforge dwarf, 5% half-elf, 5% high elf, 5% undead).

Government: Democracy.

Ruler: Lord Ello Ebonlocke (male human Hlr5/Wiz3).

Major Settlements: Vul'Gol Ogre Mound (1,000).

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Orc, Thalassian.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Agriculture, intrigue, mercenary work.

Affiliation: Alliance.

Duskwood is a confused and sorry region. Technically part of the Alliance and under Stormwind's protection, its distance from the mighty fortress and its close proximity to more malevolent forces in the south and east make it a realm of horror.

This region lies next to Deadwind Pass. Although Deadwind Pass stops at the border in name, the taint of its foul magic permeates much farther than that. The poor citizens of Darkshire in the east feel their once-perfect township is now cursed; undead rise from the cemeteries and haunt the woods surrounding the town. With ogres to the south, worgen‡ in the north, Deadwind Pass to the east and the undead within Darkshire's town limits, Duskwood is one of the most dangerous areas held by the Alliance.

The weather is affected by the magic, making every day foggy and grim. The wind blows from the east, smelling as stale as the air in Deadwind Pass.

People and Culture

Darkshire is the paranoid sanctuary for Alliance races in the region. While inhabited mostly by humans, a handful of high elves, dwarves and half-elves live here as well. They also house refugees from Raven Hill. The citizens are brave and stubborn; some feel they should abandon the doomed town to the undead before they fall to the Scourge, but most are determined to keep fighting for their homes.

There is little cause for enjoyment in the town. The last time anyone celebrated to take their minds off the troubles plaguing Darkshire, three children were stolen from their beds. Now vigilant, the people bear a hard, haunted look in their eyes. Everything seems dull here — the clothing, the laughter, the shouts of defiance as a warrior cleaves an undead.

I met with Erin Von Halnor, a human Alliance emissary, in the Scarlet Raven Inn. This tavern is the only spot of merriment in this dour town. Erin told me that the townspeople are so desperate to rid themselves of their many woes that crime has relatively ceased. While they may fear theft or murder from those passing through, the community has banded together behind the mayor and the Night Watch militia.

Geography

Duskwood is a dangerous place, no two ways about it. Raven Hill in the west is a ghost town, overrun by the Scourge. Brightwood Grove in the south holds only the mysterious beasts called the worgen‡. And I've already mentioned the danger that surrounds Darkshire.

Vul'Gol ogres reside in the north and raid any remaining Alliance villages. The neighboring regions' corrupting magic has not reached the flora of the area, and the trees yet stand tall in the wilderness between towns (although they begin to show signs of missing the sun, as the weather is frequently foggy). Darkshire attempts to keep its farming economy going, but the weather makes it difficult as the months progress.

Brightwood Grove: This area was formerly a sunny vacation spot with fertile land that grew flowering trees, succulent fruits and strong trees. In recent years, powerful monsters have befouled it. This region, as far as we can tell, is the point of origin for the worgen. No one knows why they appeared

here, but I'm guessing the answer lies within the Ivory Tower standing almost directly east of here.

Rotten Orchard: This farm, formerly Duskwood's largest, lies southwest of Darkshire. Once the supplier of a great deal of Azeroth's fruit, it now lies abandoned and fallow, the trees slowly dying as the worgen run rampant.

Sites and Settlements

Duskwood can be considered a message to the Alliance that if it does not attend to the continent's growing problems, its precious western regions may suffer the same fate eventually.

Raven Hill: This ghost town once took pride in its honor for the dead. It held a mortuary school that graduated the finest embalmers in Azeroth. A shame that the undead killed the town. The inhabitants attempted to fight their loved ones that rose from the graves, but eventually gave up and fled east to Darkshire. I hear that the Defias Brotherhood tried to set up camp in this town after the citizens fled, but even they couldn't take the constant attacks by the undead. Some citizens remain, including a master embalmer called Abercrombie, who lives near Raven Hill cemetery. A serious man, he works both to stay alive and to stop the undead.

Raven Hill is possibly the origin of the massive dark riders, huge beings that suddenly appear with hellhounds at their feet to run down frantic travelers. Some nights they skirt the perimeter of Darkshire, howling loudly.

Vul'Gol Ogre Mound (small town, 1,000): These ogres, like the others in Azeroth, delight in attacking the villages to the south, depleting the already poor people of their dwindling resources.

Darkshire

Population: 3,500.

Government: Democracy.

Ruler: Lord Ello Ebonlocke (male human Hlr5/Wiz3).

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Thalassian.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Agriculture.

Affiliation: Alliance.

Darkshire is plagued with many problems: undead, worgen, ogres, and a sense of abandonment as Stormwind does not send its forces to the failing town. Several people have left, hoping to make it west to the safety of Stormwind.

A farming village, Darkshire used to supply the Alliance with a great quantity of goods. Most of those goods have dried up in the taint that slowly kills the land. The economy falters as farmers and merchants have nothing to sell. Many occupy their days spending their savings at the Scarlet Raven Inn, the town's only tavern. It is run by a lovely and hospitable dwarf, Orena Goldtooth, who has turned into the only wealthy citizen in town. I knew some master brewer Goldtooths back in Khaz Modan, and Orena's skill would make them proud.

The mayor's daughter, Commander Althea Ebonlocke, runs the Night Watch. This small police force constitutes the town's only defense against the monsters that frequently attack it.

History

Duskwood used to be a lovely stretch of farmland and forest, with many small towns sending their tributes to Stormwind and north to Lordaeron. In the past five years, however, the region has deteriorated at an alarming rate. Many blame its proximity to the Ivory Tower or to the growing ogre population in Azeroth. The undead that came in the wake of the Third War did little to help.

Now the region is barely more than ghost towns and havens for monsters. Even thieves can't get a foothold there. I don't know what the Alliance plans to do about this region. A respectable force, I should think, would help this area a great deal: I took out three ogres and four zombies on my way to Darkshire, so it's not as if the foes here are difficult.

Adventures

Duskwood cries for heroes. Its hardy people enjoy their autonomy but will always accept a helping hand. The people are proud, but not stupid.

Diplomatic Mission to Darkshire: Stormwind has received word that Darkshire needs help to maintain its livelihood; it regrets that it cannot send much more than the PCs and a healer. The PCs must keep an agriculture expert and a healer alive on the way to Darkshire and then aid the town in bolstering its defenses until Stormwind can send a bigger force.

Elwynn Forest

Capital: Goldshire (7,000).

Population: 10,000 (70% human, 15% high elf, 7% Ironforge dwarf, 5% half-elf, 3% Wildhammer dwarf).

Night Watch Militia

The statistics below describe a typical unit of the Night Watch militia that might see action in mass combat.

10 human Sct4: Medium humanoid; HD 4; DF 50 (5); Spd 300 ft. (6 squares); AC 15; Base Atk +3; Unit Atk +5 melee (short sword); Full Unit Atk +5 melee (short sword) or +5 ranged (longbow); Space 50 ft.; SA blessed arrows; SQ Track, nature sense, wild healing, woodland stride, trackless step, uncanny dodge; AL NG; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +2; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 10; Morale +5.

Skills: Climb +8, Heal +8, Hide +11, Listen +8, Move Silently +4, Spot +8, Survival +8.

Feats: Point Blank Shot, Rapid Shot, Stealthy, Track[B].

Blessed Arrows: Priests bless the arrows of the Night Watch militia; thus, treat the ranged attacks of the Night Watch as magical against undead.

Woodland Stride (Ex): Squares of natural undergrowth do not count as hard going for this unit. Enchanted or magically manipulated undergrowth still impedes movement, however.

Equipment: Studded leather armor, short sword, longbow, arrows.

Commander

Captain Helvas Grange, male human Sct8, hero commander: Base Atk +6; Cha 16; Knowledge (military tactics)* +12, Profession (military commander)† +12 (11 ranks); Courageous Command†, Leadership; Orders 3.

Tactics

Night Watch units move deftly and swiftly through Duskwood. The crafty warriors stalk their undead prey, avoiding direct confrontation with supernatural and mundane opponents. The carefully placed tracks of a member of the Night Watch militia typically lead pursuers into a deadly ambush where eager warriors wait with bows ready.

Multiple units often work together under the direction of Commander Althea Ebonlocke. She has yet to earn the respect of many of the militia. Well known for her keen and decisive orders in the field, however, she is well on the road to gaining the Night Watch's trust.

Government: Democracy.

Ruler: Marshal Dughan (male human Sct6).

Major Settlements: Northshire Abbey (500), Eastvale Logging Camp (1,000).

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Thalassian.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Agriculture, minerals, timber.

Affiliation: Alliance.

Elwynn is a gorgeous span of fertile land and thick forests. Unlike Duskwood, it is close enough to Stormwind to enjoy considerable Alliance guardianship, and it has stayed pure and beautiful through the wars of recent years.

Home to many farmers, loggers and miners, Elwynn Forest is a tranquil region with several friendly places to stop. Little troubles this region: kobolds infiltrate some mines, and murlocs have moved inland to reside in some lakes and rivers, but overall it is safe. I discovered the hard way that you should stick to the roads, though. Several forest creatures are skilled at using their teeth and claws as the Makers intended. I was not in any danger, of course, with my axe readily available, but others might not be so lucky — or skilled.

Elwynn enjoys consistently good weather, warm and humid with few stormy days. Gentle rain falls just enough to make everything grow full and lush. If I didn't prefer the open road, I'd consider retiring here when my axe finally dulls.

People and Culture

Humans are plentiful here, but many high elves also reside in this region. Ironforge dwarves often seek work in the mining towns, and this region has a surprisingly high number of half-elves. I usually consider these poor bastards as wastes of good human and elf blood since they skulk around most cities feeling sorry for themselves, but these hard workers have found acceptance and community here, and they do little skulking.

The region organizes its festivals and celebrations around the planting calendar, its two biggest parties being the planting and harvesting festivals. I am happy to tell you that they are *not* stingy with their beer, especially in the spring, when they break open the ale that's been fermenting since the fall harvest!

True criminals in the area are usually sent to Stormwind for trial and punishment, as most people

care more for their jobs than housing criminals. Goldshire has a small holding area for drunks and pickpockets, but few stay in the clink for very long.

Elwynn's towns will welcome most any travelers, especially those who want to shop or trade to help the local economies. They are especially kind to those willing to lend a hand in a tough spot: I once got a week of free ale when I aided a dam building crew near Westridge. Good folk out that way.

Geography

This region is an apparent paradise. If you enter it from the desolate south of Duskwood, it's an assault on the senses: a sense of fear no longer clogs your nose, the trees are lush and the people are friendly instead of terrified.

Much of Elwynn is forest, except around the logging camp and the villages. It also harbors many lakes and rivers, good for keeping the land rich but bad for bringing in murlocs from the sea. Dire wolves inhabit the forest near the north, although the clerics and paladins of the Holy Light attempt to keep their numbers down.

Sites and Settlements

Elwynn is a haven for travelers who have struggled though eastern Azeroth. Guard towers dot the road throughout the region, and the Stormwind Garrison keeps the peace in most of the areas.

Eastvale Logging Camp (camp, 1,000): This small camp is in the east, under the shadow of the Redridge Mountains. Inhabited mainly by loggers, it faces periodic attacks from murlocs. Although more of a camp and less of a town, I think it would greatly help the locals to establish some sort of military setting to protect the loggers.

Goldshire (small city, 7,000): This town sits at the crossroads of the two main roads through Elwynn. It is a convenient place to stop, replenish supplies and get a rest and a mug of ale at the Lion's Pride Inn. As one of the towns in Azeroth with goblin merchants, it's a good place to purchase out-of-the-way items — if you can stand the little buggers' company for more than an instant.

Jasperlode and Fargo Deep Mines: Gold mines once held by the orcs to fuel their war efforts, the Jasperlode and Fargo mines were retaken by the Alliance after the First War. Kobolds have since occupied them and begun mining the gold, their numbers growing at such a rate that the Westbrook Garrison militia has trouble containing them.

Northshire Abbey (monastery, 500): This abbey sits in the region's northeastern corner, in the middle of the woods. Beyond their holy duties, the priests hunt the dangerous animals in the forest and will lead any lost traveler back to the monastery for a hot meal, a bed, flawless directions out of the woods and healing, if necessary. These holy folk maintain an outpost of the grand Cathedral of Light in Stormwind.

Tower of Azora (personal tower, 100): This small tower sits along the southern route and houses mages who wish to escape the politics of Stormwind City. They are led by Theocritus, a human wizard who refuses to see visitors. I was given a meal by his servants and politely shown the door when I was through, but I did overhear some talk about how the mage's nemesis, Morganth, is planning something nefarious from Redridge.

Westbrook Garrison (military camp, 750): This garrison holds Elwynn's western border and protects the region from gnoll attacks. The soldiers and mercenaries within are a loud and brawling bunch, eager for tales from the road; they enjoy a good mug of ale and a good fight.

History

The forest was taken by the Horde during the First War along with Stormwind City, and the resources helped the orcs' attack on the north. When the Alliance retook Stormwind, it also recaptured Elwynn. With the Alliance patrolling the region, Elwynn has thrived since the end of the First War and remains the peaceful pocket of the troubled continent.

The Defias Brotherhood does reach into Elwynn Forest from time to time, preying on lone travelers. Some say they have a case against Stormwind, as they weren't paid for their work rebuilding the city, but I say they're whiners who charged too much in the first place. I did my work, I was paid; I don't understand their problems. They might as well be orcs with their unreasonable demands.

Adventures

This region can always use help clearing a mine of beasts or repelling the Defias Brotherhood.

Westbrook Garrison

The statistics below describe typical units of the Westbrook Garrison that might see action together in mass combat.

10 human War3: Medium humanoid; HD 3; DF 30 (3); Spd 300 ft. (6 squares); AC 15; Base Atk +3; Unit Atk +5 melee (longsword); Full Unit Atk +5 melee (longsword) or +5 ranged (light crossbow); Space 50 ft.; AL NG; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +3; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10; Morale +3.

Skills: Climb +7, Spot +4.

Feats: Defend*, Iron Will, Weapon Focus (longsword).

Equipment: Studded leather armor, light wooden shield, longsword, light crossbow, bolts.

10 human Ftr5/Mow1 and 10 heavy warhorses: Medium humanoid/Large animal; HD 6/4; DF 80 (8)/60 (6); Spd 500 ft. (10 squares); AC 16 (17/15); Base Atk +6/+3; Unit Atk +10 melee (masterwork longsword), or +7 melee (hoof); Full Unit Atk +10/+5 melee (masterwork longsword), or +7 melee (hoof) and +2 melee (bite); Space 100 ft.; SQ low-light vision, scent; AL NG; SV Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +1; Str 15 (13/18), Dex 12 (12/13), Con 15 (14/17), Int 6 (10/2), Wis 12 (11/13), Cha 8 (10/6); Morale +7.

Skills: human — Climb +6, Handle Animal +8, Intimidate +6, Jump +4, Ride +10, Swim +6; heavy warhorse — Listen +5, Spot +4.

Feats: human — Cleave, Expert Rider*, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword); heavy warhorse — Endurance, Run.

Equipment: Breastplate, masterwork longsword; chainmail barding.

Commander

Captain Sumner Trask, male human Ftr6/Mow4, hero commander: Base Atk +10; Cha 16; Diplomacy +10, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (military tactics)* +10, Profession (military commander)† +12 (10 ranks); Leadership, Ruthless Commander; Orders 3.

Tactics

The Westbrook Garrison fields excursions and patrols against the gnoll marauders lurking along the borders of Westfall and Elwynn Forest. The Garrison holds Westbrook and ensures that gnolls and bandits do not gain a strong foothold in Stormwind-held territory. The Stormwind guard tends to use the Westbrook Garrison as a testing ground for newly initiated knights.

These units are exactly the sort that together would regularly patrol the area around the Garrison and surrounding settlements.

Message of Peace: The PCs are sent by the Academy of Arcane Sciences in Stormwind to carry a message to Theocritus. His advice is sorely needed in Stormwind, and the PCs must charm their way in to see him and then to convince him of the need. This task will be difficult, as he has vowed never to return to Stormwind.

Redridge Mountains

Capital: Lakeshire (1,500).

Population: 2,000 (65% human, 12% Ironforge dwarf, 10% Blackrock orc, 6% Wildhammer dwarf, 4% half-elf, 3% high elf).

Government: Democracy.

Ruler: Magistrate Solomon (male human Ftr7).

Major Settlements: Stonewatch Keep (200).

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Orc, Thalassian.

Faiths: Holy Light, Mystery of the Makers.

Resources: Agriculture, fish, timber.

Affiliation: Alliance.

The Redridge Mountains are so far untainted by the Burning Legion or the Scourge. It is a lovely area surrounded by some troubled spots. While the ravaged mountains of the Burning Steppes border it on the north and the deadly Swamp of Sorrows and Deadwind Pass border it on the South, the region more reflects the beautiful Elwynn Forest to the west.

Supplying the Alliance with timber, fish and crops, this region is also a vacation spot for many residents of Stormwind. The tranquil woods, rivers and lakes make it a sought-after retirement area for veterans with fish to catch and tales to tell. Only a handful of dangers trouble it: the usual monsters of the woods and the small matter of the Alliance keep overtaken by orcs.

Redridge matches Elwynn's climate, being warm and temperate with just the right amount of rain. The higher altitude and closer proximity to the mountains make it a bit cooler than Elwynn, but no less pleasant.

People and Culture

The people of Redridge, mainly of Lakeshire, are an easy-going folk. Although their modest town bustles with travelers and merchants, they seem content to watch the world pass them by and spend the day fishing or sitting in their stores, discussing the politics of Stormwind and laughing that if the people up there would just relax, their problems would solve themselves. They wear a mixture of

fashions, a layered look of tunics and undershirts for the chilly evenings and the warm days. Some tailors have found a sap that waterproofs clothing and sell these clothes at ridiculous prices to visiting fishers.

Twice a year, at midsummer and midwinter, Lakeshire holds the Festival of the Lake. In the summer, people fish and swim, while in the winter they ice fish and skate. And, like all good festivals, you can get a fine serving of ale during these times. In the winter, they serve their wine hot, which isn't really to my tastes but the high elves and half-elves seem to like it.

The Stormwind army maintains a token presence here and handles Redridge's few crime problems. I like this region best aside from Stormwind itself. There's definitely no better place in Azeroth to enjoy a pint.

Geography

Several elms and pines make up the forests in this region, providing a traveler much needed relief from the sun if he's coming from the Blasted Lands, but also giving monsters and orcs good places to hide. Rivers snake through the area, most of them emptying into the massive Lake Everstill. Although a peaceful Alliance region, the mountains remain dangerous at times, with tarantulas in the east and orcs in the north, and the usual gnolls or wolves prowling the forest. I do not normally worry while traveling alone, but I missed some of my old friends when I stumbled upon a nest of tarantulas. I could have used a healer's tender touch after that day, let me tell you.

Lake Everstill: Coming out of the forest, you find yourself on the shores of Lake Everstill, a massive, deep lake with the town of Lakeshire tracing its shores. It is large enough to satisfy swimmers, boaters and fishers.

Stonewatch Falls: A couple of miles inland from the northern coast lies Stonewatch Falls, a popular swimming area. The river's bottom is smooth and provides a safe and swift journey through rapids and then through a cave, finally dropping the swimmer thirty feet into a dark pool. If she follows the current farther, she can see the eastern canyons before the sea, but most do not go that far for fear of those damn tarantulas.

Sites and Settlements

Redridge is a haven in the midst of a troubled continent. I can only hope that the demon and undead taint in other regions does not come to harm this wonderful place.

Lakeshire (small town, 1,500): Lakeshire is a sleepy town, a blessing for those who just passed through the Burning Steppes to reach Stormwind. Some travelers don't even make it to Stormwind; they'd rather stay in Lakeshire. Populated by everyone from farmers and fishers to retired warriors and mages, it is a diverse town where people are friendly and keep their secrets to themselves.

Welcoming to strangers, Lakeshire offers many inns and taverns where a traveler can enjoy ale. You can spend the day fishing on the lake and the night drinking in the tavern and call that a good vacation, as far as I'm concerned. The most serious person in the town is Magistrate Solomon, who is dedicated to keeping the town safe from orcs and gnolls. He is short on supplies and always on the lookout for mercenaries.

Stonewatch Keep (keep, 200): Once an Alliance fortress, Stonewatch Keep fell in the Second War to the orcs, and in their hands it stays. It is located east of Lakeshire in a strategic position atop a hill. The orcs harry travelers and sometimes muster the courage to raid the outskirts of Lakeshire. They are advance forces for their brethren in Blackrock Spire, and I suspect they have more nefarious plans for Lakeshire than mere raiding, perhaps urged by their master, the black dragon Nefarion.

Most often, however, they just sit in their keep and taunt others to take it back from them. When passing by the keep, I experienced their more colorful greetings. A clever orc actually made a suggestion about my beard in Dwarven, and I nearly tore the keep down with my bare hands. Only the knowledge of my mission kept me on my course. One day I will return, though.

Tower of Ilgalar (personal tower, 100): In this remote tower, located northeast of Lakeshire and directly north of Stonewatch Falls, resides the mage Morganth and his supporters and servants. Exiled from Stormwind for using dark magic, he remains the enemy of Theocritus in Elwynn Forest.

History

Redridge was once a larger stretch of mountains until the Dark Iron dwarves befouled the region when they summoned Ragnaros. Half the mountain range melted into the Burning Steppes, but the rest remained pristine. These mountains and foothills were used as thoroughfares in the many wars in

the past fifty years, but they somehow remained untouched while the surrounding regions suffered.

Now it is the last true area wholly under Alliance influence in Azeroth, and it sometimes struggles to remain so.

Adventures

Even on vacation to dip your hairy toes in the fine waters of the lakes, you must keep your sword by you. You never know when a gnoll will get uppity. And if you get there before me, a keep full of orcs must be cleaned out — just save me the one who speaks Dwarven.

Running Errands: A goblin merchant has moved into Lakeshire looking for a place to set up shop as well as a seasoned party to get her some, ah, special items. She has a list she needs filled, including items found in Stonewatch Keep, the Tower of Ilgalar, and in the canyons beyond Stonewatch Falls.

Stormwind

Capital: Stormwind City (200,000).

Population: 200,000 (70% human, 14% Ironforge dwarf, 10% high elf, 4% half-elf, 2% night elf).

Government: Hereditary monarchy.

Ruler: King Anduin Wrynn (male human Ftr5/Ari10).

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Thalassian.

Faiths: Holy Light, Mystery of the Makers.

Resources: Armor, magical education, weapons.

Affiliation: Alliance.

Stormwind is the jewel of the Alliance in Azeroth. The oldest and grandest human city, it has weathered three wars, ransacking by the orcs and invasions by the Alliance to take it back.

Although mostly a human city, Stormwind does house a respectable dwarven and a less respectable elven population. It opens its gates to all Alliance members to participate in trade within the city limits. Most of the city's coffers are filled with the taxes taken from the merchants in the busy market.

Stormwind's climate is warm, the skies clear and the seasons generally temperate.

People and Culture

No doubt about it: Stormwind is a human city. Sure, the residents claim they are an Alliance city, and high elves, dwarves and even some of those mysterious night elves from the west do live here, but it is by and large a human city.

The climate being what it is, clothes in the city are composed of light fabric for the most part. Color choices usually are bold: whites, reds, blues, oranges, yellows. Although one might assume the climate would call for as little clothing as possible, the inhabitants of Stormwind prefer light fabric but lots of it. Humans usually wear long-sleeved tunics, billowy trousers and leather boots, and sometimes even ridiculously large, floppy hats for excessively sunny days. The high elves generally copy the humans' fashions here, though I know some high elves who prefer to set themselves apart.

Although Stormwind is well-defended, the city guard usually wears only light armor to handle the occasional thief or bandit. The paladins will don their full plate (made by a friend of mine, Bael Deathax, a master armorsmith) during ceremonies and when they ride out of the city on business defending Elwynn Forest or the surrounding areas, but around the city they wear nothing more than the breastplate that identifies them as paladins.

My friend Hargh informed me, in discreet undertones, that a third force in the city is dedicated to maintaining the peace. All I have learned of assassins in my life pointed toward evil folk who worked their will outside the law, but apparently they're different here. A guild of assassins supposedly works behind the scenes with the blessings of the king and the Stormwind ruling council. When solving an "inconvenient" problem would go against the tenets of the Holy Light, the Stormwind Assassins are called. They deal with matters quickly and efficiently, and few questions are asked.

As I stated before, Stormwind is a human city, but it honors its non-human citizens well. Every night at sunset, the Cathedral of Light rings a solitary bell whose sweet pitch reaches the entire city. This is for the night elves, who are unaccustomed to living within cities. A day of mourning is set aside for the high elves, remembering Dalaran's destruction. And, praise the Light, the ale pours free for every dwarf in the city during the holy birthday of Anvil Stormglaive. I was lucky enough to be in Stormwind during its first celebration of Third War veterans, when they honored the citizens of all Alliance races who fought in the war.

Those criminals who survive arrest and trial reside in one of the city's two prisons. Common

General Marcus Jonathan, 13th-Level Fighter

General of Stormwind

Male Human: CR 13; Medium humanoid (human); HD 13d10+13, hp 84; Init +4; Spd 20 ft.; AC 21, touch 10, flat-footed 21; Base Atk +13; Grp +16; Atk +20 melee (1d8+9/19–20/x3, *+2 undead bane warhammer*); Full Atk +20/+15/+10 melee (1d8+9/19–20/x3, *+2 undead bane warhammer*); AL LN; SV Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +7; Str 16, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Common.

Skills: Balance –6, Climb +5, Escape Artist –6, Handle Animal +7, Hide –6, Intimidate +5, Jump +5, Move Silently –6, Profession (military commander)† +7, Ride +10, Swim +1.

Feats: Cleave, Endurance, Greater Weapon Focus (warhammer), Greater Weapon Specialization (warhammer), Improved Initiative, Improved Critical (warhammer), Iron Will, Leadership, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Weapon Focus (warhammer), Weapon Specialization (warhammer).

Possessions: +1 arrow catching heavy steel shield, +2 undead bane warhammer, +3 half-plate, gauntlets of ogre power.

Description

The knight is tall, with wide shoulders and a sweeping mustache, proudly wearing a suit of heavy plate mail. The Stormwind insignia is emblazoned across both the breastplate of his armor and the crest of his helm, and a series of smaller engravings indicates that he is a high-ranking officer in the human army. His stance is that of a battle-hardened veteran, wary but still at ease, as if he is absolutely confident in his ability to deal with any danger that comes his way.

General Marcus Jonathon is absolutely fearless in battle, completely willing to lay down his life in the defense of his country. He always strides boldly into combat, attempting to identify and then work his way toward the leader of the enemy forces. He prefers to move steadily into the middle of the enemy force, surrounding himself with enemies in order to maximize the benefit of his cleaving attack and to gain a moderate amount of cover from enemy archers.

criminals from pickpockets to murderers stay in the Stockade. More dangerous types — demons, rogue mages and the like — are left to rot in the Vault. I don't like coming near that one; it's surrounded on all sides by water, and I'm assured it is safe, but the hairs on my feet prickle when I get too close to it. Keeping those demon abominations alive in there is just asking for trouble.

Geography

A grand city with new construction that still gives a nod to human and dwarven architecture of old, you can move about Stormwind on foot, rent one of many mounts or even have a small boat take you through the several canals that bisect the city.

Although the worst problem you may encounter in Stormwind is a pickpocket (or, if you are a pickpocket, the City Guard), greater threats surround the city. The mountains north hold some nastier sorts of beasts that will sometimes venture south to see what they can pick from the road. The passage is no stranger to harpy attacks, and even dire wolves are spotted north of the city. The locals assume the creatures have escaped from the Blackrock orcs in the Burning Steppes.

The Valley of Heroes: This gloriously lush valley lies south of the city, and all visitors must pass through it, as it is the only entrance to Stormwind. Statues of heroes such as Danath Trollbane, Alleria Windrunner and High General Turalyon stand on either side of the road, welcoming visitors while providing an awe-inspiring warning.

Sites

With all the rebuilding efforts in the past thirty years, the city has several notable structures.

Academy of Arcane Sciences: This vine-covered tower sits to the west of the city. For a long time, the Academy was considered to be a second-best school of magic compared to Dalaran, but since that region's destruction by the demons and undead, the northern mages fled to Stormwind and took up residence in the tower. It's full to bursting with mages, and some say it's difficult to get a word in edgeways with the differing opinions inside. Yet as it's the only magic school left in the east, few complain openly.

Cathedral of Light: Perhaps the only construction to rival the glory of Stormwind Keep, this massive white building is topped with towers and

spirals, and serves as the base for those who follow the Holy Light. Priests, healers and paladins study and worship within. This building graces the very center of the city.

The Pig and Whistle: I'd not mention this fine alehouse, as I'd like it to be my little secret, but duty compels me. It's small and dirty, and the barkeep would sooner punch your teeth down your throat than give a drink on the house, but it's also the secret headquarters for Stormwind's warriors' guild. If you sit tight and don't interrupt, you can hear a fine tale from just about anyone for whom you buy an ale.

The Stockade and Vault: The city's two prisons, the Stockade keeps the everyday criminals, while the Vault houses those who have no right to live but we don't have the means to kill easily — demons, ogre mages and other nightmares.

Stormwind Keep: This mighty keep sits watch over Stormwind atop the cliffs north of the city. I helped construct this fine building, housing the King himself and many of the city's nobles. It was designed with the thought of another invasion in mind: if the city fell to an army vaster than it could handle, the keep itself becomes a means of escape, with several secret tunnels entombed deep within the rock.

History

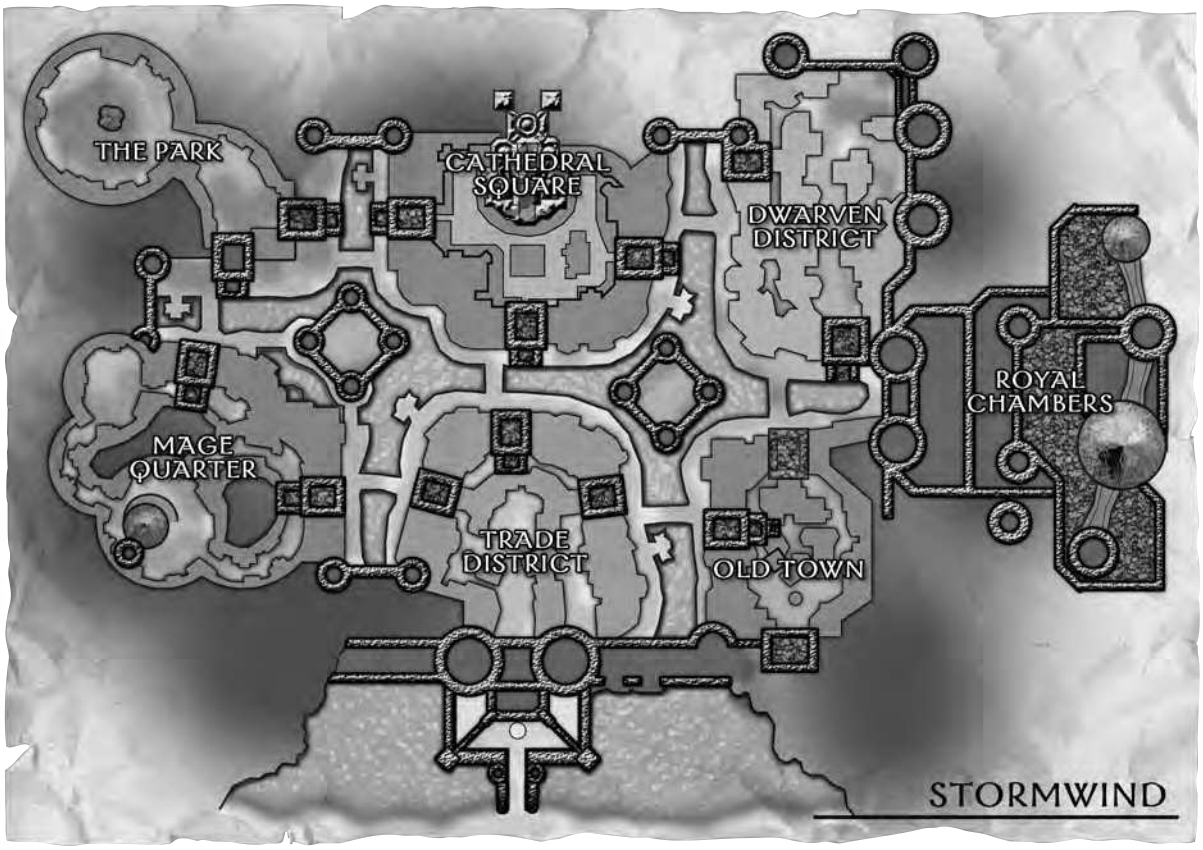
Stormwind was the first kingdom invaded by the Horde during the First War. Beloved King Llane was killed in the attacks, and it was in his name that Sir Lothar led Alliance forces to take the city back.

With Stormwind under its control again and serving as a strong base of operations, the Alliance eventually wrested most of Azeroth from the Horde's grip. The Alliance set to rebuilding then, calling on whoever could spare artisans. I was among those sent to help the rebuilding effort, and I still look on the city with pride.

Now it is the last of the great human cities. It boasts a powerful City Guard and a strong army, and it is a base of magical or divine study, and contemplation, in Azeroth.

Adventures

Stormwind's peacekeeping forces are impressive, and I would not advise a young thief to attempt to make his living in this town. However, those fools who prefer a good challenge could enjoy living life on the edge of the peacekeepers' swords and possibly make a very good living at it, too.



Breakout!: The "secure" bonds of the Vault are breached and demons roam Stormwind's streets. The PCs are called upon for any duty, from protecting the populace, to keeping the peace, to demon hunting, to aiding the mages in restoring the Vault's security.

Stormwind City Guard

The statistics below describe a typical unit of the Stormwind city guard that might see action in mass combat.

10 human Ftr3: Medium humanoid; HD 3; DF 60 (6); Spd 300 ft. (6 squares); AC 15; Base Atk +3; Unit Atk +7 melee (longsword); Full Unit Atk +7 melee (longsword); AL NG; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +1; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10; Morale +3.

Skills: Intimidate +6, Jump +8.

Feats: Cleave, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (longsword).

Equipment: Studded leather armor, light wooden shield, longsword.

Commander

Sergeant Mandred Grummel, male human Ftr5, hero commander: Base Atk +5; Cha 14; Diplomacy +5, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (military tactics)* +10, Profession (military commander)† +8 (4 ranks); Ruthless Command; Orders 1.

Tactics

The Stormwind city guard patrols the streets and walls of the capitol of Azeroth, keeping the public safe. This smaller unit would patrol the street during times of peace. During times of war, several of these units combine under a subcommander, who in turn operates under the auspices of a commander-in-chief.

If a fighting force were to penetrate the walls of Stormwind, these smaller units would engage intruders, buying time for the army to respond. As a note, the Stormwind army can also muster together quickly and provide aerial and magical support for the city's militia during an invasion.

Stranglethorn Vale

Population: 10,000 (25% Bloodscalp troll, 20% goblin, 15% Skullsplitter troll, 15% Gurubashi troll, 10% Darkspear troll, 6% orc, 4% naga).

Government: Tribal rule.

Major Settlements: Zul'Kunda (4,000), Zul'Mamwe (2,500), The Arena (1,500), Booty Bay (1,000), The Vile Reef (1,000).

Languages: Goblin, Low Common, Orc.

Faith: Shamanism.

Resources: Armor, gambling, intrigue, timber, weapons.

Affiliation: Independent.

Stranglethorn Vale is perhaps the largest region of Azeroth and certainly one of the busiest. Its thick jungles do well to hide the teeming populations of trolls that occupy it.

The trolls all seem the same to an outsider, but they have at least four different tribes and two separate allegiances. Besides the great number of trolls, goblin pirates and even some naga** also inhabit the region.

One big rain forest, Stranglethorn Vale gets frequent showers and unbearably humid weather. I tend to like it dry and hot, and this area simply saps a dwarf's strength.

People and Culture

Stranglethorn Vale is ruled for the most part by the many different tribes of jungle trolls. The inhabitants prefer to live primarily within the ruins of the once-great troll cities. These trolls keep close to their tribes, rarely mixing unless they meet in the Arena.

Stranglethorn's inhabitants are connected by very little except a love for this thick weather and a respect for the baser rules of life. Democracy they can't grasp, but the old "if I hit you harder than you hit me, then I win" makes a strong impression. Otherwise, they follow no overall government, leader or set of laws. I found great sport in teaching solitary trolls that this dwarf is no easy target. After our little lessons, I wove their nose rings into my beard (wiping them off first, of course). I will caution, however, that it's best not to offend groups of the brutes, as they have a practice of capturing and cooking interlopers — especially Alliance interlopers.

The Horde elements are different down here than elsewhere on the continent. Some of the trolls from the Darkspear clan claim to be Horde affiliates and may *not* catch and cook a lone traveler. The orcs also seem less violent, leading me to believe that they, unlike the continent's other orcs, are beholden to the Horde leader on Kalimdor, Thrall.

Geography

Stranglethorn Vale is unsafe for any Alliance member to visit. Even the jungle itself is hazardous. Firstly, one encounters the very plant for which the region was named: the stranglethorn, a massive carnivorous plant capable of eating a man (see Appendix Two). High elves, dwarves, half-elves and trolls (I hope) are also in danger around this plant, which resembles a vine-covered, fleshy sack.

Lurking in the jungle (although well away from the stranglethorns) are several other creatures that make travel treacherous. Gorillas, panthers and tigers constantly prowl for meat, and when you're free of the heavy jungle you still need to watch the sky for raptors.

Moreover, the vicious naga** have been spotted along the coast. I fear they're making their home on Azeroth's shores.

Murky Depths Lake: In the center of Stranglethorn Vale, just west of Zul'Gurub, is Azeroth's largest lake, called Murky Depths Lake. A far cry from the pleasant waters of Lake Everstill, this lake is thick with slime and insects, and a swimmer will learn much about pain if she sticks in a toe. Small fish with teeth as sharp as a sword inhabit the lake and will devour anything that falls in. I saw some suicidal trolls crossing the lake in boats and appreciated this example of their stupidity.

Sites and Settlements

Stranglethorn Vale is an inhospitable land inhabited by inhospitable beings. It is fascinating to travel through, however, if (like me) you have a taste for danger.

The Arena (ruins, 1,500): This is one of the few places you can visit and not expect to be immediately captured and killed. The ancient Gurubashi trolls built a huge gladiatorial arena many years ago, and it stands in ruins now — though the remaining Gurubashi still hold games within the Arena. Some of the participants are volunteers, and some are captured travelers or adventurers who were sold to the Arena by other troll tribes. The more well-known gladiators are very popular, and much can be won and lost (including your life) in gambling over these games.

While the Arena is relatively safe compared to the other areas of Stranglethorn Vale (uncommon races such as humans, dwarves or high elves will not be immediately snared and eaten), it is not a friendly place. Desperate people will cut your throat or your purse to pay a gambling debt, and thugs working for the Arena will snatch people if the competition needs some variety. Still, it is a good place to stock up on weapons and supplies from the several goblin merchants in the area.

The Arena has the region's most diversified population. Most of the Horde races make their home here; the orcs like the competition of the Arena, and the Darkspear trolls will stay where the orcs do.

Booty Bay (small town, 1,000): This dangerous little town is the home base for the pirates who traffic off the southwestern coast of Azeroth. Inhabited mostly by goblins and ruled by Baron Revilgaz, Booty Bay is home to the Blackwater Raiders, a group of notorious pirates comprised of goblins, humans, and many others who them allegiance. After a raid, these pirates send their loot up the road to the Arena to sell, or even further into Azeroth.

The Vile Reef (aquatic ruins, 500): The Gurubashi trolls left many ruins in Stranglethorn, some of which have fallen into the ocean. The Vile Reef deserves mention because it has recently become the naga's home. These creatures are living in the ruins and coming onto land to deal with the goblins and trolls for supplies. I don't know where they came from, but it's unlikely they're leaving any time soon.

Zul'Kunda (ruins, 4,000): The Gurubashi trolls' numbers have dwindled, and some of their ruins lie in the hands of their cousins. The Bloodscalp trolls occupy these northern ruins in the jungle just south of the mountains separating Stranglethorn Vale from Westfall. These trolls, in addition to attacking, robbing and eating travelers, guard the crystals in the hillside from prospecting goblins. The Bloodscalps find these crystals sacred, while the goblins find them profitable. These trolls have perhaps the most antagonistic relationship with goblins I have seen in my wide travels; they simply will not welcome goblins into their town.

Zul'Mamwe (ruins, 2,500): This Gurubashi ruin is in the middle of the jungle, well off the main road and directly south of Murky Depths Lake. As the Bloodscalps claim Zul'Kunda, the Skullsplitters claim

Zul'Mamwe. These trolls are solitary and deal mostly with outsiders when they are visiting the Arena. They seem dedicated to shoring up the old ruins and building structures to fit their growing populations.

Zul'Gurub: The beginning of the great Gurubashi civilization lay here in Stranglethorn's far eastern reaches. Few trolls live here now — only those Gurubashi who research and wish to preserve the ruins from the encroaching jungle.

History

Stranglethorn is the only region of Azeroth that seems completely untouched by the wars that shook the land. The ancient troll civilization, the Gurubashi, built magnificent cities and populated them with trolls and eventually goblins. Since then, the cities have become ruins and the trolls broke apart into warring tribes. After the Third War, some of Thrall's orcs settled here with their allies, the Darkspear clan, jungle trolls who participate in none of their cousins' cannibalistic rituals.

Adventures

If an adventurer or explorer thinks she has the skill to avoid the trolls' stewpots, goblins always need heavy laborers to excavate land or serve as mates on their pirate ships. One can't trust their honor, however.

Baron Revilgaz, 8th-Level Rogue/8th-Level Tinker

Goblin Leader of Blackwater Raiders, Stranglethorn Vale

Male Goblin: CR 16; Small humanoid (goblinoid); HD 16d6+16, hp 72; Init +12; Spd 20 ft.; AC 27, touch 20, flat-footed 27; Base Atk +12; Grp +8; Atk +14 melee (1d4+1/19–20 plus 1d6 cold, *+1 icy burst adamantine short sword*); Full Atk +13 melee (4d6, steamsaw) or +14/+9/+4 melee (1d4+1/19–20 plus 1d6 cold, *+1 icy burst adamantine short sword*); SA bomb-bouncing, sneak attack +4d6; SQ low-light vision, coolness under fire 2/day, evasion, resistance to fire 5, improved uncanny dodge, scavenge +4, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge; AL CN; SV Fort +5, Ref +20, Will +10; Str 10, Dex 27, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Languages Spoken: Common, Dwarven, Goblin and Orc.

Skills: Appraise +23, Balance +13, Bluff +4, Concentration +6, Craft (alchemy) +23, Craft (technological devices)* +25, Decipher Script +12, Diplomacy +8, Disable Device +21, Escape Artist +13, Forgery +7, Gather Information +18 (local +20), Hide +12, Knowledge (local) +7, Listen +7, Search +13, Sense Motive +5, Spot +5, Use Magic Device +4 (using scrolls +6), Use Rope +8 (involving bindings +10), Use Technological Device* +21.

Feats: Build Small Devices*, Build Vehicles*, Delay Malfunction*, Emergency Repair*, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (steamsaw)††, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Vehicle Proficiency (land vehicles)*.

Possessions: +1 icy burst adamantine short sword, *+3 studded leather*, acid bombs† (x2), beehive bombs† (x2), *gloves of Dexterity +6*, goblin shredder††, grenades* (x4), *ring of protection +2*.

Description

The goblin is mounted on top of a large, steam-powered contraption that resembles a metal suit with whirling buzzsaws in place of hands. He wears extremely gaudy clothes, adorned with all manner of jewelry. As the contraption's engine runs, it makes the goblin bounce up and down, seemingly out of control, causing his jewelry to rattle and clink in ridiculous fashion.

Extremely cautious in battle, Baron Revilgaz prefers to fight only when he holds a clear advantage. Unafraid to flee when a situation favors his enemies, Revilgaz's first priority is always to preserve his own life. His shredder suit is custom-built to provide enough armor and weaponry to allow him to fight toe-to-toe with heavily armored warriors, although he will avoid doing so if at all possible.

When engaged in combat, Revilgaz's first action is always to call for his bodyguards — a trio of disguised Blackwater Raiders who usually lurk nearby. Fully aware of the dangers of fighting spellcasters, Revilgaz then tries to hurl bombs at any obvious wizards and sorcerers before engaging other targets in melee combat. If possible, he maneuvers his shredder to the sides of his enemies and attempts to flank them, taking full advantage of his ability to deliver sneak attacks. If overmatched, he ejects from his shredder and flees on foot, only stopping to fight with his enchanted short sword as a last resort.

Bloodscalp Trolls

The statistics below describe a typical unit of Bloodscalp trolls that might see action in mass combat.

10 jungle troll Bbn2: Medium monstrous humanoid; HD 2; DF 50 (5); Spd 400 ft. (8 squares); AC 14; Base Atk +2; Unit Atk +5 melee (battleaxe); Full Unit Atk +5 melee (battleaxe) or +4 ranged (spear); Space 50 ft.; SA rage; SQ darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 1, fast movement; AL CE; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 15, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 9; Morale +2.

Skills: Climb +7, Survival +5, Swim +7.

Feats: Toughness.

Rage (Ex): The unit can rage for 1 minute. It gains an additional +2 bonus to attack and damage rolls during the rage. The unit also gains a +2 bonus to saving throws and morale. After raging, the entire unit is fatigued (–2 penalty to Strength and Dexterity) for the rest of the battle.

Fast movement (Ex): Barbarians gain +10 feet to their base movement while wearing light or no armor. In mass combat, add an additional +100 feet per minute (already factored in).

Equipment: Leather armor, battleaxe, spear.

Commander

Hajukka, male jungle troll Bbn5, hero commander: Base Atk +4; Cha 14; Intimidate +11; Determined Command†; Orders 1.

Tactics

The violent and brutal jungle trolls of Stranglethorn Vale thrive on conflict. While the Bloodscalp tribe can afford only a unit or two of these warriors, the trolls can strike swiftly and inflict terrible losses on enemy units while keeping highly mobile. The trolls will throw spears before coming into close combat with their brutal axes. If pressed, they tend to go into a berserk rage to hack and crush their way through their enemies. Motivating a mass of berserker trolls is difficult, and these creatures don't make the most responsive of troops.

Race to the Gem: The Bloodscalp trolls unearth some of the Gurubashi records in their home of Zul'Mamwe and discover that a powerful gem awaits in the ruins of Zul'Gurub. They figure the Gurubashi have not found it in their excavations yet, so they hire the PCs to get it, telling them they can keep whatever else they take in the ruins.

Swamp of Sorrows

Capital: Stonard (2,000).

Population: 5,000 (55% orc, 30% green dragonflight, 15% draenei).

Government: Participatory democracy.

Major Settlements: The Lost Temple (1,500), Fallow Sanctuary (750).

Languages: Draconic, Draenei, Orc.

Faith: Shamanism.

Resources: Weapons.

Affiliation: Horde.

The Swamp of Sorrows is not for the faint of heart. Monsters thrive in this smelly bog, making travel difficult and unrewarding. There are few settlements and a lot of stagnant water with thriving beasties.

The swamp lies along Azeroth's eastern coast, bordered by the Redridge Mountains, Deadwind Pass and the Blasted Lands. No main roads run through the sodden lands, and I can see few reasons to visit the place. Its sparse inhabitants include orcs of a different ilk than those from the Burning Steppes; some vile green dragons; and the draenei, mortal enemies of the orcs who also call themselves the Lost Ones.

The murky region is humid and rainy a lot of the time, almost as if it is a displaced part of Stranglethorn Vale. The ocean seeps into the swamp, making it a salty marsh. Massive, drippy trees rise from the swamp and encourage the air to hold in more moisture, making it as miserable as a rainforest.

People and Culture

The people in this area, when you can find them, are different from most regions. While you know what to expect from the humans, the undead and even the orcs, surprises await in the swamp. I was running from some crocolisks‡ that outnumbered me and didn't take a warning shot to heart when three orcs dropped from a tree and cut them all to ribbons! I was stunned and not afraid to admit it. They were gruff, as I expect orcs to be, but they did not attempt to strike my head from my shoulders. They mentioned their leader Thrall had ordered them to make peace with the Alliance. Since the Alliance did not welcome orcs in this continent, peace was difficult, but they did what they could. I thanked

them and offered to share my flask of whiskey I'd received from the folk in Redridge, and as we drank I found out a little about their village and the surrounding area.

These orcs were not only more reasonable than the ones I'd seen in the Burning Steppes, but they also seemed smarter. Two were strong warriors, but the smaller one, a female, was clearly a shaman. They told me of the vicious draenei in the north who sequester themselves from outsiders, and the corrupt green dragons in the east. The quiet marshes are apparently dangerous for reasons other than the sucking mud and the monsters.

They did not invite me back to their homes, but these orcs did much to inform me of the state of the region, and they saved my life, so I am indebted to them.

Geography

The swamp is aptly named, as the water from the ocean estuary encrusts fallen logs and rocks with salt deposits. The road rises mere inches from the water, painstakingly built to allow travel through this wretched area.

This stagnant land is made worse by the jaguars, the hulking bog beasts** and the crocolisks, many-toothed beasts that lurk at the water's edge waiting for travelers (see Appendix Two).

Sites and Settlements

Settlements are few in this region, as the Swamp of Sorrows is a mostly forgotten area. The settlements that do survive here are populated with hardy people who wish not to be disturbed.

Fallow Sanctuary (village, 750): This town lies in the north of the Swamp of Sorrows, in view of the Redridge Mountains. The draenei, a race who shared a homeland with the orcs, fled their world when it shattered with the Dark Portal and took residence here where few would follow. They've managed to make a life for themselves in the swamp and make plans to wipe out the hated orcs.

The Fallow Sanctuary sends its spies and assassins to raid Stonard — presumably to steal supplies, but if several orcs die in the process, the draenei don't mind. They have, the orcs tell me, managed to plant water-loving crops in the drier areas of the swamp and can feed themselves with those and with meat from the area's monsters.

The Lost Temple (underwater stronghold, 1,500): This temple is located underneath the middle of the Swamp of Sorrows, where the monsters are the thickest. Also known as the Sunken Temple, trolls built it many centuries ago, using it to focus demonic arcane magic. They fell to its corrupting influences. The green dragonflight has since taken over the area, attempting to cleanse the temple, but the dragons frequently fail and lose some of their number in the attempt. Now they see it as their duty to guard the temple from others who may be controlled by the power inside.

Several orcs have explored this area while keeping clear of the green dragons on watch. Some were even able to question surreptitiously the less intelligent of the green dragons and pull some information about the area from them. Long ago, the trolls here attempted to summon and control Hakkar, an old god of theirs. Eranikus the Green, a powerful dragon, was sent in to contain Hakkar's evil and cleanse the temple. Although he sunk the temple below the waters, over time Eranikus went crazy. That's the story, anyway, but no one has come close enough to the temple to verify it.

Stonard (large town, 2,500): This southern town lies just off the swamp's only road. Formerly used as an orc stronghold during the wars, now it functions as a Horde outpost. While populated mostly by orc warriors, some orcs do follow their calling as shamans. I was not permitted entry, but the orcs who saved my life told me a bit about the town.

It is protected by 8-foot walls, and sentries watch every gate. Although there is little traffic through the swamps, the orcs must guard against Alliance attacks. They send caravans to their allies in Stranglethorn Vale to trade for supplies twice a year, though the town does boast several weaponsmiths who create beautiful weapons with the ore they trade for.

The orcs are, if not friendly, certainly not the evil orcs I fought in the wars. There might actually be something to the claims that the Horde and the Alliance are at truce in the west.

History

The Swamp of Sorrows is largely left out of Azeroth's histories, at least those written by the Alliance. Its proximity to the Dark Portal and its remote location from the Alliance, the Burning Legion and the Scourge make it a suitable place for the draenei and the orcs to settle. The Horde had to trek through the southwestern corner during their rampage across the continent and felt the need to set a stronghold there, and the draenei discovered that the northern swamp's remoteness suited them.

The only notable event that happened in the past is the amazing creation of the Lost Temple, the watertight demonic temple that houses something terrible. I am not entirely sure what happened there, but I know the green dragonflight guards it closely to protect others from falling to corruption.

Adventures

The Swamp of Sorrows is a hunter's paradise. A person could make a sack full of gold with the hides, teeth and organs he finds in this area. Of course, separating these items from their owners is the trick.

Monster Attack: A fledgling shaman's spell goes awry and attracts the swamp's monsters, as well as some of the demons wandering north of the Blasted Lands, to Stonard. The draenei hear of the orcs' vulnerability and attempt to take advantage of this opening. Stonard is under siege, and the orcs need all the assistance they can get to survive. The orcs will likely accept Alliance help if it is offered respectfully.

Westfall

Population: 6,000 (85% human, 8% goblin, 5% high elf, 2% half-elf).

Ruler: Edwin VanCleef, leader of the Defias Brotherhood (male human Rog12).

Major Settlements: Moonbrook (4,000), Sentinel Hill (300).

Languages: Common, Goblin.

Resources: Agriculture, minerals.

Affiliation: Independent.

An odd place, Westfall both borders Stormwind and is populated by humans not under the Alliance's complete control. The region was stolen right under the Alliance's nose by its own bitter people.

This rich land has lain fallow since after the Second War, but it is now held by the Defias Brotherhood. Stormwind claims the land as its own, but it has found little time to be concerned with it (sources tell me of insufficient funds and might to retake the region). A handful of farmers still try to keep their land, and some even attempt a tithe to Stormwind every year, but most only grow enough to feed themselves. The Defias Brotherhood controls much of the region, focusing in the southern area of Moonbrook.

Westfall has the mild temperatures of Elwynn, but winds batter it both from the sea and from Duskwood. The bare farmlands add little to break the wind, which can cut through clothing on a blustery day.

People and Culture

The peaceful inhabitants in Westfall find it a frightening place to live. While the Defias Brotherhood hatches its schemes to hurt Stormwind, the Alliance and all beholden to it, Westfall's simple folk just try to live from day to day with thieves, bandits and gnolls threatening them. The thieves and bandits find it a large area in which they can plan their attacks without much bother. Little fun and celebration occurs among Westfall's inhabitants, as they have poor community support and no aid from Stormwind. The garrison at Sentinel Hill is nothing more than a Stormwind figurehead.

The thieves of the Brotherhood, on the other hand, apparently live a fine life. I did some careful searching of the area and learned that only a few Brotherhood members live in Moonbrook, presumably acting as sentries. The bulk of the population occupies the Dead Mines, which the Brotherhood has converted into an underground fortress.

Geography

Once a proud land of farmers and herders, Westfall now lies fallow for the most part because of the thieves who have usurped it. Weeds and seedling trees mark the rich land, and the wind cries over the fields.

Thieves and bandits are the greatest problems here, but gnolls and the slouching harvest golems†† also terrorize the already harried farmers.

Sites and Settlements

Most of Westfall is choked by the Defias Brotherhood (see Appendix Two). The residents who are not part of the Brotherhood live in fear and require Alliance aid that rarely comes.

Moonbrook (ghost town, 4,000): This town's true inhabitants fled during one of the Brotherhood's frequent raids. When the Brotherhood discovered the Dead Mines south of the town, they decided to set up camp there, making it look as abandoned as possible. Doing so becomes more and more difficult, however, as the Brotherhood grows and more move to the centralized location.

Approaching Moonbrook, you will see what looks like an empty town with closed curtains and locked doors, but you will probably get a prickly feeling on your neck that you are being watched. And you are.

The Dead Mines: These mines are south of Moonbrook. Formerly the richest vein of gold the Alliance could claim, they were abandoned when the Horde took Stormwind. After they rebuilt Stormwind, the Defias Brotherhood began using their artisan skills to turn the mines into a sophisticated underground fortress. I was unable to see it, but I've spoken to enough people who got inside to feel alarmed at the Brotherhood's ingenuity. One woman, an old high elf, told me that goblins also live in the mines and are helping the Brotherhood build something powerful with which to attack the Alliance.

Sentinel Hill (tower, 300): This sad garrison houses the 300 remaining soldiers who attempt to keep the peace in the whole of Westfall. That is their intent, but about all they concentrate on is catching Brotherhood members heading to the main road to attack Alliance villages.

The soldiers inside are despondent and harried, for their job is difficult and the Alliance claims it has no more resources for them. They welcome aid from anyone who offers, but regret that they cannot pay mercenaries. Thus, they receive little assis-

Past Due

While camping in Westfall, I met a man whom I recognized as one of the architects I worked under while rebuilding Stormwind. He did not recognize me, however, and after taking a careful look at my axe, he chose wisely to talk instead of attack. I was friendly and didn't mention our history, choosing instead to invite him to share my supper. We chatted a bit and I learned some of his twisted mindset. He gave me a copy of this bill that he sends to Stormwind quarterly. If anyone has sympathies with the Brotherhood, it's likely they won't after reading it.

Bill #12515

From: Erefor Pelija
To: King Anduin Wrynn

Design of eastern merchant's block over 1 year:	500,000 gp
Building supplies, including but not limited to lumber, stone, spikes, nails and tools:	300,000 gp
Labor over 6 months:	100,000 gp
Late fee:	100,000 gp
Total:	1,000,000 gp

Edwin VanCleef, 13th-Level Rogue/3rd-Level Expert

Leader of the Defias Brotherhood, Westfall

Male Human: CR 16; Medium humanoid (human); HD 16d6+16, hp 72; Init +8; Spd 30 ft.; AC 23, touch 19, flat-footed 23; Base Atk +11; Grp +11; Atk +21 melee (1d6+1/18–20, *+1 wounding rapier*); Full Atk +21/+16/+11 melee (1d6+1/18–20, *+1 wounding rapier*), or +20/+15/+10 melee (1d4/19–20, masterwork dagger), or +20/+15/+10 ranged (1d8/x3, *+1 longbow*); SA opportunist, sneak attack +7d6; SQ evasion, improved evasion, improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +4, trapfinding, uncanny dodge; AL CN; SV Fort +10, Ref +19, Will +11; Str 10, Dex 27, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Languages Spoken: Common, Gnome, Goblin.

Skills: Appraise +8 (metal works, woodworks and stone works +10), Balance +15, Bluff +4, Climb +5, Craft (blacksmithing) +7, Craft (carpentry) +7, Craft (stonemasonry) +8, Decipher Script +7, Diplomacy +16, Disable Device +15, Escape Artist +13, Gather Information +11 (local +14), Hide +17, Intimidate +8, Jump +5, Knowledge (architecture) +7, Listen +13, Move Silently +17, Open Lock +13, Profession (construction) +6, Profession (mining) +6, Search +7 (secret doors and compartments +9), Sense Motive +13, Spot +13, Tumble +15, Use Magic Device +12 (scrolls +14), Use Rope +8 (bindings +10), Use Technological Device* +5.

Feats: Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Mobility, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (rapier).

Possessions: +1 longbow, +1 silent moves shadow studded leather, +1 wounding rapier, cloak of resistance +2, gloves of Dexterity +6, masterwork daggers (x2), *ring of protection +1.*

Description

Small and wiry, the man has a mousy look about him. He wears the sweaty, oil-stained clothes typical of a peasant laborer, along with a short cloak and thick leather gloves. The man's overall appearance is so common, in fact, that he would be almost instantly forgettable if not for the spotless, scarlet bandana fastened around his neck. Despite his unseemly appearance, he has a cunning look in his eyes and a partially concealed blade sheathed underneath one arm.

Edwin VanCleef relies on his unassuming appearance to avoid most fights. When engaging in battle, he always prefers to take the offensive; he is known to frequently retreat from combat only to circle around and strike a few minutes later when his enemies have lowered their guard. VanCleef uses his longbow to surprise enemies from a great distance away, then draws his rapier and sneaks to a second hiding spot. When his enemies approach, investigating the location from which the arrows originated, he springs forth and attempts a sneak attack. He prefers to strike at lightly armored targets first in the hope that he might be able to incapacitate or kill them outright with a single sneak attack.

tance. They try to protect the farmers in Westfall, but the free farms are spaced throughout the land and guarding the safety of them all is difficult.

History

All other Azeroth territories taken out of Alliance control had the Horde, the undead or the demons behind them. Westfall fell to bitter humans soon after the Second War. The Defias Brotherhood, led by Edwin VanCleef, attempted to take Elwynn Forest but failed. Its members chose Westfall as their home, and the farmers, still shaken from the Horde attacks, put up little fight.

Apparently, the time to steal land from your own accepted ruler is when he's too concerned with orcs, undead and demons to realize that a good chunk of the continent is gone. And that's what has happened. The rulers at Stormwind, even with knowledge of the Brotherhood's actions, considered other threats to be higher priorities and figured they'd get to Westfall eventually. They likely do not know the true threat Westfall presents — or even how much the city will miss the agricultural tributes the farmers made.

Adventures

Westfall needs to be saved from the Brotherhood, and I would encourage anyone with a strong sense of justice and honor to take this region back for the Alliance.

Spies Like Us: The Alliance hears of the underground fortress in the Dead Mines and hires the PCs to infiltrate the fortress and bring back a report on the Brotherhood's numbers, its weaponry, and the fortress's layout.

The thick white snow clumped together into a slushy soup. It clung to his boots and the bottom half of his legs, adding to the weight of limbs that felt heavier by the moment already. With each plodding step, it seemed the ground itself wanted to pull him down. Dun Morogh was just coming out of the grip of a hard winter, and while the early spring weather was usually a blessing, today it only made things more difficult. The cause of this melting was overhead, and the glare of that bright yellow midday sun reflected back against the snow was blinding. His eyes stung from the sweat that rolled down his face, and it made his beard a tangled mess. And though the air remained cold, it was just warm enough to melt some of the snow, making every step a battle. His breath came in sharp gasps.

Of course, this was just another day for Honagger Bradwarden. The dwarf had been trained to fight and survive against all kinds of odds. He even learned a trick or two from the humans, mentoring to a group of their knights so as to get a wider understanding of tactics and warfare. Yet now he wondered if that training might not have been enough.

The wolves had come out of nowhere. He was expecting Frostmane trolls, so the mangy scavengers were a surprise. Thinking back, Honagger admitted that his instincts were precise and his reactions had carried him through that initial skirmish. He took the head off a large wolf and wounded two more badly enough that they didn't get up again, but the rest were not giving up the chase. Now, Honagger almost regretted wearing his heavy armor on this little trip. Its protection was welcome, but its weight was another matter.

The sound of harsh howling split the cold air. The wolves were closing in.

Beneath the snow, a jagged rock threatened to topple the usually sturdy dwarf. He stumbled but held his balance. Looking down, he could see that the gash in his leg was still seeping blood. The bandage he put over the bite wound was caked in the dried brown fluid, but at least it remained knotted securely in place. He was heartened little to see that, despite the pain and the impromptu walking tour of the mining trail he had just taken, he could still tie a good knot. That's just good training for you. He found

those wagon ruts under the snow by luck alone; otherwise, he could not have made his way back.

Coming up over the top of the rising trail, Honagger looked down the hill and saw the muddy tracks. They almost made him laugh out loud. From his vantage point, he could just make out the main trail that wound right up to the massive wood and iron doors of Ironforge itself. It was somewhere up that trail. He couldn't see it with his own eyes, but he knew it was there waiting for him. Beyond those tall trees and white-covered rocks was his home. Within those gates and in those dark hallways, deep in the arms of earth, there was home. A door with a hinge needed oiling. A large hammer hanging on the wall had belonged to his father. A wide hearth waited for a fire and a bed with down pillows and an old blanket… and it was home. Seeing that trail stretching out in front of him somehow cut straight through the pain dulling Honagger's senses. It would not end like this.

Honagger called on all the discipline and dedication of a lifetime of training. Taking the cold air into his lungs with several deep, slow breaths brought everything back into sharp focus.

From the trail behind him, the dwarven warrior heard another howl, much closer than before, and then another mournful call answered from a place that was closer still. It wouldn't be long now.

He must return home, and that meant surviving what was coming rapidly from behind. Pulling himself up, Honagger set his pointed helm straight on his head and brought his axe up to his shoulder. He turned around slowly and waited for the pack to come.

His eyes narrowed in concentration. He would see home again, but he had some pests to deal with first.

CHAPTER THREE: KHAZ MODAN

Home! Khaz Modan, long the homeland of dwarves and gnomes, still stands firm against the tide of enemies that flows around the eastern continents. In the Second War, the rampaging Horde conquered vast areas of Khaz Modan, and in the Third War the Scourge withered the land. Now, the dwarves and their allies have retaken much of what was lost. Dangers surround Khaz Modan on all sides, but the dwarves plant their feet, raise their blunderbusses and stand strong.

Outside enemies are perhaps the least of Khaz Modan's problems, however. Recent excavations unearthed a terrible menace that was let loose upon Khaz Modan — the troggs. Long thought to be merely myth, the troggs were the titans' first attempt at creating a race (the second attempt, entirely successful, produced the dwarves). Rather than destroy the troggs, the titans locked them deep beneath the earth where they slept for untold generations. Recent archaeological fervor in Uldaman and Gnomeregan released the troggs, who now roam across Khaz Modan and claim some of its most important ruins for themselves. Gnomeregan, the Ironforge gnomes' ancestral home, is now claimed by the same troggs who decimated its populace. The troggs' attacks occupy much of the dwarves' attention, enough so that trolls and other enemies can take advantage and strike at the dwarves as well. I fought plenty of troggs in Khaz Modan — the barbaric creatures are not so frightening alone, but they come at you in overwhelming numbers. Cowards!

In addition to the troggs, another ancient evil has recently resurfaced. The Dark Iron dwarves‡, under the leadership of the terrible fire-being Ragnaros, occupy Khaz Modan's fringes. The Dark Irons' goals are unclear, but undoubtedly dire. They besmirch the dwarves' good name.

Despite all this, Khaz Modan is the safest of the eastern continents. The dwarves are tough and skilled and — as long as they keep their eyes on the world — will drive away their enemies. The dwarves' recently discovered titan powers only add to their might.

The Badlands

Population: 2,000 (40% Drysnout gnolls, 20% Dark Iron dwarves, 20% Stonevault troggs, 10% Duskbelcher ogres, 5% Horde orcs, 5% Ironforge prospectors and their crews).

Major Settlement: Kargath (100).

Languages: Low Common, Dwarven, Orc.

Faiths: Holy Light, shamanism.

Resources: Adventure, ruins, titan artifacts.

Affiliation: Dark Iron dwarf.

I approached the Badlands from the Searing Gorge to the west. There's little reason to visit the Badlands these days. Ages ago, this land was a verdant valley, lush with natural resources. Evil magic scorched the land and transformed it into what it is today — a desolate, barren wasteland. Ogres trundle across the cracked ground, looking for victims. Lions prowl the canyons, and drakes hunt across the evening sky. Add to this Ironforge's old enemies— troggs and Dark Iron dwarves — and it is clear why this region is called the Badlands.

The Badlands is a high desert valley, bone dry and hot. Searing winds blow the heat around but do nothing to cool this sweltering land. The harsh environment allows only the heartiest plants — cacti and shrub brush — to survive. I brought plenty of water, but it still did not seem enough. Read up on your desert survival skills before coming here: travel at night, sleep during the day, you know the drill.

Yet in all this chaos stout Ironforge prospectors shrug off the danger and search for titan artifacts. What a noble race we dwarves are! In the northern Badlands is a canyon, in which lies the entrance to Uldaman — a massive, ancient titan city. These ruins contain markings bearing secrets of the dwarves' true ancestry. How I would love to see these sights myself! Unfortunately, excavations in Uldaman unearthed the vile Stonevault troggs who had been sleeping within. The troggs drove away the dwarves and now bitterly defend their stolen city. If not for the troggs, we dwarves would have all sorts of titan powers at our disposal — this stone flesh thing is just the beginning! Hmph. You would think the titans, being as smart as they were, could have found a better place to put the troggs.

People and Culture

Few people live in this realm, and "culture" is nonexistent. Drysnout gnolls are more numerous than the other factions, due mainly to the fact that their birth rate is higher than that of randy rabbits. The gnolls are easy prey for the Dark Iron dwarves, drakes and ogres that roam the Badlands. You can tell a Drysnout because he wears brown clothing, simple leather armor, and is running for his life.

The Dark Iron dwarves are another story. I realize that not everyone is familiar with this unfortunate

…Being a Recounting of the War of Three Hammers and a History of the Dark Iron Dwarves, as Chronicled by Ginduin Lorespeak of Ironforge.

Ages ago, three dwarven clans inhabited Ironforge Mountain. These clans were Ironforge, Wildhammer and Dark Iron. They lived peacefully for ages, but three hundred years ago (scribe's note — updated the time frame appropriately) they grew divided. The Wildhammers wished to open up trade and negotiations with the high elves, which at the time was considered taboo. The Dark Irons practiced arcane sorcery, a black art that threatened to bring destruction upon the dwarven people. Clan Ironforge would not tolerate these indiscretions and, after a short, fierce battle, exiled the other clans. The Wildhammers moved into the hills above the Wetlands, where they established a small kingdom at Grim Batol. The Dark Irons founded their kingdom of Thaurisan — named for their sorcerous leader — in the Redridge Mountains.

The Dark Irons refused to accept this slight. They were furious at their cousins, and the sorcerer-king Thaurisan continually sent in troops to harass Ironforge. Eventually, the Dark Irons launched a full-scale invasion of Khaz Modan, attacking both Ironforge and Grim Batol. Clan Ironforge and Clan Wildhammer joined forces to repel this assault.

Ironforge and Wildhammer drove the Dark Irons back into the Redridge Mountains. Thaurisan, realizing that he faced imminent destruction, resolved to bolster his forces with an enchanted being from another plane. He inadvertently summoned Ragnaros, a flaming elemental lord the titans had exiled in ages long past. No mortal could command Ragnaros. His catastrophic rebirth shattered the Redridge Mountains and created a gigantic volcano where the city of Thaurisan once stood. This cataclysm destroyed all three dwarven armies. Ragnaros took shelter in the new volcano's molten heart (dwarves would later name this mountain Blackrock Spire) and bound the remaining Dark Irons to his will.

The War of Three Hammers ended several centuries ago, but the Dark Iron dwarves still live. Their elemental master has granted them power and they plot vengeance against Khaz Modan.

One can easily recognize a Dark Iron, for their years in servitude have changed them. They have ashen, gray skin and their hair and beards are black or pale white. Their eyes burn with orange fire — a gift from their elemental master.

area of dwarven history, so I conscripted a scribe to copy a page or two from a history book, the text of which is included here.

The Badlands holds few cultured races. Ironforge prospectors brave the dangers to search for titan relics. These brave dwarves keep themselves well defended, carrying axes and rifles as well as picks and shovels. Small teams and wagons move carefully across the baked earth. If you see a dwarf in the Badlands that is not a Dark Iron, he's a prospector. These dwarves often hire mercenaries for additional protection. If you wish to travel in the Badlands, as I did, I suggest joining one of these expeditions for mutual protection. I fondly remember sitting atop a wagon as it rolled across the uneven ground, idly picking off gnolls and ogres with a customized long rifle. Good times in an otherwise bleak land.

The Horde has an outpost in the Badlands called Kargath, and the orcs within are strong and noble. They are a bit suspicious, but so is everyone in the Badlands. Kargath's citizens are almost all warriors, and they welcome any good soul who enters, whether Horde or Alliance.

Geography

The Badlands are rocky and flat. Mountains to the north block cool air and moisture from Loch Modan. Canyons surround the Badlands, and they are rife with lions and vicious humanoids. Only the hardiest plants and animals survive — withered trees, cacti, scorpions and bobcats. The landscape also hides rock elementals. The smaller ones are easier to kill. Run from the bigger ones unless you want to see what you look like as a pasty smear on the ground.

Sites and Settlements

Only one permanent settlement exists in the Badlands, but numerous interesting sites draw dwarven prospectors and other explorers.

Angor Fortress: Dark Iron dwarves control Angor Fortress. Ragnaros' fire elemental lieutenant, Ambassador Infernus, stays in Angor and keeps tabs on the Dark Irons who work for Ragnaros. The fortress' Dark Irons are concerned with the new dwarven dig site of Uldaman. They believe ancient titan secrets hide within Uldaman — secrets that could help their fiery lord in his personal war. The Dark Irons are Ragnaros' thralls, now. I do not believe they know of their titan ancestry; if they do, their long association with dark powers has denied them titan-born abilities. I fought one patrol of Dark Irons and immediately I caused my flesh to harden: The Dark Irons seemed surprised at this ability.

Duskbelch Grotto: Duskbelch Grotto is a large ogre camp in the southwestern Badlands. The Duskbelcher ogres are largely unconcerned with the other races in the area. They prey on caravans and raid occasional camps, but their numbers are too few to cause a major threat to the dwarves (of either sort) or to Kargath.

Kargath (hamlet, 100): Kargath is a small, functional Horde base where orcs and their allies regroup and resupply when adventuring in this part of the world. The old orc Gorn runs the enclave, located in the northwestern Badlands. Gorn and his warriors keep tabs on the renegade orcs in the eastern lands — remnants of the Blackrock (in Azeroth's Redridge Mountains) and Dragonmaw (in Khaz Modan's Wetlands) clans. He aims to wipe out the remaining evil orcs and bolster the Alliance's confidence in the Horde. He's got my vote. He's as tough as a dwarf, and that's saying something.

Lethlor Ravine: Black drakes inhabit this desolate area in the eastern Badlands. Before Ragnaros' summoning, this was a beautiful, verdant region of the Redridge Mountains. Now dragons, agents of mighty Nefarion (see Chapter Two: Lordaeron, "The Burning Steppes," *Blackrock Spire*), roam the area spying on the Dark Iron dwarves who seek to overthrow Nefarian's control of Blackrock Spire.

Uldaman: Uldaman is a famous dig site hiding ancient titan relics and remnants. It has produced many important finds, and more undoubtedly wait within its depths. Ironforge's entire population, including myself, is eager to see what's down there. Unfortunately, the site is currently inhabited by Stonevault troggs who were buried for millennia inside the ruins. Ironforge prospectors uncovered the ruins and inadvertently set the troggs loose upon Khaz Modan.

Duskbelch Ogres

The statistics below describe a typical unit of the Duskbelch ogres that might see action in mass combat.

34 Ogres: Large giant; HD 4; DF 170 (5); Spd 300 ft. (6 squares); AC 16; Base Atk +3; Unit Atk +11 melee (greatclub); Full Unit Atk +11 melee (greatclub) or +3 ranged (spear); SQ darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Space/Reach 340 ft./10 ft.; AL NE; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +2; Str 22, Dex 9, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 8; Morale +5.

Skills: Climb +5, Intimidate +4, Listen +5, Spot +5.

Feats: Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (greatclub).

Equipment: Hide armor, greatclub, spear.

Commanders

Gro'ach the Wise, male ogre Bbn3, commander-in-chief: Base Atk +7; Cha 12; Intimidate +13; Leadership; Orders 2.

Vaxar, female ogre Bbn1, hero commander: Base Atk +4; Cha 10; Intimidate +9; Ruthless Command†; Orders 1.

Thugrim Seven-Eyes, male ogre magus Hlr2, hero commander: Base Atk +4; Cha 16; Intimidate +13; Beloved Commander†; Orders 1.

Tactics

The Duskbelch ogres are content to feed on troggs and stray dwarves, but pity the fool that draws the wrath of the entire tribe. The substantial might and fearsome aspect of the ogres make them a truly awesome foe in combat. Gro'ach the Wise, leader of the Duskbelch tribe, is an accomplished warrior and a respected chieftain.

Relentless when moved to take up their clubs in battle, the Duskbelch ogres usually fight as a single unit. When facing inferior numbers, the lumbering hulks separate into three smaller divisions. These smaller units move to envelope the enemy, crushing opponents from three directions at once.

History

Three hundred years ago Ragnaros' arrival blasted this region, transforming it into the Badlands. The Badlands are inhospitable, and were rarely visited until recently. Ironforge prospectors discovered

Gorn, 5th-Level Barbarian/ 7th-Level Blademaster

Orc Warlord at Kargath, Badlands

Male Orc: CR 12; Medium humanoid (orc); HD 5d12+7d10+36, hp 107; Init +2; Spd 40 ft.; AC 18, touch 16, flat-footed 18; Base Atk +12; Grp +16; Atk +17 melee (1d12+9/x3, *+1 greataxe*); Full Atk +17/+12/+7 melee (1d12+9/x3, *+1 greataxe*); SA +1 attack versus humans, command +3 (1/day, 2 rounds), critical strike (2/day), maximum damage (1/day), rage 3/day, supreme cleave, two-handed mastery; SQ fast movement, low-light vision, improved uncanny dodge, *mirror image*, strike like the wind, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge; AL NG; SV Fort +12, Ref +5, Will +4; Str 19, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Common, Orc.

Skills: Bluff +3, Climb +6, Handle Animal +1 (wolves +3), Intimidate +8, Jump +9, Knowledge (military tactics)* +3, Listen +3, Sense Motive +6, Survival +3.

Feats: Cleave, Dodge, Iron Will, Mobility, Power Attack.

Possessions: +1 greataxe, amulet of natural armor +2, bracers of armor +3, gauntlets of ogre power, ring of protection +1.

Description

The orc is large, even for one of his kind, and easily hefts a massive greataxe in one of his mighty fists. He wears no armor and is dressed in only a fur-covered leather wrap twisted around his waist, leaving his broad, well-muscled frame on display for all to see. From the wealth of battle scars that are visible, the orc is no stranger to combat; and, despite his savage appearance, he carries himself in an almost regal manner.

Gorn is a warrior of simple tactics, having risen swiftly through the ranks of the Horde thanks to his unmatched ability to strike hard and fast. He never offers mercy to opponents, preferring instead to grant them the honor of dying in combat.

If there are any obvious spellcasters among his enemies, Gorn begins the fight by using his *mirror image* ability to create decoy targets for their spells. Otherwise, he prefers to rage and then close into melee combat immediately. If possible, Gorn charges the most fearsome warrior first, attacking him until he falls, and reserves *mirror image* for use only if the tide of battle goes against him.

Uldaman's ruins only a few years ago. Months of digging uncovered amazing finds, including scrawls in the ancient tunnels that gave us the first hint of the dwarves' true genesis. Sadly, the prospectors also unearthed another titan remnant: the primitive troggs. These foul creatures drove the dwarves from the site and claimed Uldaman as their own.

Adventures

Ogres, gnolls, dragons, vicious animals and Dark Iron dwarves threaten the tiny dwarf and orc enclaves. Prospectors need protection, and Uldaman must be reclaimed.

Titanic Mystery: Ironforge prospectors discovered a small cave system that eventually winds into Uldaman's recesses. Oozes and monstrous scorpions infest the cave system, and troggs rule the underground titan city. Yet the caves lead directly to a massive room, at the far end of which is a block inscribed with spidery runes. Troggs worship this strange altar. They nevertheless noticed the prospectors and attacked the dwarves, who fled their vast numbers. Only one prospector managed to survive. Now, he hopes to hire a band of mercenaries to assist him in sneaking into the Uldaman temple and claiming the altar.

Dun Morogh

Capital: Ironforge (20,000).

Population: 28,000 (85% Ironforge dwarf, 10% gnome, 3% Wildhammer dwarf, 2% human).

Government: Hereditary monarchy.

Ruler: King Magni Bronzebeard (male Ironforge dwarf Ftr7/Gla10).

Major Settlements: Kharanos (4,000), Anvilmar (3,400), Brewnall Village (600).

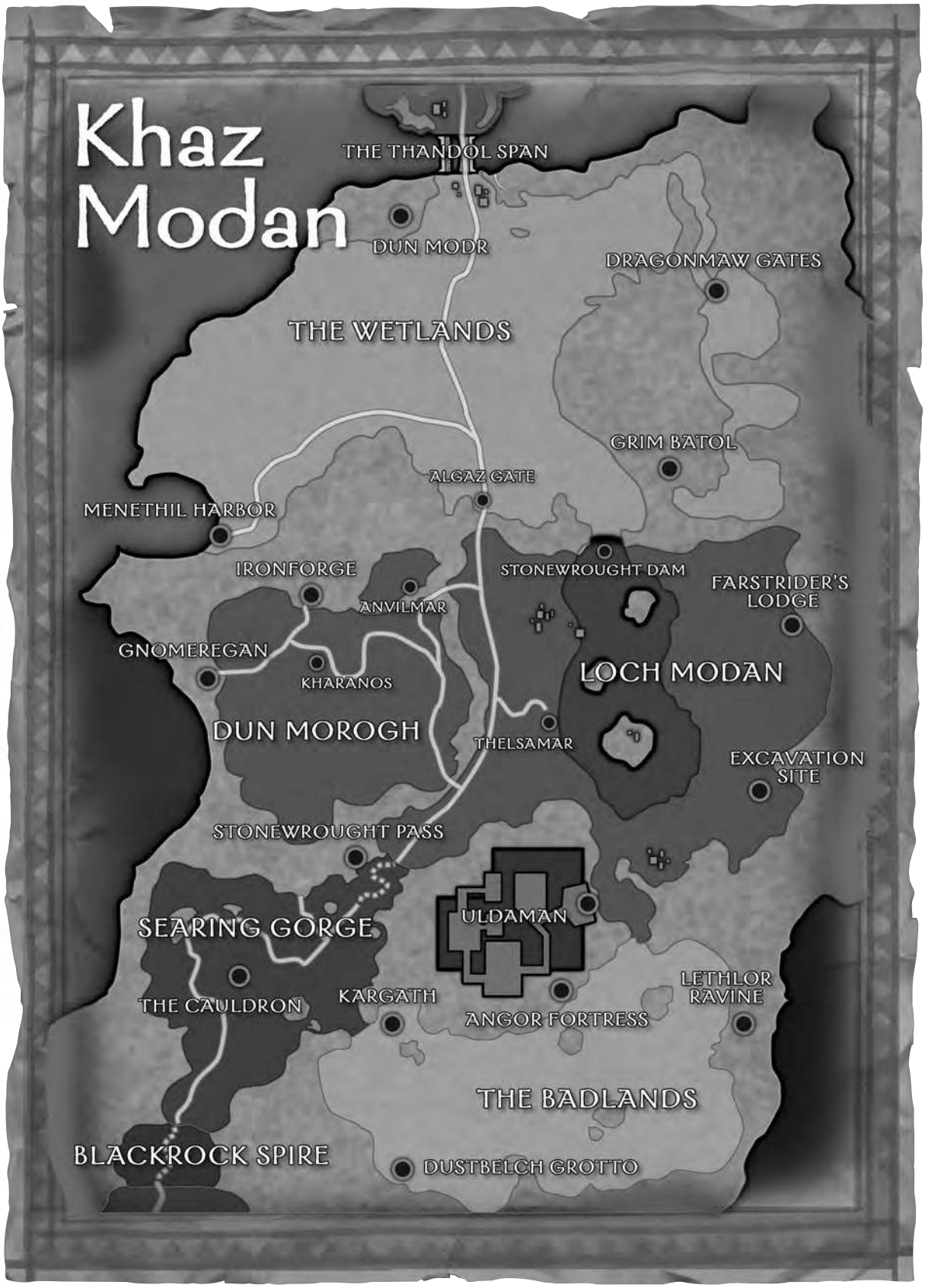
Languages: Dwarven, Low Common, Gnome, Common.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Armor, gold, iron, metalwork, phlogiston, silver, technology, timber, weapons.

Affiliation: Alliance.

Ah, home! A welcome sight after my travels, though I was only about halfway through my survey. Homeland of the Ironforge dwarves and ruled by mighty Clan Bronzebeard, Dun Morogh is the center of dwarven culture and ingenuity. The capital city of the dwarven realm, Ironforge, lies within Ironforge Mountain in Dun Morogh's heart.


Khaz Modan
THE THANDOL SPAN
DUN MODR
DRAGONMAW GATES
THE WETLANDS
GRIM BATOL
ALGAZ GATE
MENETHIL HARBOR
IRONFORGE
STONEWROUGHT DAM
FARSTRIDER'S LODGE
ANVILMAR
GNOMEREGAN
KHARANOS
LOCH MODAN
DUN MOROGH
THELSAMAR
EXCAVATION SITE
STONEWROUGHT PASS
ULDAMAN
SEARING GORGE
LETHLOR RAVINE
THE CAULDRON
KARGATH
ANGOR FORTRESS
THE BADLANDS
BLACKROCK SPIRE
DUSTBELCH GROTTO

Dwarves and their allies range out from Ironforge, trying to hold a diminishing protectorate against encroaching enemies on all sides.

Dun Morogh is a high altitude region, covered with constant snowfall and great pine trees. Winds howl through the peaks in symphony with the wolves that prowl the forests. Southwest of Ironforge is Coldridge Valley, which hosts the dwarven smithing enclave of Anvilmar. Northwest of Ironforge's massive stone battlements is the ancient city of Gnomeregan. This ruined city was once home to the Ironforge gnomes, but vile Rockjaw troggs devastated the populace and drove the survivors to the capital. Gnomeregan is now a wild place of adventure and mystery. To Ironforge's west is Frostmane Hold, home of the aggressive Frostmane ice trolls. Trolls are like rocks: no matter where you go, you'll find some there.

Crime is almost nonexistent in dwarven lands, as dwarves know that they must stick together against their myriad enemies. Murder and treason are capital offenses, while lesser crimes result in exile or prison. I've seen this happen only once or twice in my years.

People and Culture

Ironforge dwarves, the most prominent race in Dun Morogh, are a hearty, good-natured people who enjoy working with their hands, drinking ale and firing blunderbusses. Dwarves are ingenious, and about half of all technological devices in Azeroth are dwarven-made. Ironforge dwarves are particularly adept at crafting and wielding firearms, and their riflemen proved invaluable in the Third War. Feisty and strong, Ironforge dwarves possess a strong sense of humor and a forgiving nature.

All who dwell in Dun Morogh, be they dwarf, gnome or visitor, wear layers of clothing to stave off the cold. Long, thick cloaks of blue or green are common. (I prefer a camouflaged green cloak myself, though I change to rich blue when in my homeland.) Ironforge dwarves take pride in their beards and wear them long. When patrolling Dun Morogh, dwarves carry axes, rifles and other weaponry and wear heavy armor. Gnomes rarely leave Ironforge, but those who do so are similarly equipped. Like dwarves, gnomes are adept tinkers and engineers and often walk about with safety goggles on their foreheads and various gadgets strapped to their belts. They're also fun at parties — you have not truly celebrated unless you have experienced Radzi's Whirling Beer Bong!

Geography

The snow-swept land of Dun Morogh is covered with forest and craggy mountains. Dun Morogh is a high, mountainous region and is cold, windy and wet. Snowfall is common, and a white blanket

Ironforge City Garrison

The statistics below describe a typical unit of the Ironforge city garrison that might see action in mass combat.

20 Ironforge dwarf Ftr4: Medium humanoid; HD 4; DF 120 (6); Spd 200 ft. (4 squares); AC 13; Base Atk +4; Unit Atk +6 melee (battleaxe); Full Unit Atk +6 melee (battleaxe) or +5 ranged (flintlock pistol) or +5 ranged (grenade); Space 100 ft.; SA +1 attack versus giants; SQ darkvision 60 ft.; AL NG; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +3; Str 13, Dex 11, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8; Morale +4.

Skills: Climb +3, Craft (technological device)* +7, Jump +4, Swim +3.

Feats: Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Weapon Focus (battleaxe).

Equipment: Studded leather armor, battleaxe, flintlock pistol*, ammunition balls*, grenades*.

Commander

Sergeant Dimurov Grimear, male Ironforge dwarf Ftr8, subcommander: Base Atk +8; Cha 14; Diplomacy +4, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (military tactics)* +10, Profession (military commander)† +12 (10 ranks); Determined Command, Leadership; Orders 3.

Tactics

The discipline and training that dwarven fighters receive shows through in the elite Ironforge city garrison. Several of these units staff the city's defenses under the command of dwarven captains and sergeants. During war, the garrison can muster enough troops to defend every entrance and major throughway in Ironforge. Flanking intruding enemies with a barrage of flintlock rounds and bombs, and then closing on the ragged remains of their foes with battleaxes ready, the dwarves have proven their tactics brutally efficient.

constantly covers the ground. Great wolves stalk the forest, and troggs and Frostmane trolls find many ambush spots. I did not expect to battle monsters in my own homeland, but that shows how much things have changed. Dun Morogh has not seen true peace in decades.

Sites and Settlements

Ironforge is the capital of the dwarven realm and provides protection and succor for its citizens. Though the dwarves' enemies have multiplied in recent years, several smaller villages also stand against the burgeoning evils.

Anvilmar (large town, 3,400): Anvilmar is a dwarven smithing center in Coldridge Valley. Miners draw ore from the fertile mountains, and Anvilmar's numerous craftsmen mold it into fine works. The town is a welcome respite from the cold wilderness, and weary travelers can purchase excellent dwarven weapons and armor. My own mithril mail comes from Anvilmar, and it has saved my life many times over.

Brewnall Village (village, 600): This small settlement on Iceflow Lake boasts the finest beers and ales in Khaz Modan. Brewnall's citizens are all brewers or connoisseurs and will take up axe and sword to defend their drinks from roving monsters. I particularly suggest the Raging Trollmasher: a few shots of that and even I felt a little woozy. I look forward to the time when pandaren first set foot in Brewnall.

Frostmane Hold: Home of the Frostmane ice trolls, Frostmane Hold is a forbidding, labyrinthine dungeon. The Frostmanes took advantage of the recent trogg infestation to strike at their old enemies (us) and now menace Dun Morogh. If Ironforge's forces were more numerous, King Magni could afford to send platoons to Frostmane Hold to wipe out the trolls. As it stands now, travelers rightly fear to journey to Dun Morogh. While here, I decided it might be a good idea to check out Frostmane Hold firsthand. I got within 10 miles before I ran into a band of ice trolls, maybe 20 strong, with witch doctors and — I swear — a living statue made of rock-hard ice. I had enjoyed a few Trollmasher sips from my flagon, so I though I could take them. Nope. I slew several, but there wasn't much I could do to that statue, and the voodoo priests kept throwing magic at me. Eventually I turned and fled. I ran over a rise and covered myself with snow to escape. Go to Frostmane Hold itself? I'd rather kiss an orc!

Gnomeregan: Once home of the Ironforge gnomes, splendid Gnomeregan has fallen to the Rockjaw troggs. Now little more than a ruin, Gnomeregan is overrun by troggs who use the city as a base to stage attacks against Ironforge patrols, merchants and other travelers. The gnomes had to leave behind many treasures, items that have potential unrealized by the Rockjaws.

Kharanos (large town, 5,000): Aside from Ironforge, Kharanos is the largest settlement in Dun Morogh. The town's steep roofs and sturdy wooden architecture are surrounded by a stone wall that keeps monsters at bay. Kharanos' dwarves are expert hunters and take special joy in using their long rifles to bring down timber wolves. This town, in Coldridge Valley, is a welcome sight to a weary traveler.

Steelgrill's Depot: Steelgrill's Depot, just around the bend after Kharanos, is a hangout for siege engine drivers where Beldin Steelgrill hires anyone he can to assist in gathering parts for the maintenance and repair of siege engines. The depot is a solid stone complex, with numerous workshops and wooden awnings to fix vehicles and protect them from the elements. The skeletons of incomplete siege engines lie half-submerged in the snow surrounding the enclave. I decorated one such wreck with the heads of all the troggs I killed nearby.

Ironforge

Though Ironforge is located in Dun Morogh, the city is detailed under its own region entry. See "Ironforge," below.

History

Centuries ago, the Dark Iron dwarves split from their Ironforge brethren, summoning Ragnaros and devastating the land in the process. Ironforge warriors drove the Dark Irons to near extinction, and the few survivors fled deep underground to their fiery lord.

More recently, in the fourth year since the opening of the Dark Portal, Dun Morogh's dwarves and gnomes joined the Lordaeron Alliance in the Second War. Ironforge dwarves and gnomes were key in the Horde's defeat, and many nurse grudges against orcs to this day. I must admit that I am among that number. Old habits die hard.

Not long ago, gnomes in Gnomeregan unearthed the mythic troggs. These tribal creatures slaugh-

tered Gnomeregan's populace and drove the gnomes to Ironforge, where they hide and nurse their wounds. This catastrophe explains why Ironforge gnomes did not take part in the Third War. The troggs also prove an excellent distraction for Ironforge's forces, allowing the Frostmane trolls to invade Dun Morogh in an attempt to reclaim their ancient lands.

Adventures

Troggs and Frostmane ice trolls roam dwarven territory. Gnomeregan must be retaken and Frostmane Hold destroyed.

Salvaging Siege Engines: Several siege engines, returning from a raid against a small troll enclave, fall victim to a Frostmane ambush. The ice trolls slay the crews and mercenaries but leave the vehicles. Beldin Steelgrill, proprietor of Steelgrill's Depot, needs stout adventurers to travel to these unclaimed engines, repair them and drive them to the depot.

Grim Batol

Population: Unknown (100% red dragonflight, including dragonspawn).

Ruler: Garshilan (male red dragon Ftr5/Sor8).

Language: Draconic.

Affiliation: Red dragonflight.

I had to travel up through the Wetlands and then back around to the south to get to Grim Batol. This place is perhaps the most remote in Khaz Modan, lying in the eastern Wetlands, just below the great falls of Loch Modan. Rocky crags encircle Grim Batol and massive gates guard the entrance. Huge stone edifices mark the cliffs surrounding the great city; its bulk is carved into the mountains themselves.

The red dragonflight, loyal to mighty Alexstrasza the Life-Binder, rules Grim Batol. Dragonspawn**, red drakes and older red dragons patrol the area constantly. Led by the peerless warrior-mage Garshilan, the red dragonflight prevents all mortals — even me — from penetrating Grim Batol. The dragons are "guarding a secret that living creatures are not meant to know." That's what the dragon Acridistrasz told me, anyway. (The dragons seem amiable enough as long as you don't look like you're going to break into their fortress.)

Red Dragonspawn Patrol of Grim Batol

The statistics below describe a typical unit of the red dragonspawn** of Grim Batol that might see action in mass combat.

20 wyrm kin red dragonspawn: Medium monstrous humanoid; HD 3; DF 80 (4); Spd 200 ft. (4 squares); AC 18; Base Atk +3; Unit Atk +7 melee (*+1 longsword*) or +7 melee (*+1 spear*) or +6 ranged (*+1 spear*); Full Unit Atk +7 melee (*+1 longsword*) or +7 melee (*+1 spear*) or +6 ranged (*+1 spear*); Space 100 ft.; SQ darkvision 60 ft., immunities; AL CG; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +3; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 17, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 12; Morale +3.

Skills: Balance –1, Listen +2, Move Silently –1, Ride +3, Spot +2.

Feats: Alertness, Dodge.

Immunities: Red dragonspawn are immune to a red dragon's breath weapons. They are likewise immune to the frightful presence of any dragon of equal or lesser age than their own mentor.

Equipment: Scale mail, light steel shield, *+1 longsword*, *+1 spear*.

Commander

Baleflame, female flametongue red dragonspawn Sor5, subcommander: Base Atk +8; Cha 19; Diplomacy +13, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (military tactics)* +6, Profession (military commander)† +11 (9 ranks); Orders 1.

Tactics

This unit is typical of the size of a single patrol that might travel near Grim Batol's perimeter. Five or more of these units assemble to form a squad division under the command of a scalebane red dragonspawn captain. These divisions can muster to form a larger fighting force, the commander-in-chief being a red dragon or an experienced veteran scalebane red dragonspawn.

Dragonspawn engage an enemy at range and then close with melee attacks. En-masse, the dragonspawn use delay tactics so their master dragons may safely strafe down to scour the enemy with their breath weapons. The dragonspawn, immune to the effects of their master's breath weapons, then proceed to dispatch any survivors — a tactic typical of many of the dragonspawn broods.

People and Culture

Red dragons and their ilk are the only intelligent creatures in Grim Batol. Like their queen Alexstrasza, the dragonflight reveres all life. However, under no circumstances does it allow anyone into Grim Batol. Something pretty interesting must be hidden down there.

Geography

Grim Batol is a mountain fortress. Spires and battlements ring the main peak, but the bulk of the fortress lies underground. Although dwarf-made and ancient, Grim Batol's impressive architecture is sullied by disuse and orc occupation. The current state of the halls is unknown, as the damn dragons don't let anyone in.

Sites and Settlements

No settlements exist around Grim Batol, though the fortress itself obviously contains secrets.

Dragonmaw Gates: A series of massive, orc-built gates lines the pathway up the mountain to Grim Batol's entrance. The Dragonmaw Clan constructed these gates to keep the Alliance forces away from the mountain. Now, red dragonspawn and their flying drake brethren patrol the gates.

History

The Wildhammer dwarves left Ironforge three centuries ago and founded Grim Batol as their first settlement. In the Second War, the Horde captured the fortress and granted it to Clan Dragonmaw. The Dragonmaw orcs held the captive Dragonqueen Alexstrasza within Grim Batol and corrupted her eggs to create vicious draconic allies for the Horde's armies.

A band of heroes defeated the Dragonmaw Clan shortly after the Second War and freed Alexstrasza. It was quite the story! The red dragonflight now rules Grim Batol and guards the secret power within the mountain.

While hiking through the foothills I encountered a small cave that I decided to use as a shelter. Much to my surprise, the cave already had an occupant! An old and undoubtedly crazy goblin calling himself Mulfseam dwelled within. This goblin did not appear threatening, though years of

An Account of the Freeing of Alexstrasza, by Mulfseam

This was maybe a year after the war ended. There were still orcs around. The Dragonmaw Clan held Grim Batol, and employed goblins, like me, to work some of their machinery and fly their zeppelins. It was fun! The orcs had a giant dragon held captive, in a big cavern. Big metal bands and chains held the dragon down, but I don't think that's what did it. A dragon that strong could break chains and bars, even though it looked really sick. The orc chief used magic to keep the dragon.

Well, at one point the chief — I forget his name, and he may not have actually been the chief, but he was important, and he had one leg; let's call him One Leg — at one point One Leg thought the Alliance was attacking. He had seen gryphon riders, or something, so he got all the orcs and goblins together to flee from Grim Batol. And then this human wizard shows up. No one knows how he got into Grim Batol — magic, I guess — but the orcs captured him easy enough. He was young and had red hair and a beard. Rhonin, that was his name. Anyway, Rhonin got caught, but his friends, an elf woman and one of those nutso gryphon-dwarves, came to save him.

I don't know how they got out — magic, I guess — I wish I could do magic! — but they did. They got out when the orcs and goblins and everyone were leaving. The main dragon, the queen they called her, was strapped to a big wagon and One Leg kept showing her this amulet. Then this other dragon showed up — a big red one that came swooping down, screaming, looking like he was gonna rescue the dragon queen. One Leg forced him down with magic, but then all these other dragons showed up — it was amazing! They were enormous. There was a green one, and a blue one, and a bronze one. And a black one, with metal hammered into his hide; he was fighting all the others. And then something happened — I think that wizard Rhonin killed One Leg or destroyed his amulet or something — and the big dragon queen got free! She went chasing after the black dragon, too, and they chased him off into the mountains. Oh yeah, there were some dwarves, too; they killed most of the orcs. I got away.

isolation seemed to have affected his thinking. He told me that the Dragonmaw orcs had employed him at the time of Alexstrasza's escape. What luck! I traded him some food and the last of my Raging Trollmasher for his story. Goblins are damn near impossible to understand, so I cleaned up the text a bit after jotting it down.

Grim Batol also has the distinction of being the last place that the evil black dragon Deathwing was spotted. I do not believe that he is dead — perhaps the red dragons have now taken him captive?

Adventures

Something powerful obviously rests within Grim Batol, but only the suicidal try to attain it.

Dragon Quest: Acridistrasz is a young red dragon fiercely loyal to his queen, but he has a tendency to involve himself in mortal affairs. Recently, Acridistrasz heard that a powerful black dragon, disguised as a troll, lurks within a small troll encampment to the south. Acridistrasz knows that his prominence in the red dragonflight would rise immensely should he defeat a black dragon in battle. To that end, he seeks a band of adventurers to journey to the troll enclave and confirm or deny this rumor. If a black dragon does indeed hide with the trolls, these adventurers are not to attack it; they are simply to report back to Acridistrasz so he can deal with the creature. The red dragon would perform the investigation himself, but that would take him away from his duties.

Letter from Prince Arthas to King Magni Bronzebeard

To King Magni Bronzebeard, Lord of Ironforge,

It is my sad duty to bring you very grim news. I am certain you know of Muradin's mission here in Northrend to strike at the Scourge and discover useful artifacts. We fought together against the Scourge, and although I survived, Muradin fell to the undead and demons.

I grieve for my brave friend and your valiant brother. Yet know that his heroic death was not in vain, for his life ensured my victory against the Lich King's minions — and my recovery of the ancient sword known as *Frostmourne*.

I shall be returning to Lordaeron soon. With *Frostmourne* in hand, I come to reestablish order and bring forth a shining new age. Muradin's remaining clansmen here will take his body back to Ironforge.

You cannot know how deep are my sympathies. I know that this letter offers small consolation, but I felt you should learn of Muradin's death as soon as possible. You have lost a brother, and I have lost a valued friend.

May the Light preserve our peoples,

Prince Arthas Menethil

Ironforge

Population: 20,000 (87% Ironforge dwarf, 10% gnome, 2% human, 1% Wildhammer dwarf).

Government: Hereditary monarchy.

Ruler: King Magni Bronzebeard (male Ironforge dwarf Ftr7/Gla10).

Languages: Dwarven, Low Common, Gnome, Common.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Armor, gold, iron, metalwork, phlogiston, silver, technology, timber, weapons.

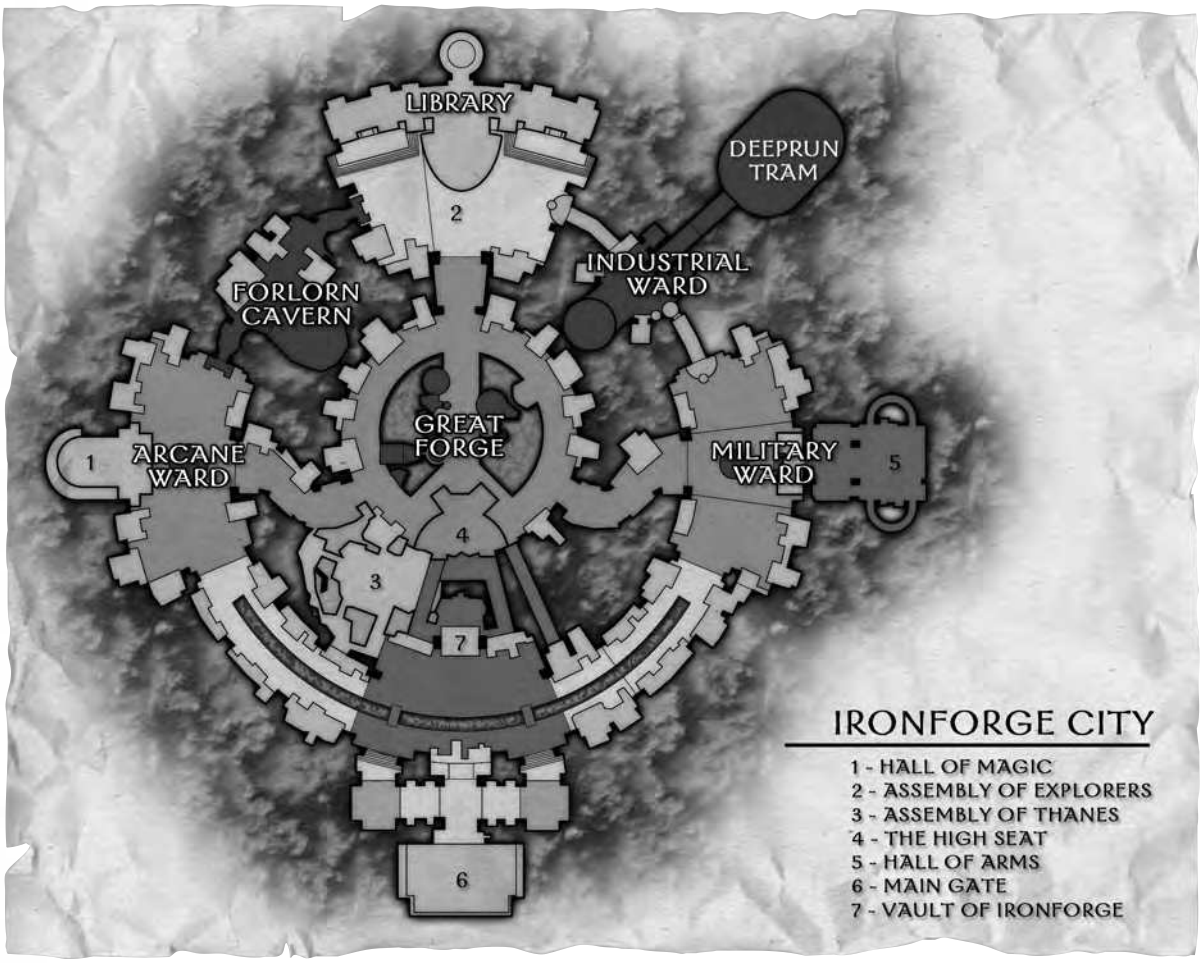
Affiliation: Alliance.

In central Khaz Modan, north of Dun Morogh, in Ironforge Mountain, is the dwarven capital city of Ironforge. Ironforge, high above Loch Modan, remains free from the Burning Legion's taint and the Scourge's devastation. Though vast areas of Khaz Modan fell to the Horde in the Second War, Ironforge has always stood strong. The mighty city has served as home to the Ironforge dwarves for over a thousand years. Now, it plays host to the gnomes as well.

King Magni Bronzebeard, my brother, rules ably, though he must put up with special interest groups that would have him either close off Ironforge entirely or range farther afield to assist his friends in the Alliance. Magni himself has grown introverted and brooding since our brother Muradin's death. He believes that the dwarves should close Ironforge's gates and sever ties with the outside world forever.

People and Culture

See "Dun Morogh," above.



Geography

Ironforge is an enormous underground city. Hollowed out of Ironforge Mountain, the capital is a marvel of dwarven engineering and stonework. No enemy has ever penetrated Ironforge's defenses; any who did would become hopelessly lost within the caverns, besieged on all sides by dwarven tunnel fighters.

Sites and Settlements

Ironforge is a massive settlement. Several locations within are of special import.

Explorers' Guild: This is my personal favorite. The closest thing I have to a house, a newly dug complex in the city's upper reaches contains the offices, libraries and museums of the Explorers' Guild. This area brims with artifacts, books, scrolls and trophies gathered from around the world (many collected by the famed and handsome Brann Bronzebeard). High Explorer Magellas runs the guild, sending his prospector agents to range across the world for titan ruins. The Ironforge prospectors return when they can, bearing their latest finds. I dropped off many of my own findings when I visited the guild, most from Azeroth and a few from southern Khaz Modan.

The Great Forge: At Ironforge's bottom is a molten pit called the Great Forge. Anvils on pedestals circle the pit, each manned by an Ironforge master smith diligently hammering weapons or mail. The Great Forge is a wonder of the known world, and many young smiths make pilgrimages to see this spectacular edifice for themselves.

The Hall of Thanes: A massive, natural cavern complex, the Hall of Thanes is located in Ironforge's lowest depths. The area is a true marvel of organic stone formation: No dwarf has touched this area with pick or chisel. Ironforge's kings are buried in the Hall of Thanes, and the old throne is here as

well. Also within this cavernous area is the ancient, weathered Iron Forge — perhaps the greatest titan artifact ever unearthed. The dwarves do not use this holy anvil, but keep it near their honored dead and the seat of their power. I imagine that as we uncover more truths about our ancestry, we will find greater uses for the Iron Forge. The titans must have given it to us for a reason.

History

Ironforge has been the dwarves' mightiest city for over a thousand years. No enemy has ever bypassed its defenses; and even today, in the desolate, undead-scoured eastern continents, Ironforge stands as a bastion of civilization and hope.

Recently, Rockjaw troggs drove the Ironforge gnomes from their ancient city of Gnomeregan. The surviving gnomes fled to Ironforge, where they now reside.

Adventures

Ironforge hosts thousands of individuals, each with a potential mission.

Prevent Workplace Accidents: The dwarven smith Bargrin Stonefist slips and falls into the Great Forge. Though the incident is labeled an accident, Clan Stonefist suspects foul play. Bargrin's kin look to hire outside sources to investigate their patron's death. The key suspect is Dernim Brasshelm, a rival of Clan Stonefist and friend to King Magni Bronzebeard. The truth, though none suspect it, is that a Dark Iron infiltrator caused the incident to foment trouble in the capital.

Loch Modan

Population: 5,000 (90% Ironforge dwarf, 5% human, 5% Wildhammer dwarf).

Ruler: King Magni Bronzebeard (male Ironforge dwarf Ftr7/Gla10).

Major Settlement: Thelsamar (850).

Languages: Dwarven, Common.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Fish, gold, iron, timber.

Affiliation: Alliance.

I traveled north to Loch Modan from the Badlands. What a difference! We dwarves are not made to run around desert plains, and I was relieved to pass out of that scorched wasteland and into cold, wet, mountainous Loch Modan.

Loch Modan is the heartland of the proud and feisty Ironforge dwarves. Though the Horde drove the dwarves into seclusion and guerilla warfare in the Second War, they have returned to their homeland and thrive once more. Loch Modan lies in the foothills of Ironforge Mountain. South is the Badlands and the Searing Gorge; north is the Wetlands.

Loch Modan is a lake — the largest body of fresh water in the world of Azeroth. The lake teems with fish, and the surrounding mountains are rich in timber and precious metals. Dwarves and their allies fish the lake, mine the cliffs and cut the timber. Loch Modan is the source of Ironforge's mercantile strength.

The region is constantly gray and cold. The sun burns through the mist rarely, creating a twilit world of rolling wisps and limited vision. Constant rainfall keeps the land lush and green. A bitter chill claims the mornings and evenings, though warm currents from the eastern seas prevent the loch from freezing. A bit too rugged for human sensibilities, but perfect for dwarves! The air smells so much better in Loch Modan, and the humidity is a stark contrast to the Badlands. I am amazed that too such disparate realms can be so close to each other. Nature is a wondrous thing.

People and Culture

Like all Ironforge dwarves, Loch Modan's denizens are industrious. They fish, mine, cut lumber and smith weapons with great alacrity. Loch Modan can be dangerous, but it is largely civilized and subject to constant Ironforge patrols. See the "Dun Morogh" entry, above, for more information on Ironforge dwarves.

Geography

No matter how many times I see Loch Modan, I am always impressed by its sheer size. The loch is massive, occupying a great deal of Khaz Modan. I do not believe that anyone has ever measured it, but I am curious as to its actual dimensions. Three large islands grace the lake's interior. Upon the northernmost island are ruins from the Second War, while the southern islands are barren save for occasional Stonesplinter troggs and crocolisks‡. Huge gray mountains rise up on all sides around the lake. Pine forests cover the area. Beautiful.

The lake abounds with fish, including piranha-like frenzies. The lake's fish population draws a variety of predators to the area. Black bears and threshadons‡ frequent the shoreline, the bears snatching fish from the water while the threshadons chew on the aquatic plantlife. The threshadons occasionally try to run off fishermen as well, so dwarves use them for target practice. I took one down with a long rifle at 200 paces.

Sites and Settlements

Loch Modan is relatively civilized, though it bears the air of a frontier, wilderness area.

Dun Algaz Gate: The northwestern corner of Loch Modan contains Dun Algaz Gate. Dun Algaz was a great mountain stronghold in the Second War. Now, the derelict fortress serves as the main thoroughfare from Loch Modan and the dwarven lands in the south to the Wetlands in the north. I planned to take that path myself.

Farstrider Lodge: Farstrider Lodge lies within Loch Modan's eastern hills. Marek Ironheart, a grizzled Ironforge dwarf, manages this hunting enclave. Marek and I knew each other when we were young lads; he was always a pain in the ass, but he has mellowed out some.

Stonewrought Dam: East of Algaz Gate, along Loch Modan's northern shore, is Stonewrought Dam. This massive piece of dwarven architecture traps the snowmelt from Ironforge Mountain, creating the lake. Chief Engineer Hinderweir VII oversees the dam. Few know it, but Stonewrought Dam is the work of a Dark Iron dwarf. Franclorn Forgewright was a master architect before the War of Three Hammers and the name "Stonewrought" refers to his works. I do not think Franclorn was evil; rather, he chose to side with his clan (the Dark Irons) out of honor and loyalty.

Stormpike's Excavation Site: Prospector Stormpike founded this dig site in southeastern Loch Modan. Troggs recently drove away Stormpike and his crew and now occupy the site. The prospector asked me to take out the troggs; I made a tentative foray, but it is too big a job for one dwarf and I had a mission to get back to. Hopefully some other brave soul will come along and help Stormpike.

Thelsamar (village, 850): The primary settlement in Loch Modan, Thelsamar is located on the lake's southwestern shore. Thelsamar's artisans are renowned for their fine weapons and armor. Magistrate Bluntnose, Thelsamar's mayor, keeps the village safe and orderly.

History

The rampaging orcs overran Loch Modan in the Second War, but in the war's aftermath the dwarves returned and reclaimed their land. Few enemies can penetrate the mountains around Loch Modan, and Algaz Gate serves as an effective barrier, so the region is perhaps the most peaceful in the eastern continents.

Adventures

Though largely civilized, Loch Modan is a wild land home to vicious predators and ever-present troggs.

Gate Crashing: Goblin sappers, hired by an unknown enemy, blast Dun Algaz Gate and severely damage the edifice. The gate must be repaired before another attack. King Magni also offers a sizeable reward to whoever discovers the enemy behind the sabotage.

The Searing Gorge

Population: Unknown.

Languages: Low Common, Dwarven.

The Searing Gorge is the first region I approached after leaving Azeroth. This land is a poor first sight for visitors to Khaz Modan. A shattered, desolate area, the Searing Gorge is the northern equivalent of the Burning Steppes (see Chapter Two: Azeroth). It lies south of Dun Morogh, and immediately north of Blackrock Spire and the Burning Steppes. The only road connecting Khaz Modan and Azeroth passes through the Searing Gorge, so those wishing to make the journey must trek across this barren landscape. The ground is scarred with fissures and dotted with broken rock, the weather hot and dry. Like the Burning Steppes to the south, the Searing Gorge is a casualty of an ancient volcanic explosion (Ragnaros' rebirth) that rocked the landscape years ago. Blame the Dark Irons for that.

No government holds sway in the Searing Gorge and no settlements exist within its confines. Nevertheless, the land can be interesting for an explorer who leaves the road. Many beasts hide in the surrounding rocks and crags, waiting to ambush the unwary traveler. The wary traveler can instead ambush them. I have a new lion pelt that I plan on giving to my cousin when I get to Ironforge.

People and Culture

No people call the Searing Gorge home, though the land falls within Khaz Modan and therefore is under the purview of the Ironforge dwarves. The dwarves have many other worries at the moment, so odds are the Searing Gorge will remain untamed for years to come. I see no reason that we would *want* to reclaim it, anyway.

Geography

The Searing Gorge is barren and hot. Shattered crags and jagged chasms are the only features of note, and few landmarks exist off the road to guide a straying traveler. Rock golems and Dark Iron dwarves roam the Gorge.

Sites and Settlements

No settlements stand in the Searing Gorge, and few important sites exist. The journey from Khaz Modan to Azeroth (and vice versa) is long and dangerous.

Altar of Storms: Orc warlocks in the Second War invented a method to grant intelligence and magical powers to their ogre allies. This method involved arcane edifices such as this Altar of Storms, one of the few remaining from the Second War. I could not pass up the opportunity to see such a relic — ironic that after personally destroying several such altars in the Second War, I would go out of my way just to see one years later! The altar is cracked and scarred, but its remaining energies draw elementals and ogre magi to the area. A dangerous place.

The Cauldron: The Cauldron is an enormous excavation site. Dark Iron dwarves and their slaves (Ironforge dwarves, gnolls and a few ogres) work the pits and wield the shovels. It galls me to see my own people put to such demeaning work! I was not able to determine for what the Dark Irons are digging. Probably titan or Old God artifacts, but I cannot be sure.

Stonewrought Pass: Like Stonewrought Dam in Loch Modan, Franclorn Forgewright masterminded this ancient structure in the northern Searing Gorge.

History

Ragnaros' summoning devastated the surrounding land 300 years ago. Since that time, the Searing Gorge has been the wasteland that it is today. The area has no resources, so no armies have bothered with it.

Adventures

Desolate but not lifeless, the Searing Gorge hosts dangers and secrets aplenty.

In Need of Billy Goats: A group of Stonegullet ogres barricade the road leading south to Blackrock Spire. The creatures demand tribute from all wishing to pass — and the three black drakes with them ensure that all travelers pay the toll.

The Wetlands

Capital: Menethil Harbor (12,000).

Population: 25,000 (30% human, 30% Ironforge dwarf, 30% Dragonmaw orc, 10% Dark Iron dwarf).

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Orc.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Ruins, safe harbor.

Affiliation: Alliance.

I traveled through Loch Modan's Dun Algaz Gate and into the Wetlands — my last stop before Lordaeron. Cold and drear, the Wetlands is Khaz Modan's northernmost realm. To the south are a series of one thousand stone steps carved into the rock, at the top of which is Dun Algaz Gate and the entrance to Loch Modan. To the north is Lordaeron's Arathi Highlands.

Once dominated by dwarven strongholds, the Wetlands suffered grievously in the Second and Third Wars. The strongholds have fallen, and wild creatures, murlocs and renegade orcs claim the land. The Wetlands is little more than a thoroughfare for travelers moving to and from Menethil Harbor, the only settlement in the area.

The Wetlands is one vast, cold swamp stretching to Khaz Modan's northern coast. Gray mist cloaks the ground, giving the area an eerie, isolated feel, while the skies are constantly overcast. The Wetlands are not nearly as cheerful as Loch Modan.

People and Culture

Menethil Harbor, on the west coast, is the only Alliance settlement in the Wetlands. Menethil's people are tense and wary, as orcs and other creatures attack the walls constantly. Dark Iron dwarves claim the fallen city of Dun Modr, in the north, as their own. The renegade orc clan Dragonmaw, defeated shortly after the Second War, fled to this land. The orcs, still flying their white dragon banners, refuse to ally with Thrall and raid Menethil Harbor repeatedly. I slew several Dragonmaws on my journey, but the clan has many more warriors to take their places.

Dragonmaw Clan

The statistics below describe a typical unit of the Dragonmaw Clan that might see action in mass combat.

50 orc War1: Medium humanoid; HD 1; DF 50 (1); Spd 300 ft. (6 squares); AC 13; Base Atk +1; Unit Atk +5 melee (battleaxe); Full Unit Atk +5 melee (battleaxe) or +2 ranged (javelin); Space 250 ft.; SQ battle rage, low-light vision, species enmity; AL CE; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will –1; Str 17, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 10; Morale +0.

Skills: Intimidate +4, Jump +5.

Feats: Alertness.

Battlerage (Ex): The unit can rage for 1 battle round. The orcs gain a +2 bonus on attack, damage, saves and morale; their damage factor becomes 2. After raging, the entire unit is fatigued (–2 penalty to Strength and Dexterity) for the rest of the battle.

Species Enmity (Ex): Orcs gain a +1 racial bonus on attack rolls versus humans.

Equipment: Studded leather armor, battleaxe, javelin.

Commander

Herzegor Flametusk, male orc Ftr7, subcommander: Base Atk +7; Cha 12; Intimidate +10, Profession (military commander)† +12 (10 ranks); Leadership; Orders 3.

Tactics

The Dragonmaw clan currently scrambles for survival while being hunted by the red dragonflight in Grim Batol.

The orcs, however, have more surprises they can use to stave off the forces of Grim Batol or to harass the Alliance at Menethil Harbor. The Torchbelcher ogre tribe provides them with warriors and mages. The orcs also have units of well-trained wolf riders, siege weapons, and a few enslaved red drakes controlled by demonic magic. Herzegor uses shrewd tactical decisions bolstered by orcish rage to decide how he fights his battles.

Geography

The Wetlands is a giant, cold marsh. Ruined dwarven fortresses can be seen, thrusting their bones up from the surrounding filth. Elevation rises to the east to the mountain fortress of Grim Batol, and to the south toward Loch Modan. As if rebel orcs and Dark Iron dwarves were not bad enough, Bluegill murlocs**, bog beasts** and oozes roam the murky landscape. Dress warmly, speak softly and carry a big gun.

Sites and Settlements

Menethil Harbor is the only settlement in the Wetlands, though wrecked strongholds and other ruins draw treasure seekers to this bleak land.

Dun Modr: This fallen dwarven city is occupied by Dark Iron dwarves. The Dark Irons kill anything that enters their territory — including undead.

Ironbeard's Tomb: This ancient dwarven crypt is crawling with oozes. If I get a tomb, I want it at the top of Ironforge Mountain. No oozes there!

Menethil Harbor (small city, 12,000): This major port city represents the Alliance presence in the Wetlands. Murlocs and Dragonmaw orcs are a constant threat to its citizens, who are braver and sterner than their kin. Captain Stoutfist, Menethil's military leader, works to repel the Dragonmaws. The captain is particularly concerned because the orcs seem to be preparing for a major assault. One orc, dying at the end of my axe, spouted, "Soon the humans will pay!" I do not know if this was the vain threat of a doomed creature or a portent of things to come.

Shipwrecks: Many shipwrecks line the Wetlands' coast. Curious explorers could find many intriguing items in these shattered hulks. I found a fork.

History

Horde and Scourge forces devastated the Wetlands in the Second and Third Wars, forcing the Ironforge dwarves to retreat to Loch Modan and Dun Morogh. Alliance forces have since established Menethil Harbor, but the area is still wild and untamed. The Wetlands is a buffer zone between inhabited Khaz Modan and Scourge-infested Lordaeron.

Adventures

Disputed ruins dot the landscape, and murlocs, bog beasts and other creatures are perfect hunting targets. Menethil Harbor would be indebted to any intrepid individuals who eliminated the Dragonmaw threat.

A Tale of Two Cities and Some Orcs: The Dark Iron dwarves of Dun Modr uncover ancient writings in their ruined fortress that speak of an artifact called Ironbeard's Axe. They leak this information to both Menethil Harbor and the Dragonmaw orcs. The Dark Irons plan to incite both factions to race to Ironbeard's Tomb, fighting oozes and each other in the process. In the aftermath, Dark Iron agents will ambush the victors on their way out, thereby claiming the magical axe for themselves.

Captain Stoutfist, 9th-Level Fighter

Military Leader at Menethil Harbor, Wetlands

Male Ironforge Dwarf: CR 9; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 9d10+45, hp 94; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 14, touch 11, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +9; Grp +12; Atk +15 melee (1d10+7/x3, *+1 dwarven waraxe*); Full Atk +15/+10 melee (1d10+7/x3, *+1 dwarven waraxe*); SA +1 attack versus giants; SQ darkvision 60 ft., +2 saves versus poison, stability, stonecunning, stone flesh; AL LG; SV Fort +11, Ref +4, Will +4; Str 17, Dex 13, Con 20, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 9.

Languages Spoken: Common, Dwarven, Orc.

Skills: Appraise +0 (stone and metal +2), Climb +5, Craft +0 (stone, metal and guns +2), Jump +5, Knowledge (nature) +2, Survival +9, Swim +5.

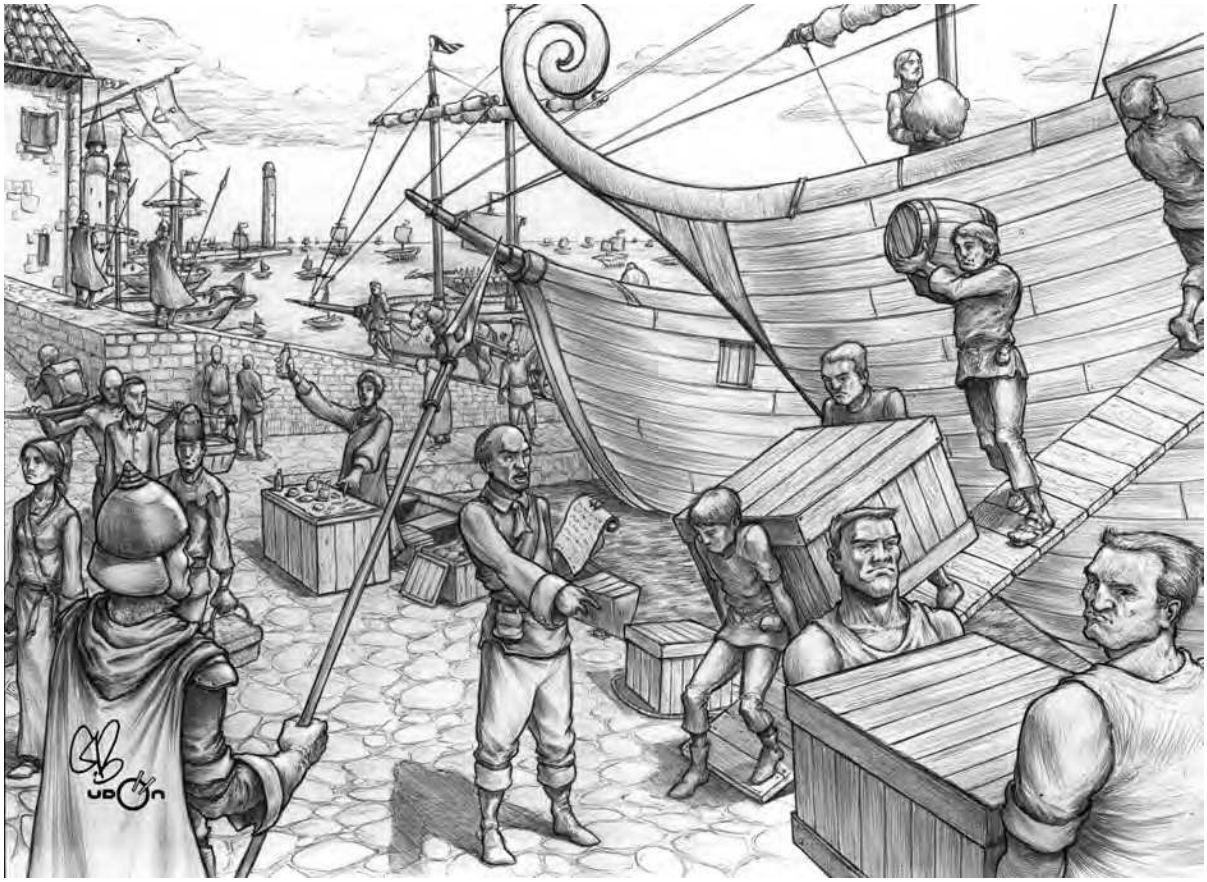
Feats: Greater Weapon Focus (dwarven waraxe), Improved Bull Rush, Improved Sunder, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Track, Weapon Focus (dwarven waraxe), Weapon Specialization (dwarven waraxe).

Possessions: +1 dwarven waraxe, amulet of health +4, masterwork studded leather armor.

Description

The dwarf appears on edge, as if expecting an attack at any moment. He is stout and muscular, typical for one of his kind, wearing studded leather and carrying a polished waraxe. The dwarf's eyes seem to be constantly scanning the area around him as he nervously fingers the blade of his axe.

Captain Stoutfist leads the defensive efforts in the area against a band of Dragonmaw orc raiders. He attacks orcs on sight, charging into combat without hesitation and not stopping until they are all slain or routed. Against other types of opponents, Stoutfist fights in a more reserved fashion. Confident in his ability to track down wounded enemies, he tries to injure his opponents until they disengage from battle and then tracks them once they have become weakened from prolonged loss of blood. If Stoutfist ever becomes surrounded or flanked, he immediately uses his stone flesh ability to gain an additional defensive advantage.



The aging fisherman had eyed poor old Jack with suspicion when first approached about chartering the boat, but he accepted the fare nonetheless. Gold really did make fools of most men. But not Jack — he had found a higher calling now, a destiny that would carry him farther than he had ever imagined. He watched the shoreline fade in the morning mist as the boat pulled away. Excited and also a little frightened, he was leaving his home for the first time in his life. That disappearing shore of Lordaeron was all he had ever known.

The farm house near Southshore had belonged to his father, and to his father before him. It was a small place, but its history stood as a point of pride for Jack. He had planned on spending his life there. But no, he couldn't stay. It was just unrealistic. Not after those knights had come.

When they appeared over the hill, Jack could tell right away that they had been badly abused. Their warhorses were foaming at the mouth and almost ready to drop there in the field. All three men swayed in the saddle, barely able to give a weak request for succor. How could Jack not have taken them in?

He helped them off their horses and aided them in removing their battered armor. He gave their horses food and clean water and left them in the barn. Afterwards, he did his best to make all the knights comfortable in his meager dwelling. He pulled out some old blankets from the dusty cabinet in the hall and even dug out an old chair from the barn. The knights were grateful for the courtesy, but Jack just explained that they were doing their parts in the war with the undead and he had to do his, unglamorous though it might be. They offered him warm smiles when he told them this. Jack could only suppose they had not experienced such a simple courtesy in a long time. Some people even blamed the knights for bringing about the threat of the Scourge. Poor country man that he was, even Jack knew that this notion was ridiculous, and the knights all laughed to hear it, the pain of their wounds having faded in the warmth of gracious company.

While Jack tended to the wood stove (adding some gangly carrots and a pinch of barley to the stew), the men improved enough to start talking. They laughed and shared

stories, along with plans about where they were headed next. Jack listened as best he could, though being a farmer he understood very little of what the knights discussed. Still, he was always a good listener and so he took in as much as he was able.

The poison Jack had put in the stew took full effect in an hour. The barley helped mask part of the taste, and the wounded men did not have the stamina to resist it for long. With a few gurgles and twitching of limbs, the men were soon all dead.

After disposing of the bodies in the hidden root cellar he kept deep in the woods, Jack set to work selling the farm. His neighbor didn't ask any questions when he went to sell the place; lots of people were fleeing the area in recent times. Jack made up some excuse about going to live with relatives farther south. The older farmer had nodded his head in sympathy the whole time, but Jack could see the greedy smile in his eyes.

It didn't matter that Jack had sold the farm for a pittance of its worth. All of his needs would be taken care of soon. He had enough money to hire the boat that would take him to where he needed to be.

The Cult of the Damned's contacts were pleased to learn about the knights' activities, though they advised Jack to move on to a safe place with all due haste. Compared to the gratitude of his superiors, the loss of the farm was a small price. Soon, he'd arrive in that frozen place which housed larger settlements of the Cult's still-living members. Northrend would be a much different world than the one he had known, but he knew that there were friends waiting for him.

What he told the knights was true: everyone had to do their part in this war, even one as humble as poor old Jack.

CHAPTER FOUR: LORDAERON

Lordaeron is the most dangerous land outside of Northrend. The Scourge rules much of the continent, and the newly freed Forsaken, who have yet to choose a side, stir beneath the earth. Humans still hold a few shattered realms, but battle hopelessly against enemies old and new. Murlocs, naga and ogres fight against the struggling nations. Human brigands attack and murder their own kind. Forest trolls from Zul'Aman strike out to regain their ancient territory, and human fanatics fight a private crusade against the Scourge. Lordaeron is a land of chaos, where innumerable factions clash across the ashes to further their own trivial aims.

Good people are hard to find in Lordaeron, but not impossible. I met several individuals in my travels who offered help and succor, sometimes in the most unexpected places. Stable villages, towns and even cities are rare, but they do exist. Survivors flock to these places as best as they are able, avoiding Scourge and Forsaken forces and innumerable other threats. This is a land of enemies; every traveler you see on the road is out to kill you for his own reasons. Internal strife within factions is rampant.

The Scourge dominates all. Its undead blight has reduced Lordaeron's most fruitful areas to blasted Plaguelands. Kel'Thuzad, the Scourge leader in Lordaeron, is relatively quiescent for the moment — but that could change instantly. One small hope comes from the fact that the Scourge has no allies, but many enemies. Zul'Aman, the Forsaken, the Scarlet Crusade, Hillsbrad, Kul Tiras, the Syndicate, elven and human refugees, even ogres and naga: all would see the Scourge defeated. Unfortunately, these factions battle each other and among themselves instead of pooling their resources to form a cohesive, powerful army against the Scourge. Indeed, I fear that these groups' disparate ideologies rule out the possibility of their ever coming together. At the very least, they will never answer to a common leader (unless that leader were truly remarkable — and I'm talking divine here). Perhaps they could be coerced into forming a council of some sort, though this step would require incredibly skillful negotiations. In my opinion, subtlety is the best route. If a clever organization (Azeroth's Stormwind Assassins, perhaps?) could individually convince the above factions to strike in strategically advantageous ways, complementing each other without knowing it… that may prove the best — if not the only — way to threaten the Scourge.

Alterac Mountains

Population: Unknown.
Major Settlements: Alterac City (1,000), Strombrad (800).
Languages: Low Common, Common.
Resources: Iron, ruins, timber.
Affiliation: Syndicate.

I journeyed into the southern Alterac Mountains from the idyllic Hillsbrad Foothills. Quite the change. Once inhabited by noble humans, Alterac is a shattered realm struggling to survive the wars' carnage. An organization called the Syndicate is strong in this region. The Syndicate is a group of thieves who were once Alterac nobles and now seek to reclaim their lands — and any other lands they can lay their hands on — by any means necessary. They battle for control with a huge clan of ogres that has taken Alterac City. Everyone is out for him- or herself here, and no one looked at me without suspicion. I almost prefer the ogres to the Syndicate — less subtle.

The Alterac Mountains are cold and misty, thick with rain and gray clouds. Huge pine trees tower over the temperate landscape. Alterac reminds me a bit of Loch Modan, but warmer. Occasional green meadows and tenacious shrubs can be found amid the gray, rocky peaks. To the south are the Hillsbrad Foothills, east is the Hinterlands, west is Lordamere Lake and north are the Plaguelands.

People and Culture

Two major factions control the Alterac Mountains: the Syndicate and the Crushridge ogres. The Syndicate is a complicated network of bandits who were once Alterac nobles. These men and women operate mainly in the Alterac Mountains and the surrounding area, but fight, murder, lie and steal to reclaim their ancient lands. The Syndicate is out for itself, though it would work with others if doing so helped it meet its ultimate goal. I felt dirty just looking at these odious people. Syndicate agents dress in brown and black when on the prowl, but don their aristocratic finery in their holds.

I ran afoul of a Syndicate band on my travels — they ambushed me in a small canyon. Their numbers were too many, so I had to surrender. They tied me up in their camp while they decided what to do with me. Eventually, I escaped by getting one of

Crushridge Ogre Marching Song

Who kills every kid and man?
Crushridge Clan!
Who burns just because they can?
Crushridge Clan!
Rip 'em up, slice 'em up, beat 'em to a pulp:
Will they live? Will they win? We say nope!
Kick 'em, hit 'em, listen to their moans,
Spill their blood and crack their bones!
Who just charges in without a plan?
The ogres of Crushridge Claaaaaan!

their horses to chew through my bonds. This story goes to show that even though they are human, the Syndicate's members are not to be trusted. Indeed, they are wickeder than many "savage" humanoids I could name.

The Crushridge ogres are cunning, massive and strong. Leftovers from the Second War, these ogres have thrown off orc rule for their own primitive ways. They live in Alterac City and kill whatever they can. The ogres and the Syndicate fight a continuous guerilla war. I once spied a group of Crushridges marching across the plains; to my surprise, they were singing a song! Not the most original musical piece, the song is somewhat misleading. Do not make the mistake of thinking that these ogres are imbecilic brutes. They are cagey and surprisingly shrewd.

The Syndicate's private war and the ogres' mindless slaughter are foolishness. Alterac shares its northern border with the Western Plaguelands, so a Scourge invasion is only a matter of time. Such an attack would spur the Syndicate to battle against the undead, and the ogres would fight to stay alive. Their numbers, however, are too few.

I left Alterac hoping that its despicable inhabitants kill each other.

Geography

The Alterac Mountains are high and temperate. Few fertile valleys lie within the peaks, and those that do are fallow. Rainfall is high and the sky is often overcast, making the region drear. The Crushridge ogres and the Syndicate have driven away most native wildlife, but yetis still inhabit the deeper caves.

Mug'thol, 7th-Level Barbarian

Ogre Warlord at Alterac City, Alterac Mountains

Male Ogre: CR 10; Large giant; HD 7d12+4d8+44, hp 107; Init +4; Spd 35 ft. (50 ft. without armor); AC 21, touch 10, flat-footed 21; Base Atk +10; Grp +22; Atk +20 melee (2d8+12, masterwork greatclub); Full Atk +20/+15 melee (2d8+12, masterwork greatclub); Space/Reach 10 ft./10 ft.; SA rage 2/day; SQ darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, damage reduction 1/—, fast movement, improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge; AL CE; SV Fort +13, Ref +4, Will +7; Str 26, Dex 10, Con 19, Int 6, Wis 8, Cha 9.

Languages Spoken: Common, Giant.

Skills: Balance –2, Climb +10, Escape Artist –2, Hide –6, Intimidate +8, Jump +10, Listen +9, Move Silently –2, Spot +4, Survival +5, Swim +2.

Feats: Endurance, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (greatclub).

Possessions: +1 Large breastplate, masterwork Large greatclub, *crown of will*‡.

Description

The ogre's hulking frame is covered in a mish-mash of scavenged bits of metal and trophies of war, held together by thick bands of sweat-drenched leather hide. He holds a massive tree branch in one hand, leaning it effortlessly against his shoulder. A gemstone-covered crown sits awkwardly on his head, leaning slightly off to one side as if it doesn't fit very well.

Mug'thol likes to smash things. Although he has a certain amount of savvy when intimidating other creatures to do his bidding, he knows only one way to fight. He always uses full power attacks (+9 melee, 2d8+32) in combat, not realizing the disadvantage of doing so. He likes the sound that his club makes when striking metal, and he prioritizes his targets by how amusing he thinks they will be to hit. He typically prefers to strike at enemies with metal shields first, followed by those in suits of metal armor, and lastly those with metal weapons.

Crushridge Ogres

The statistics below describe a typical unit of the Crushridge ogres that might see action in mass combat.

28 ogres: Large giant; HD 4; DF 140 (5); Spd 300 ft. (6 squares); AC 16; Base Atk +3; Unit Atk +11 melee (greatclub); Full Unit Atk +11 melee (greatclub) or +3 ranged (spear); Space/Reach 280 ft./10 ft.; SQ darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; AL NE; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +2; Str 22, Dex 9, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 8; Morale +5.

Skills: Climb +5, Intimidate +4, Listen +5, Spot +5.

Feats: Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (greatclub).

Equipment: Hide armor, greatclub, spear.

Commanders

Mug'Thol, male ogre Bbn7, commander-in-chief: Base Atk +8; Cha 9; Intimidate +8; Orders 1.

Gorg, male ogre magus Sor4, hero commander: Base Atk +5; Cha 16; Intimidate +11; Orders 1.

Tactics

Under Mug'Thol's guidance, the Crushridge tribe has become a brutal and feared force in the Alterac Mountains. The tribe's combined might is formidable, and it relies on brute strength to attain its goals. The warriors of the tribe simply trample their enemies under a massive, raging charge.

The tribe is easily roused to full battle. Keeping the tribal stronghold, protecting territory and finding food are the tribe's main concerns.

A magic field closes off Dalaran, to the southwest. Dalaran wizards patrol the local surroundings, but wisely do not concern themselves with Alterac's affairs.

Foothill Caverns: Ferocious yetis inhabit these caves. Only the most courageous adventurers would seek to cross paths with these fearsome creatures. Of course, I am just such an adventurer. I knew I had a mission, but I could not resist the lure of a good hunt and I indulged. How many dwarves have killed a yeti? I found a lone yeti's tracks, and I followed them for days through narrow ravines, across high ledges and between rocky cliffs. Finally, I spotted it — a massive white creature, bipedal, with two large horns. I blasted it with my blunderbuss, but this just angered the yeti and it charged! I fired twice more before drawing my axe. After a fierce battle, the yeti lay dead and I was slashed up pretty good. Yet I had won! I sawed off one of its horns as a souvenir.

Lordamere Lake: This freshwater lake is enormous, occupying a great fraction of Lordaeron's midwest. In years past, the lake served as a source of fresh water and fish for Lordaeron's kingdoms. Now, Lordamere's isles are infested with monsters and its shores polluted with undead filth. The lake borders five separate regions and provides an untapped means of transport between these areas. May the Light help Hillsbrad if the Scourge sends ships across Lordamere.

Uplands: The Uplands is a mountainous area controlled by the Syndicate. I believe they have a base here, though I do not know exactly where. This is a dangerous area; Syndicate members would murder their own grannies for a copper piece. I avoided the Uplands and I suggest that others do the same.

Sites and Settlements

Hostile factions control the few settlements that remain in the Alterac Mountains.

Alterac City (ruined city, 1,000): The Syndicate controlled the capital city for a time, but Crushridge ogres drove them away. Now, ruined Alterac City serves as the ogres' base camp and largest settlement. Mug'thol, a ferocious and crafty warlord, rules the clan.

Durnholde Keep: The Syndicate controls this famous keep. Warchief Thrall, the Horde's leader, spent his youth here as a slave.

Lordamere Internment Camp: Located near Dalaran's ruins, Lordamere Internment Camp once served as a holding area for captured orcs. Dalaran wizards now use the camp to imprison Forsaken. I had the opportunity to speak with Warden Belamoore, the stern wizardess who oversees the camp. She does not exactly hate undead, but desires to study them under controlled conditions. Perhaps she will invent something that will help defeat the Scourge.

Strombrad (ruined city, 800): The Syndicate now holds this once-thriving city. They have renovated the jail, and digging teams constantly break into old cellars and sealed vaults, searching for treasures the Scourge overlooked.

History

Once the smallest nation in the Lordaeron Alliance, Alterac's king, Perenolde, betrayed the Alliance in the Second War. Alterac's honor has been blemished ever since. Like all of Lordaeron's regions, Alterac suffered horrendously when the Scourge blazed through the continent. The Perenolde family's current scion, Lord Aiden Perenolde, is a high-ranking Syndicate member who resides in the Uplands. I hear he is addicted to flushbloom.

Adventures

The Syndicate struggles to regain control of a wild land, while ruins dot the mountainsides and ogres patrol their territory.

Between Ogres and a Hard Place: The Syndicate kidnaps a wealthy dwarf merchant's son. The organization does not want ransom — it wants help driving the ogres from Alterac City. Murrik Doubletoe, the captured dwarf's father, hires outside help to advise him and either rescue his son or defeat the ogres. Of course, the Syndicate is thoroughly evil and does not plan to uphold any agreement it makes.

Arathi Highlands

Population: 6,000 (84% human, 10% Horde orc, 5% Ironforge dwarf, 1% half-orc).

Major Settlements: Stromgarde (1,200), Hammerfall (600).

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Low Common, Orc.

Faiths: Holy Light, shamanism.

Resources: Ruins.

Affiliation: Syndicate.

I did not know what to expect of Lordaeron as I approached it over the Thandol Span. The Scourge is based here, true, but what are the rest of the lands like? The Arathi Highlands was the first region I visited (aside from Kul Tiras, to which I sailed from Menethil Harbor), and I kept my hand on my axe.

The southernmost realm in Lordaeron, the Arathi Highlands are immediately north of Khaz Modan's Wetlands and south of the Hinterlands and the Hillsbrad Foothills. Once a proud human kingdom, the Arathi Highlands are crushed and the people scattered. Thoradin's Wall, an immense edifice on the northern border, was once a symbol of humanity's strength and defensive might. Now the wall has fallen to decay and war.

The Arathi Highlands' climate is similar to that of the Wetlands to the south, though its higher elevation keeps it free of the bogs and marshy pools that would otherwise form from the constant rain. The air is cool and the skies an unvarying gray. The Arathi Highlands are bleak and dismal. Yet if bad weather were the worst I would experience in Lordaeron, I would count myself lucky.

People and Culture

The Syndicate (see the "Alterac Mountains" entry, above) has a large presence here, as do Clan Boulderfist ogres. A third faction is composed of the Highlands' native people led by Prince Galen Trollbane, the rightful heir to Stromgarde's throne and leader of the city's embattled defenders. All three factions are poor and ragged, and would be easy prey for the Scourge.

Geography

The Arathi Highlands have a higher elevation than Khaz Modan's Wetlands, but otherwise the geography is similar. To the north is Thoradin's Wall, now collapsed and gaping wide. South is the Thandol Span, which bridges the gap between Lordaeron and Khaz Modan. Mountains to the east prevent easy access to the sea, and the Highlands' western coast is bleak, windswept and cold.

Sites and Settlements

Three factions battle to control the few settlements that remain in this Forsaken land. A small Horde outpost provides some sanity.

Hammerfall (abandoned camp, 600): Orgrim Doomhammer, once the Horde's Warchief, fell at this historic location. After the Second War, Hammerfall became an internment camp for the leaderless orcs. Now, members of Thrall's Horde occupy the camp.

Stromgarde (ruined city, 1,200): Formerly this region's capital, Stromgarde is still held (barely) by its rightful leader. Stromgarde is the center of a power struggle between the city's defenders, the Syndicate and the Boulderfist ogres. A mysterious man called Lord Falconcrest commands the Syndicate in Stromgarde.

Prince Galen Trollbane, 4th-Level Fighter/2nd-Level Aristocrat

Arathi Highlands

Male Human: CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d10+2d8, hp 31; Init +5; Spd 20 ft.; AC 22, touch 12, flat-footed 21; Base Atk +5; Grp +6; Atk +8 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*); Full Atk +8 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*), or +7 melee (1d8+1/19–20, masterwork dagger), or +7 ranged (1d8+2/x3, *+1 composite longbow*); SA +1 attack versus orcs; SQ +2 saves versus fear; AL LG; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +7; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Common, Dwarven, Goblin, Orc, Thalassian.

Skills: Appraise +1, Balance –4, Bluff +7, Climb –2, Diplomacy +7, Escape Artist –4, Gather Information +7, Handle Animal +6, Hide –4, Intimidate +10, Jump –2, Knowledge (local) +1, Knowledge (nobility) +3, Listen +3, Move Silently –4, Perform (stringed instruments) +4, Profession (military commander)* +4, Ride +4, Search +2, Sense Motive +6, Spot +4, Survival +3, Swim –7.

Feats: Improved Initiative, Investigator, Leadership, Lightning Reflexes, Negotiator, Persuasive, Weapon Focus (longsword).

Possessions: +1 chainmail, +1 heavy steel shield, +1 longsword, +1 composite longbow, 20 arrows, *amulet of natural armor +1, cloak of resistance +1*, masterwork dagger, *potion of cure serious wounds* (x2), *potion of invisibility, potion of sanctuary, ring of mind shielding, ring of protection +1.*

Description

The young man has a dark, brooding look about him — his eyes sunken as if from a prolonged lack of sleep, his skin pale. Dressed in expensive clothes with a silken cloak flowing behind him, the man appears to be of noble blood and carries himself with sullen arrogance. A curved knife is sheathed at his belt.

Prince Galen Trollbane still reels from the emotional shock of his father's assassination and has run himself ragged trying quickly to form patchwork alliances with other nobles. Not thinking clearly, Galen responds to any perceived insults recklessly, issuing immediate challenges to duel. If he becomes cornered in melee, Galen fights defensively until his bodyguards can come to his aid. Whenever Galen appears about to lose, he attempts to stop fighting, grudgingly issues an apology and offers some gold as compensation.

Stromgarde's ruins include the Trollbane Family Crypt, which safeguards several artifacts. Prince Galen Trollbane protects the crypt along with the rest of his city. A group called the Caretakers, also based in the city, is dedicated to the protection and preservation of several specific human artifacts (see Appendix One). Among these is the Trollbane family sword, called *Trol'Kalar*, or "Troll Slayer" in the ancient tongue (see Appendix Two). I spoke with Prince Galen when I visited Stromgarde. He is a friendly, determined but desperate lad; I was glad to lend him what help I could. One of his men, a one-eyed man called Grizzled Jopp, recognized me from the Second War. I did not recognize him, but he was ecstatic. He broke into his personal ale supply and we drank ourselves silly one night. Even in embattled Stromgarde they still know how to have a good time!

The Thandol Span: This massive, dwarf-made bridge stretches across the natural canal that separates Lordaeron from Khaz Modan. The Thandol Span is solid and large, a blocky stone edifice with numerous thick support columns plunging into the water. Scourge forces damaged the bridge in the Third War. Great sections broke off and now lie beneath the waves, some visible at low tides. Nevertheless the Thandol Span is still easily navigable and serves as the only land route between Lordaeron and the southern continents.

History

Once called simply Strom, the city formerly served as the capital of the ancient Arathorian Empire. Stromgarde's warriors (including Grizzled Jopp) fought valiantly in the Second War, and orc Warchief Orgrim Doomhammer met his end on Arathi soil. Many of Stromgarde's men and women traveled with Jaina Proudmoore to Kalimdor, leaving a tiny band behind. Prince Galen Trollbane is hard-pressed to hold his city against his enemies. A pity I did not have any riflemen with me, for I would have stationed them in Stromgarde to bolster poor Galen's forces.

Adventures

Stromgarde's defenders, the Syndicate and the Boulderfist ogres all seek mercenaries to help in their struggles. Ancient ruins are scattered across the land.

Robber Beware: A Syndicate band ambushes a lone wagon. The driver escapes but the brigands steal the cargo, including a mysterious black crystal ball. The ball is cursed and transforms those within its radius of effect into bloodthirsty maniacs. The Syndicate band gains the tainted template**.

The wagon's driver was a disguised eredar warlock**, and the theft and transformation were parts of his plan to upset things in the southern lands so the Legion can gain a foothold. Terrified villagers ask the heroes to slay the raving Syndicate band. The eredar warlock keeps tabs on his experiment and intervenes if the PCs interfere.

Dalaran

Capital: Dalaran (3,000 or so).

Population: Unknown; probably around 3,000.

Government: Magocracy.

Ruler: Archmage Ansirem Runeweaver (male human Archmage5/Wiz13).

Language: Common.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Knowledge, magic.

Affiliation: Independent.

A magical dome surrounds the fallen and broken city of Dalaran, long the headquarters of magical study in the world of Azeroth. The dome is impenetrable, blue and opaque — I could see nothing beyond it. I spoke to one hermit wizard in the woods, a man not associated with Dalaran. He told me that neither magic nor mundane methods can divine anything about what transpires inside. Dalaran's wizards are very tightlipped about the city.

Located on Lordamere Lake's southern shore, Dalaran is a low-pressure region. The environment creates mists and clouds. The air is cool and damp.

People and Culture

I was unable to determine the exact number of people living within Dalaran's protective dome. I imagine that mostly wizards and their conjured or created guardians inhabit Dalaran, and the city possesses few real citizens. A couple hundred troops probably dwell within and can be mustered when the call to arms is sounded.

I spent several days around Dalaran and often saw wizards outside the dome. In particular, Archmage Ansirem Runeweaver constantly moves about the

Stromgarde Defenders

The statistics below describe typical units of the Stromgarde Defenders that might see action in mass combat.

40 human War3: Medium humanoid; HD 3; DF 120 (3); Spd 300 ft. (6 squares); AC 15; Base Atk +3; Unit Atk +5 melee (longsword); Full Unit Atk +5 melee (longsword) or +4 ranged (light crossbow); Space 200 ft.; AL NG; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +3; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10; Morale +3.

Skills: Climb +7, Spot +3.

Feats: Defend*, Iron Will, Power Attack.

Equipment: Studded leather armor, light wooden shield, longsword, light crossbow, bolts.

15 human Ftr5/Mow1 and 15 heavy warhorses: Medium humanoid/Large animal; HD 6/4; DF 150 (10)/90 (6); Spd 500 ft. (10 squares); AC 16 (17/15); Base Atk +6/+3; Unit Atk +10 melee (masterwork longsword), or +7 melee (hoof); Full Unit Atk +10/+5 melee (masterwork longsword), or +7 melee (hoof) and +2 (bite); Space 150 ft.; SQ low-light vision, scent; AL NG; SV Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +3; Str 15 (13/18), Dex 12 (12/13), Con 15 (14/17), Int 6 (10/2), Wis 12 (13/11), Cha 8 (10/6); Morale +7.

Skills: human — Climb +3, Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +2, Ride +12; heavy warhorse — Listen +5, Spot +4.

Feats: human — Expert Rider*, Iron Will, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword); heavy warhorse — Endurance, Run.

Equipment: Breastplate, masterwork longsword; chainbarding.

Commanders

Captain Dathanor Cromwell, male human Ftr5, hero commander: Base Atk +5; Cha 14; Intimidate +11, Knowledge (military tactics)* +6, Profession (military commander)† +6 (5 ranks); Ruthless Command†; Orders 1. Commands the infantry unit.

Captain Ariana Thesslocke, female human Ftr6/Mow2, subcommander: Base Atk +8; Cha 15; Diplomacy +5, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (military tactics)* +7, Profession (military commander)† +6 (5 ranks); Leadership; Orders 2. Commands the cavalry unit.

Tactics

The tactics of the Stromgarde defenders are to entrench, oppose and resist incursions using infantry as the mainstay. Knights maneuver with the unit to support the warriors when dealing with heavily armed ogres, while the warriors lend muscle to confrontations with Syndicate fighters. Dwarven rifle troops of the Stromgarde Snipers Company often aid the Defenders by providing covering fire and attacking select units at range.

dome's periphery. The archmage seems to be in charge of Dalaran and leads a conclave of fellow wizards in their vigil of the dome. Ansirem is nice enough, but says nothing about what is going on beneath the great, swirling dome. Equally silent is Shield Watcher Morgensen. I gathered that Morgensen's job is to keep the shield up and running, and he constantly takes readings on the dome. He is completely consumed with his work and rarely interacts with anybody. I had to clap my hands before he noticed me. Not that it did me any good — the wizards would not talk even after I offered them several magical trinkets I had gathered in my travels.

One thing I did learn is that the mages hold no love for the Scourge. They would see it destroyed.

Geography

Dalaran is a ruined city on southern Lordamere Lake, north of the Hillsbrad Foothills. A rise to the city's east marks where the demon lord Archimonde used his magic to shatter its spires.

Sites and Settlements

Dalaran is a large magical dome surrounded by a few wrecked houses and empty streets. Not much here.

History

Dalaran was one of the original city-states founded during the Arathorian empire. Since its inception, the city has served as a hub of magical knowledge and experimentation in Lordaeron and the world. A multi-racial wizards' council called the Kirin Tor ruled the city for centuries, overseeing Dalaran from the Violet Citadel — a great, slender spire in the city's heart that housed the most extensive libraries and greatest laboratories in the world.

The traitor Prince Arthas laid siege to Dalaran in the Third War. He murdered its citizens, including the great archmage Antonidas, and broke into the city's heart. His ally, the lich Kel'Thuzad, then summoned Archimonde, the Burning Legion's leader. Archimonde wielded foul magic to topple the city's towers and sunder its walls. Shortly after Dalaran's fall, the undead abandoned the city to the wind and mist.

Months later, a resistance force led by the surviving Dalaran wizards arrived and laid claim to the ruins. Pooling their magical power, the wizards covered Dalaran in an opaque magical sphere. I was unable to determine what occurs beneath the dome and the wizards warned me not to get too close. Once, as I observed the dome from a safe distance away, I startled a jackrabbit. The rabbit streaked toward the dome; when it got within 20 feet of that swirling blue sphere, the rabbit abruptly flashed into bright orange fire. Only a rabbit-shaped smear of ash marked its passing.

Adventures

Dalaran is a land of mystery. Many factions would pay a great amount to know what transpires beneath the dome.

Dome on the Range: Memses Lodestaff, a Kalimdor wizard, hears of Dalaran's protective dome. Desiring to use such magic himself, he hires a group of diplomatic adventurers to accompany him to Dalaran and learn what he can about it. He hopes the Dalaran wizards will teach him their secrets so he can journey back to Kalimdor to protect Theramore in a similar fashion. If Memses is successful in this task, the Horde grows suspicious.

Eastern Plaguelands

Capital: Stratholme (25,000).

Population: 45,000 (73% undead, 20% human, 7% forest troll).

Government: Dictatorship.

Ruler: Lich Lord of the Plaguelands Kel'Thuzad (male human lich Wiz25).

Major Settlements: Tyr's Hand (9,000).

Languages: Common, Low Common.

Faiths: Holy Light, Lich King, voodoo.

Resources: Evil, gold, magic, plague, ruins, timber (mushroom fiber).

Affiliation: Scourge.

The Scourge dominates the Eastern Plaguelands, and the archlich Kel'Thuzad commands the region from central Stratholme. Living dead roam the land freely — I must have run into at least a dozen zombies and skeletal warriors in my first half hour. Forest trolls from Zul'Aman in the north battle the Scourge to reclaim their ancient kingdom. A crazed human group, the Scarlet Crusade, struggles coura-

Ansirem Runeweaver, 13th-Level Wizard/5th-Level Archmage

Archmage of the Kirin Tor, Dalaran

Male Human: CR 18; Medium humanoid (human); HD 18d4+18, hp 63; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +8; Grp +8; Atk +8 melee (1d6, staff) or +10 ranged touch (spell); Full Atk+8/+3 melee (1d6, staff) or +10 ranged touch (spell); SA spells, arcane fire, arcane reach, mastery of elements, spell power; SQ contingency, spell-like ability (*teleport* 2/day); AL LN; SV Fort +6, Ref +9, Will +13; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 25, Wis 12, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Common, Dwarven, Thalassian.

Skills: Appraise +7 (alchemical items +9), Concentration +22, Craft (alchemy) +19, Decipher Script +17, Diplomacy +4, Gather Information +2 (local +4), Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (architecture/engineering) +11, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +10, Knowledge (geography) +12, Knowledge (history) +13, Knowledge (local) +14, Knowledge (nature) +10, Knowledge (nobility) +14, Knowledge (religion) +10, Knowledge (the planes) +13, Search +16, Spellcraft +30, Survival +1 (keep from getting lost, avoid hazards, and on other planes +3).

Feats: Combat Casting, Craft Staff, Craft Wand, Craft Wondrous Item, Lightning Reflexes, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (Spellcraft), Spell Focus (evocation), Spell Focus (transmutation).

Typical Wizard Spells Prepared (4/6/10/6/5/2/5/3/2/1; save DC 17 + spell level): 0—*detect magic, mage hand, prestidigitation, read magic*; 1st—*comprehend languages, feather fall, mana shield††, shield, unseen servant, sleep*; 2nd—*cripple*, darkvision, detect thoughts, frost armor**(x2), *invisibility, mana burn**(x2), *resist energy, see invisibility*; 3rd—*blizzard* (x2), *dispel magic, frost nova*, protection from energy, shockwave**; 4th—*absorb mana††, bloodlust*, immolation*, lightning shield*, rain of fire**; 5th—*feeblemind, hold monster*; 6th—*chain lightning, disintegrate, greater dispel magic, greater heroism, planar ally*; 7th—*greater arcane sight, greater scrying, limited wish*; 8th—*banish*, greater planar ally*; 9th—*wish.*

Possessions: Headband of intellect +6, ring of wizardry II, superior staff of frost.

Arcane Fire (Su): Ansirem can change arcane spell energy into arcane fire, manifesting it as a bolt of raw magical energy. The bolt is a ranged touch attack with long range (1,120 feet) that deals 5d6 points of damage plus 1d6 points of damage per level of the spell used to create the effect.

Arcane Reach (Su): Ansirem can use spells with a range of touch on a target up to 30 feet away by making a ranged touch attack.

Mastery of Elements (Ex): Ansirem can alter an arcane spell when cast so that it utilizes a different element from the one it normally uses. This ability can only alter a spell with the acid, cold, fire, electricity or sonic descriptor. The spell's casting time is unaffected. Ansirem decides whether to alter the spell's energy type and chooses the new energy type when he begins casting.

Spell Power (Ex): Ansirem's effective caster level is +1 (for purposes of determining level-dependent spell variables such as damage dice or range, and caster level checks only).

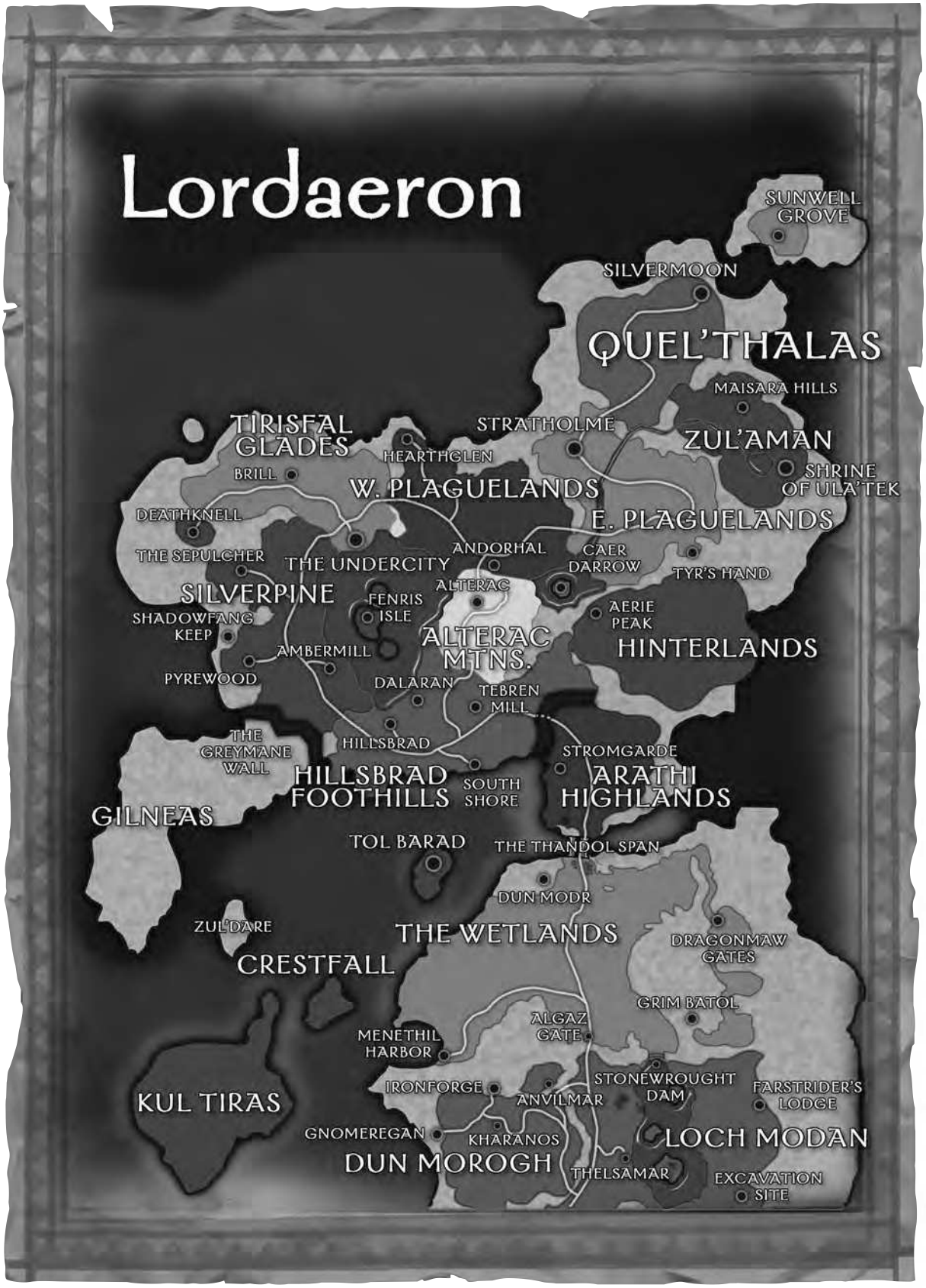
Contingency (Su): Ansirem has already cast a contingency spell. When he is attacked while flat-footed or reduced to below 20 hit points, Ansirem's contingency uses *teleport* to send him to his private sanctum in Dalaran.

Spell-Like Ability: Ansirem has permanently prepared the spell *teleport* as a spell-like ability that can be used twice per day.

Description

Dressed in an elaborate violet robe, the bearded man stands with his eyes closed and his brow furrowed in concentration. He is quite tall, and, although he appears fairly old, he stands perfectly still — reflecting a great deal of physical discipline. The man carries no obvious weaponry, but his arms are crossed in his robes, concealing both hands.

Ansirem Runeweaver is no stranger to combat, having helped defend the magical city of Dalaran for the better part of four decades. He is confident, but not cocky, and always seems to know where best to strike for maximum effect. Upon engaging in combat, Ansirem's first action is usually to summon additional help, immediately following with a series of offensive blasts directed at enemy spellcasters. He targets arcane spellcasters first, then any healers or archers. If Ansirem appears to be winning after the first few exchanges of a combat, he presses the advantage with area-effect spells such as *rain of fire** or *shockwave**. If he thinks he is losing, however, Ansirem will not hesitate to cast *teleport* and beat a hasty retreat back to his private sanctum in Dalaran.


Lordaeron
SUNWELL GROVE
SILVERMOON
QUEL'THALAS
MAISARA HILLS
TIRISFAL GLADES
STRATHOLME
ZUL'AMAN
HEARTHGLEN
BRILL
SHRINE OF ULA'TEK
W. PLAGUELANDS
DEATHKNELL
E. PLAGUELANDS
THE SEPULCHER
THE UNDERCITY
ANDORHAL
CAER DARROW
TYR'S HAND
SILVERPINE
ALTERAC
FENRIS ISLE
AERIE PEAK
SHADOWFANG KEEP
ALTERAC MTNS.
HINTERLANDS
AMBERMILL
PYREWOOD
DALARAN
TEBREN MILL
THE GREYMANE WALL
HILLSBRAD
STROMGARDE
HILLSBRAD FOOTHILLS
SOUTH SHORE
ARATHI HIGHLANDS
GILNEAS
TOL BARAD
THE THANDOL SPAN
DUN MODR
ZUL'DARE
THE WETLANDS
DRAGONMAW GATES
CRESTFALL
GRIM BATOL
ALGAZ GATE
MENETHIL HARBOR
STONEWROUGHT DAM
IRONFORGE
ANVILMAR
FARSTRIDER'S LODGE
KUL TIRAS
GNOMEREGAN
KHARANOS
LOCH MODAN
DUN MOROGH
THELSAMAR
EXCAVATION SITE

geously and vainly against the undead. I had heard about the human city of Tyr's Hand and planned to use this as a base while I conducted my survey.

The Eastern Plaguelands are north of the Hinterlands and east of the Western Plaguelands. Darrowmere Lake borders the region on the south, while Zul'Aman and Quel'Thalas lie to the north. The entirety of the Plaguelands is polluted and wretched, blighted by the Scourge. The undead plague has corrupted the people and nature itself. Noxious orange mists float like living entities over the blackened, filthy soil. The Scourge's power here is absolute.

People and Culture

The Scourge controls the Plaguelands. The undead are intelligent and draw their power from the Lich King far to the north. Now that the Lich King has regained his power, all the Scourge's members are utterly loyal — we cannot expect to see more defectors such as Lady Sylvanas and her Forsaken. Zombies, ghouls, skeletal warriors and worse roam the lands, slaughtering the few survivors when they find them. The undead need no rest and never complain. I am proud to say that, since my foray, the world is short twenty-three zombies, fourteen skeletal warriors and seven ghouls — and one unfortunate dog that sounded like a ghoul.

Against this indomitable force battles the Scarlet Crusade. As their name implies, these human warriors and priests dress in bright reds — a stark contrast to the devastated gray landscape. The Crusaders are frenetic, desperate to destroy the Scourge, but well and truly crazy. At the very least, they should wear clothing that *blends in* with the environment. A first-year scout knows *that!* The Scarlet Crusaders are fearless zealots. Drawing strength and conviction from the Holy Light, they are dedicated to eliminating undead and offering protection to human survivors. Unfortunately, the Crusaders tend to think that anyone unassociated with them carries the undead plague and simply kill refugees more often than not. Scary people. They are well armed and armored and keep their equipment highly polished. Though their hearts are in the right place, their minds are addled — the tiny group is a pathetic force against the Scourge's might. The Scarlet Crusade must be incorporated into a larger army to be successful. And someone has to kick the righteousness out of it.

A forest troll force has also moved into the region. Striking south from Zul'Aman, the trolls seek to regain their ancestral kingdom. A sick and delirious troll told me of their leader, Thresh'jin:

"Thresh'jin and his army, mon, they are goin' to drive the Scourge from the land. It does not matter that the land is dead; Thresh'jin wants it because it used to be ours. *And it will be so again! Zul'Aman's warbands back Thresh'jin — he's got many trolls."*

My pistol eased the troll's passing into oblivion. Never let it be said that dwarves are without mercy. Forest trolls are no friend to dwarf or human, but they are enemies of the Scourge. If promised their kingdom, they might join an alliance.

The Poison Mist

An orange, toxic mist permeates both the Eastern and Western Plaguelands. A living creature must attempt a DC 15 Fortitude save every 8 hours it remains in the Plaguelands. Failure indicates that the creature takes 1 point of temporary Constitution damage. Within 20 miles of Stratholme, the mist becomes much worse. A living creature in this area must succeed at a DC 17 Fortitude save every hour or take 1d3 points of temporary Constitution damage. Non-breathing creatures are unaffected by the mist, as are members of the Cult of the Damned and characters with at least one level in the necromancer† prestige class. The mist is a supernatural poison.

Geography

The land is blighted, the plants and animals soiled and corrupted. The blight has altered the trees, transforming them into stands of gigantic mushrooms. (Do not eat them.) Darrowmere Lake provides reasonably fresh water, but the longer the Scourge remains the fouler the water grows. To the north, the elevation rises toward Quel'Thalas and Zul'Aman. Kel'Thuzad's minions are the only creatures that roam the land.

Darrowmere Lake: This freshwater lake lies to the southwest in the Eastern Plaguelands. The Greenrush River, with origins in Zul'Aman, travels through the Eastern Plaguelands and finally empties into Darrowmere. This lake was the site of

many naval battles in the Second War, though now it is in the Scourge's hands and their filth pollutes the waters; more dead fish wash up on the shores every day.

Sites and Settlements

The Scourge rules this once-proud region. Despite the undead's power, humanity gathers in pockets of resistance.

Caer Darrow: In Darrowmere Lake's middle is a solitary island: the Isle of Darrow. The keep of Caer Darrow, perhaps the oldest human monument in the world, stands upon this isle. The keep's defenders abandoned it in the Third War. I would love to investigate this ruin — think what wonders it might hold! Unfortunately, Caer Darrow crawls with undead and their few remaining demonic allies. For a time I entertained the notion putting an end to a few of these monsters, but after seeing three dreadlords in five minutes I changed my mind. I instead traveled to Tyr's Hand.

Tyr's Hand (city, 9,000): Tyr's Hand is manned by an army of Scarlet Crusaders and is untouched by the undead plague. Located in the southeastern Plaguelands, Tyr's Hand is the only human settlement left in this part of Lordaeron. In the city's center is the newly erected Scarlet Monastery, a grand edifice that rivals Stormwind's Cathedral of Light. General Abbendis commands the city and its Crusaders and priests. Abbendis, like most of the Crusaders, is completely nuts. He believes that the Light has blessed him so that he can retake Stratholme and rout the Scourge. The few humans who roam the Plaguelands desperately seek the safety of Tyr's Hand, and I was forced to do the same.

Currently, the Crusaders pose no threat to the Scourge. They serve only to rile things up a bit and test the Scourge leaders' tactics. It is only a matter of time before Kel'Thuzad grows bored and destroys the Crusaders for good.

Excerpt of a Conversation between General Abbendis and Brann Bronzebeard

"Never fear, dwarf! The Holy Light itself has blessed us and we shall be triumphant! Give it… two years. In two years, if humans again do not hold all of Lordaeron, I will buy you an ale. What say you to that, dwarf?"

"I'll never get my ale. But good luck, General."

Stratholme

Population: 25,000 (100% undead).

Government: Dictatorship.

Ruler: Lich Lord of the Plaguelands Kel'Thuzad (male human lich Wiz25).

Languages: Common.

Faith: Lich King.

Resources: Evil, magic, plague.

Affiliation: Scourge.

Getting to Stratholme is exceedingly dangerous but, tough soul that I am, I managed it. The place swarms with undead and their mortal servants. Dark magic pervades the air — it feels oily. Realizing that I would be unable to sneak into the city without joining the Scourge's ranks, I contented myself with observing Stratholme from a distance and gathering tales from a captured necromancer.

Once the most glorious human city in Lordaeron, the mad Prince Arthas, believing its citizens had contracted the plague, ravaged Stratholme during the Third War. The city never recovered. Kel'Thuzad took the city after the Burning Legion's defeat and erected Scourge structures throughout the ruins. Stratholme is a horrible, dark place, full of blacks and purples and the putrid orange mist. Undead buildings mix with human ruins. Abominations**, ghouls**, zombies**, skeletal warriors**, wraiths**, necromancers and liches** wander the streets and chant dark paeans in their sanctuaries. Gargoyles** and frost wyrms** patrol the skies.

Kel'Thuzad's massive necropolis, Naxxramas, floats above the city like a bloated, diseased creature. The necropolis, its violet lights visible from miles away, symbolizes Kel'Thuzad's absolute dominance over the land. Stratholme is an impregnable fortress of evil.

Stratholme also plays home to Baron Rivendare, whom I had the unfortunate experience of meeting. I had to shoot out the legs of his undead steed to escape the sadistic baron. Once a wealthy human landowner, the plague corrupted Rivendare and he pledged himself as a death knight. Rivendare's duty is to round up and murder any human survivors he can find, and he and his patrols do just that. Rivendare is a real bastard.

History

Stratholme was a valiant member of the Lordaeron Alliance in the Second War — I remember well fighting alongside its warriors. Arthas and the Scourge both ransacked the capital in the Third War, and the few survivors fled west with Jaina Proudmoore. When the Lich King summoned Arthas to Northrend, the traitor placed Kel'Thuzad in charge of Lordaeron. The lich established Stratholme as his base, and the surrounding lands are completely under his rule. After the Third War, the Scarlet Crusade formed and mounted a series of small insurrections. The Crusade has been waging this dirty, underground war for several years now, and the fight has taken its toll. The Crusaders still attack the Scourge at every opportunity, however.

Forest trolls under warlord Thresh'jin also moved in after the Third War. With the fall of Lordaeron and Quel'Thalas, the trolls see a path to reestablishing their old dominion.

Adventures

The Scarlet Crusade can use all the help it can get fighting the undead, though convincing them you do not carry the plague is tougher than it sounds. The Scourge undoubtedly hoards vast magical power and potent artifacts in its cities, but the danger is immense.

Good Samaritans: The heroes encounter a group of refugees encamped in a mushroom grove. The pathetic humans are weak and ill, and have no chance of getting to Tyr's Hand a dozen miles to the south. The PCs must escort the refugees, battling undead patrols and perhaps Baron Rivendare along the way. Later, Scarlet Crusaders appear to help them — or slay them before they bring the infected refugees to Tyr's Hand.

Gilneas

Population: Unknown.
Government: Hereditary monarchy.
Ruler: Lord Genn Greymane (male human Ftr14).
Language: Common.
Faith: Holy Light.
Resources: Unknown.
Affiliation: Independent.

I attempted to journey to Gilneas from Silverpine Forest. I had heard many rumors, but I could not believe them. Unfortunately, those rumors proved true: an enormous wall barricades Gilneas from Lordaeron and I was unable to bypass it.

Gilneas is a large peninsula that juts into the sea south of western Lordaeron. Silverpine Forest lies to the northeast and Kul Tiras awaits across the sea to the south.

Lord Genn Greymane never supported the Lordaeron Alliance in the Second War. Thus, after the war, he constructed the Greymane Wall: a massive barrier spanning the entire northern border. Gilneas does not allow anyone in or out, and none knows what has been transpiring there for the past ten years. I questioned everyone I came across, mainly refugees, but none could offer me anything more than curses and dark looks toward Gilneas.

People and Culture

Like their leader, Gilneas' people are burly and gruff. Extremely isolationist, they supported the Greymane Wall's construction. I surmise that they are still beyond the wall, farming, hunting and otherwise supporting their nation.

Last Known Speech from Genn Greymane, Recorded by Mystrum Runedance

Damn the orcs, damn the Alliance, and damn you! The last thing Gilneas needs is sponges from other nations drawing from *our* resources, Dalaran wizards meddling with *our* affairs, and someone else's enemies killing *our* soldiers! Gilneas is its own nation and it always will be. This is the last time I'll ever talk to you, Terenas, so I hope you were listening.

Geography

Ten years ago, Gilneas was a cold, rainy place and it likely has not changed much. Ocean surrounds the peninsula on three sides, making sea storms common. High cliffs on the shores protect Gilneas from sailors' curious eyes. When I return to Ironforge, I plan to ask for a flying machine to take me over the wall and dispel Gilneas' aura of mystery.

Zul'Dare: This sizeable island to Gilneas' southeast is also part of the kingdom and remains inviolate. Kul Tiras ships have traveled to the island's cliffs, sending up carrier pigeons with pleas for support, but nothing has responded. Indeed, some ships do not return at all. Rumors in Kul Tiras point to a naga force hiding somewhere in the area (see the "Kul Tiras" entry, below), and some whisper that Gilneas is in their possession.

Sites and Settlements

Greymane Wall is the only evident site in Gilneas.

Greymane Wall: This enormous gray wall marks the boundary between Gilneas and Lordaeron. No guards stand at its battlements or man its gates — the wall seems dead. Nevertheless, refugees from the north camp in the wall's shadow, hoping for succor. These unfortunates never see a Gilnean and are easy prey for the worgen‡ that occasionally stray this far south from Shadowfang Keep (see the "Silverpine Forest" entry, below). I sent the refugees I encountered to Hillsbrad.

History

Genn Greymane, a brawny warrior who, if he lives, must be in his seventies, has ruled Gilneas for decades. Greymane did not join the Lordaeron Alliance in the Second War and argued against its existence from beginning to end. His people constructed the Greymane Wall after the Second War, and no one has heard anything from Gilneas since.

During the Third War, refugees from the north camped at Greymane Wall, pleading to be let inside. The gates remained closed, and undead patrols slaughtered the refugees. Perhaps something dire has befallen Gilneas.

Adventures

Though nothing hostile has come out of Gilneas, some cannot resist the allure of mystery.

Over the Wall: Ironforge dwarves, seeking allies to help drive the Scourge from Lordaeron, intend to send a diplomatic party to Gilneas. King Magni hires goblin zeppelins to ferry the diplomats and summons Wildhammer gryphon riders as escorts. Yet no one knows what to expect in Gilneas, and Magni hires a few trusted mercenaries (the PCs) to accompany his ambassadors.

Hillsbrad Foothills

Capital: Southshore (2,000).

Population: 15,000 (80% human, 8% Ironforge dwarf, 5% goblin, 4% half-elf, 3% half-orc).

Government: Elected council.

Ruler: Magistrate Henry Maleb (male human Ari8/Ftr4).

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Goblin, Orc, Thalassian.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Gold, grain, livestock, safety, oil, timber.

Affiliation: Alliance.

I passed through the ruins of Thoradin's Wall expecting more devastation beyond. I was pleasantly surprised, however, as I traveled into the Hillsbrad Foothills.

South of the Alterac Mountains and northwest of the Arathi Highlands, the Hillsbrad Foothills border the sea to the south. Buffered from the Plaguelands by the Alterac Mountains, Hillsbrad is free from undead influence and is one of the last stable human realms in Lordaeron. This region offers safety and sustenance to a people long beset by misery.

Yet Hillsbrad is not completely idyllic. The Syndicate (see the "Alterac Mountains" entry, above, and Appendix One) has inveigled its way into the region, and murlocs and Forsaken roam its wilderness.

People and Culture

Hillsbrad's people are industrious and proud. They work hard to keep their realm in its current, peaceful state, reporting undead and other dangers immediately. They do not tolerate crime of any sort and punishments are brutal. The locals dress in white, Lordaeron's traditional color. Each year they celebrate Hordefall, the anniversary of the Second War's end. I was not lucky enough to visit Hillsbrad during the holiday, but was told that it involves singing, drinking and incinerating small orc dolls. Few Hillsbraders traveled to Kalimdor with Jaina, thinking it dubious that the mysterious continent could hold anything better than their own land. They are in for a sorry surprise when Kel'Thuzad strikes south. My cheer at this land was always tempered by that thought.

Geography

The Hillsbrad Foothills offer a land of rolling green hills and fertile meadows. Rich rainfall creates many arable tracts, and this natural bounty aids Hillsbrad's self-sufficiency. The southern shore is windy but gentle, allowing ships to dock easily at Southshore's harbors. Torn Fin murlocs frequent the shores as well. Mountain lions, creeper spiders and gray bears roam Hillsbrad's pastoral landscape.

Sites and Settlements

The Hillsbrad Foothills are largely peaceful, with numerous thriving farms and one or two large settlements.

Durnholde Keep: Lieutenant Blackmoore, the cruel and manipulative man who once owned an orc slave called Thrall, ruled this fortress. Now Durnholde Keep is in the Syndicate's hands, and the organization uses it as a base to strike at Hillsbrad's farms and communities. The disgusting Syndicate is almost as bad as the undead, always trying to expand its influence. I wish Terenas had put all Alterac's nobles to the sword after Lord Perenolde's betrayal.

Southshore (town, 2,000): Though only a small town, Southshore is the largest settlement in the Hillsbrad Foothills. A small Alliance garrison is berthed within and does its best to drive the Syndicate and Forsaken from their land while protecting Lordaeron's southern regions from the Scourge in the north. They do a good job with their few forces, and the nearby farms thrive. Southshore's town council takes an active role in all things, and Magistrate Henry Maleb is a particularly driven and wise man. Maleb and Marshall Redpath, the Alliance commander, are consumed with fights against ogres and murlocs. I provided what help I could.

In addition to its role as a base for Alliance military forces, Southshore is Hillsbrad's mercantile center. Southshore's small privateer fleet keeps the waterways clear, allowing ships to dock at the town's harbor and keep the economy strong.

Tarren Mill: Humans once ran this mill, but it fell to the Forsaken. The undead, led by High Executor Darthalia, attack Hillsbrad's citizens mercilessly. Though they are not part of the Scourge, they are still undead and still evil. I killed three and feel better for it.

History

Hillsbrad's people fought in the Second and Third Wars, though most did not travel to Kalimdor. They have earned their peace and they know it. Recently, Forsaken took over Tarrin's Mill, and the Syndicate, Torn Fin murlocs and rogue ogres from Alterac moved into the area. The Hillsbraders just want peace, but they are unlikely to get it any time soon. They hate the Scourge for what it has done to Lordaeron, and they are capable warriors with a strong militia.

Adventures

The Syndicate, Forsaken, murlocs and ogres threaten Hillsbrad's tranquility.

Something Fishy: The Syndicate sends a messenger to Southshore, claiming that they have researched a new spell that is extremely effective against murlocs. The Syndicate offers to parley with a Southshore representative, trading this new magic for some concessions. Magistrate Maleb does not trust the Syndicate, but the murlocs have been preying on incoming ships and damaging Southshore's economy. Maleb asks some trustworthy heroes to accompany his agent to the meeting with the Syndicate.

The Syndicate does indeed possess such a spell and are willing to part with it for the right price. Unfortunately, the Forsaken of Tarrin Mill ambush the Syndicate messenger on his way home and torture the information out of him. High Executor Dalathia sends agents to the rendezvous point to slay both sides and steal the spell for herself, intending to use it to leverage the murlocs into obeying her commands.

The Hinterlands

Capital: Aerie Peak (8,000).

Population: 13,000 (65% Wildhammer dwarf, 30% forest troll, 5% high elf).

Government: Hereditary monarchy.

Ruler: Thane Maz Drachrip (male Wildhammer dwarf Ftr6/Wdr10).

Languages: Dwarven, Common, Low Common, Thalassian.

Faiths: Holy Light, voodoo.

Resources: Gold, hunting, timber.

Affiliation: Alliance.

Dwarves have a presence in Lordaeron — Clan Wildhammer hill dwarves. They make their home in Aerie Peak in the Hinterlands, and their efforts preserve this realm. In utter contrast to the Plaguelands, the Hinterlands are a verdant, green realm of majestic oaks and maples. I do not much care for trees and nature and… *elfy* things like that, but I have to admit the Hinterlands are beautiful.

No roads cross the Hinterlands. I entered the realm from the north, on my way back to Ironforge. The Hinterlands was, therefore, the last new realm I visited — and perhaps the best. The area is tranquil and calm, and the Wildhammer dwarves boisterous and friendly to good-hearted souls. The northeastern portion is especially idyllic, with mild, pleasant weather and many natural splendors. To the southwest the land becomes a bit misty and forlorn, taking on tones of the Arathi Highlands and the Alterac Mountains. Vacant human farms and settlements are scattered across this area, but the only tangible forces that threaten the Hinterlands are two brutal forest troll tribes. I looked forward to slaying a few trolls before heading back into Khaz Modan.

The Hinterlands border the Arathi Highlands to the south, the Hillsbrad Foothills to the southwest, the Alterac Mountains to the west and the Eastern Plaguelands to the north. Tyr's Hand in the Plaguelands is very near the border, which may help explain why that city remains relatively safe. I am amazed that the Hinterlands can thrive so near the wasted Plaguelands.

People and Culture

Savage Wildhammer dwarves control most of this territory. Based in Aerie Peak, these noble dwarves have (mostly) forgiven Ironforge's past errors and welcomed me into their city. Wildhammers are larger than Ironforge dwarves and paint themselves in traditional tattoos. They adorn their hair and beards with feathers, beads and other colorful panoply. Though they were amiable enough, I still felt some coldness. The Wildhammers have been suspicious of we Ironforge dwarves since the War of Three Hammers. I believe they have done away with most of that prejudice now with so many other potential foes available, but old habits linger. The Wildhammers have a clan-like caste system. A thane rules each clan, and the mightiest thane rules Aerie Peak.

Wildhammers, for some reason, like high elves. A connection formed between the two peoples, a connection I imagine has something to do with nature and wildness. I saw several high elves in Aerie Peak, and they have a hunting lodge nearby. The elves eyed me suspiciously, but unlike other Ironforge dwarves I have no quarrel with their kind. A high elf priest saved my dwarven ass in the Second War.

The Hinterlands also play home to two marauding forest troll tribes: the Vilebranch and the Witherbark. Like other forest trolls, these creatures are vile and sadistic. They harass the Wildhammers constantly and prey on lone travelers. They infect this beautiful land with their presence.

I offered to lead some Wildhammers in a good, old-fashioned troll hunt. This was partially to ingratiate myself to the Wildhammers — nothing impresses these guys like action and recklessness! I also simply wanted to kill some trolls before heading back to Khaz Modan. After all I had been through, these trolls seemed paltry indeed. I gathered a strike force and we had a grand time. I killed 24 trolls; total, we slew 67. Unfortunately, we lost a few of our own. The damn Witherbark trolls use their voodoo magic to brew some foul new poison that proved remarkably deadly. (See Appendix Two for a description of this poison, called darksap venom.)

Geography

The Hinterlands are composed of lovely deciduous forest, primarily oaks and maples. Many of its trees are very old, and in some places branches block out the sun to create a world of perpetual twilight. Mossy beards hang from branches and streams rush over pebbles. The northeast is especially pristine, while the southwest is somewhat misty and eerie. Forest animals of all kinds live within the woods, and the Wildhammers tell me that dire bears, wildkin and similarly dangerous creatures are common. I hope they kill lots of trolls.

Seradane: This vast, untainted woodland occupies most of the eastern Hinterlands. Seradane is a remarkable sylvan landscape, the most idyllic area in a realm of idylls. A flourishing Great Tree (a sapling of the World Tree and portal to the Emerald dream) grows in Seradane, and green dragons and their allies protect the land.

Sites and Settlements

The Wildhammer dwarves control the Hinterlands, though forest trolls have settlements in the deep woods.

Jintha'Alor: The Vilebranch trolls call this settlement home. Several smaller troll enclaves are scattered throughout the Hinterlands.

Quel'Danil Lodge: This high elf hunter's lodge is near Aerie Peak. The elves did not care much for me at first, but I impressed them with my sharp shooting. Saldor Shallowbrook, an aged, placid high elf, oversees the lodge. He told me that in Thalassian, the elven language, Quel'Danil means "High Peak."

Shadra'Alor: This is the Witherbark trolls' primary settlement. I roamed the area killing rogue trolls for a time, but I would need a sizeable force to cleanse the trolls from the area.

Aerie Peak

Population: 13,000 (90% Wildhammer dwarf, 10% high elf).
Government: Hereditary monarchy.
Ruler: Thane Maz Drachrip (male Wildhammer dwarf Ftr6/Wdr10).
Languages: Dwarven, Common, Thalassian.
Faith: Holy Light.
Resources: Gold, hunting, timber.
Affiliation: Alliance.

Aerie Peak, the massive Wildhammer capital, is carved into an enormous mountainside. The city is located in the northwestern Hinterlands and overlooks Darrowmere Lake. Aerie Peak resembles a gargantuan gryphon head, with open spaces at its eyes and nostrils. Generations of Wildhammers worked on this undertaking, and the sculpture is an excellent likeness. Even the individual feathers are apparent. Wildhammer structures and battlements jut from the cliff's base. Gryphons make their nests in the carved head and the mountain and forever flap around the place like bees about a real gryphon's head.

The Wildhammers know who their friends and enemies are. They welcome the former and savagely defend their city against the latter. Aerie Peak's architecture is reminiscent of Ironforge's, but its buildings jut into the air with open ceilings to allow the Wildhammers to see the sky. The dwarves practice gryphon riding and hammer tossing on the ground and cliffs surrounding Aerie Peak.

History

The Hinterlands have remained pristine for centuries. The Wildhammer dwarves moved their capital to Aerie Peak after losing Grim Batol in the

Second War. Wildhammer gryphon riders are legendary and were a great boon to the Alliance in the Second and Third Wars.

Adventures

Though largely peaceful, hostile trolls and dangerous creatures roam the wilderness.

Search, Kill and Rescue: Daring trolls steal gryphon eggs from Aerie Peak and begin training their own gryphon riders. If they complete their training, they would seriously curtail the Wildhammers' dominance. The dwarves ask the heroes to rescue the fledgling gryphons and slay the trolls.

Kul Tiras

Capital: Boralus (4,000).

Population: 10,000 (85% human, 10% Ironforge dwarf, 3% high elf, 2% goblin).

Government: Hereditary monarchy.

Ruler: Admiral Tandred Proudmoore (male human Ari5/Ftr7).

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Goblin, Thalassian.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Gold, grain, livestock, seafood, timber.

Affiliation: Alliance.

I sailed to Kul Tiras from Menethil Harbor in Khaz Modan's Wetlands, so it was technically the first Lordaeron land I surveyed. Kul Tiras has always been a merchant nation. The kingdom historically has retained a powerful navy, and its fleets were invaluable in the Second War. Since that time, Kul Tiras has lost both Grand Admiral Daelin Proudmoore and his daughter Jaina to Kalimdor. The only remaining Proudmoore, Tandred, now rules this realm. I met Tandred: He's a good lad, but he doesn't have his daddy's stones. He gets a lot of help from his lady friend, Captain Mishan Waycrest. She does a good job keeping the murlocs**, naga** and pirates in check.

Kul Tiras has remained inviolate from the Scourge, due mostly to its strategic positioning. An island nation between Azeroth and Lordaeron, Kul Tiras still possesses powerful warships that patrol the waters. Pirates, murlocs and naga pose a serious threat to the nation.

Kul Tiras is temperate, though subject to sudden ocean storms. The nation is also very windy, which makes zeppelin rides perilous. That is one reason I chose to sail. Plus, I trust goblins about as far as I can spit a cannonball.

People and Culture

Kul Tiras' people are wealthy, especially compared to the ravaged northern lands, and proud of their nation. They wear traditional green and fly flags with Kul Tiras' anchor emblem. Like Hillsbrad's citizens, Kul Tiras' people celebrate Hordefall (see the "Hillsbrad Foothills" entry, above) every year. They hate the Scourge for wiping out the rest of their continent; they hate naga, murlocs and pirates for sinking their ships and stealing their resources; and they hate orcs for decimating their fleets in the Second War. They are staunch members of the Alliance and friends of Ironforge.

I could not help but notice that despite their resolve and experience, Kul Tiras' citizens possess a deep-seated anxiety. Their eyes dart about. Often looking to the west, where their greatest leaders and many of their warriors vanished, they wonder if they will ever again see their missing families. They are glad to have a Proudmoore as their leader, but all know that Tandred is not the man his father is… or was.

Geography

Kul Tiras is a large island off Khaz Modan's west coast, between Azeroth and Lordaeron. The unsettled areas are covered with rolling hills and sparse evergreen woods. Nearby Crestfall, immediately off the northeast coast, and farther Tol Barad, in the same direction, are also parts of Kul Tiras. Wild game includes a few forest creatures such as foxes, squirrels and the occasional black bear. Kul Tiras' shores possess good fishing and provide ample seafood. I had some excellent lobster and king crab in Kul Tiras.

Crestfall: A large island off Kul Tiras' northeast coast, Crestfall boasts a sizable community of boaters and fishermen. These people do not like strangers — I was nearly shot when I approached a town at night. The riflemen apologized, saying that naga have been plaguing them recently. Rumors abound that a large naga force, under a warlord called Zethresh, hides near Crestfall's west shore. Zethresh reputedly seeks to cleanse the ocean and her isles of human encroachment. I hate naga.

The Sea: Kul Tiras' greatest asset is also its greatest danger. Murlocs and naga crawl from the sea to torment sailors and fishermen. Pirates roam the waters preying on merchant vessels. Captain Dannol Scurvgrin, a truly vile pirate lord, has ties to the Bloodsail Pirates of the South Seas and sees Kul Tiras as his next big prize. Dannol is almost as big a bastard as Baron Rivendare (see the "Eastern Plaguelands" entry, above).

Sites and Settlements

Kul Tiras is relatively stable with a bustling capital. I only found one interesting site.

Boralus (town, 4,000): Boralus, Kul Tiras' capital, lies on the island's west coast. The city's population has dwindled since Jaina's and Daelin's exodus, and many houses and surrounding farms lie empty. The people have drawn in away from the fringes and toward the coast, and I walked for about half an hour through abandoned residential districts and market places in the city's east side. An ideal place for a secret society or hidden cabal, the town was eerily quiet. Still, Boralus is a friendly enough harbor, though almost all its citizens carry long knives to "gut the murlocs and naga." Kul Tiras' diminished fleet patrols the waterways leading to the harbor, so merchants from Southshore, Menethil Harbor and (rarely) Kalimdor make Boralus a regular stop.

Tol Barad: I had to pull some strings to learn of this island, and even then I was not allowed to visit it. The site of many historic battles in the Second War, Tol Barad is now home to a magic prison. Wizards from both Dalaran and Stormwind oversee the complex, and prisoners include enemy mages, lesser and greater demons, warlocks and undead war criminals. The wizards do not allow anyone near the island and keep the prison's existence secret.

History

Kul Tiras was instrumental in the Second War. One of the Alliance's staunchest supporters, Grand Admiral Daelin Proudmoore constructed a huge armada to battle the approaching Horde. Though the Alliance fleets triumphed, the Horde ships devastated the fleet and it never recovered. When the Third War erupted, Kul Tiras sent its ships against the Scourge but could do little. Eventually, Jaina Proudmoore, a powerful sorceress and Grand Admiral Daelin's daughter, took half the remaining fleet and sailed west to Kalimdor. Several months later, Admiral Daelin, seeing that he could not prevent Lordaeron's fall and reasoning that his daughter might need help in the western lands, took the remaining ships and sailed to meet her. Neither has returned. Tandred now does his best with the few men and fewer allies he has left.

Adventures

Enemies surround Kul Tiras.

Prison Break: Naga attack Tol Barad. The wizards fight them off, but in the confusion a dangerous prisoner, Zae'Rathis the Mad, a blood elf evoker, escapes. Zae'Rathis is now at large and Kul Tiras' citizens are afraid. The wizards suspect that the naga attack was intended to free the blood elf and that Zae'Rathis may join the naga. Together they would make a powerful force. The wizards need someone to track down Zae'Rathis and destroy him. The more naga the heroes kill in the process, the better.

Silverpine Forest

Population: Unknown.

Major Settlements: Ambermill (2,000), Pyrewood Village (560).

Languages: Common, Low Common.

Faith: Holy Light.

Resources: Farmland, gold, timber.

Affiliation: Forsaken.

As I approached Silverpine Forest from the Hillsbrad Foothills, to the forest's southeast, I encountered a small cabin. An old man approached me from the cabin. He had wild gray hair and his back was bent so that he was almost as short as I, but he moved with a quickness and fluidity that belied his ancient frame. He introduced himself as Halmish, and, after I told him my intention, he spoke of Silverpine Forest:

"Yeh don' wanna go into that place, master dwarf. Once, the Alliance protected Silverpine Forest and it was verdant and natural. Now, the place is a ghost. Forsaken haunt the trees and mists cloak the ground. Them wizards from Dalaran… they sometimes go inta the forest. 'Researching the undead plague,' they tells me. Fools! There be worse things than Forsaken in those woods. The forest is cursed. I don' mean it's plague-ridden or there's poison in the air or anythin'! I mean there's a curse. *And it's got nothin' to do with the*

Scourge! A curse that changes yeh… men, and dwarves, they turn inta… beasts."

While Halmish's warnings may have dissuaded some, they only piqued my curiosity and I entered Silverpine Forest eagerly. Halmish's description was very accurate. Tall, silver-barked pines tower over grassy knolls. At night, mists creep from the ground and mix moonlight into dancing spirits.

Silverpine Forest stretches across Lordaeron's western coast. Gilneas and the Hillsbrad Foothills border the forest to the south while Tirisfal Glades lies to the north. Massive Lordamere Lake serves as Silverpine's eastern border.

People and Culture

As Halmish said, the Forsaken control Silverpine Forest. These are undead currently free from the Lich King's control — in fact, they hate the Scourge and wish to destroy it. Unfortunately, they also hate everything alive, so their list of allies is thin. I wish they would get their priorities straight.

Forsaken resemble men and women, but their skin is a decayed gray and dead flesh shows in places. Being dead, they do not care much for clothing, and the tattered rags they wear are covered with grime and filth. The Forsaken have a special contingent called the Deathguard, which wanders through Silverpine on constant patrol. I had to avoid these creatures several times on my forays. The Royal Apothecary Society, a Forsaken organization devoted to creating new toxins and alchemical substances, also has a strong presence here.

By declaring that I was an enemy of Dalaran I was able to gain an audience with a Forsaken leader called Shadow Priest Allister. Allister is nice enough, for a hideous undead monster, and is concerned that the Dalaran wizards are showing an increased interest in Silverpine. I tried, but I could not abide Allister's presence. After about five minutes I drew my axe and charged. The priest was not as surprised as I had hoped, and I only escaped by leaping into a nearby river, flowing downstream and going over a waterfall. Good thing we dwarves are tough, but my helm was dented.

As if the Forsaken were not bad enough, a gnoll band called the Rothides lives here as well. Perhaps whatever afflicts the Forsaken affects the gnolls as well, for their fur is gray and patchy and their eyes yellow, rheumy and sick-looking. No one seems to know where they came from. The Rothides and the Forsaken wage a constant guerilla war against each other. I do not know which side to root for.

A few humans inhabit Silverpine. These are desperate men and women holding out against the

The Deathguard

The statistics below describe a typical unit of the Deathguard that might see action in mass combat.

12 Forsaken Ftr4: Medium undead (Forsaken); HD 4; DF 60 (5); Spd 300 ft. (6 squares); AC 14; Base Atk +4; Unit Atk +7 melee (longsword); Full Unit Atk +7 melee (longsword) or +4 ranged (longbow); Space 60 ft.; SA frenzy; SQ darkvision 60 ft., immunities, fearless, turn resistance +4, undead traits; AL NE; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +2; Str 15, Dex 10, Con —, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 10; Morale +5.

Skills: Intimidate +2, Jump +8, Ride +6.

Feats: Cleave, Great Fortitude, Improved Sunder, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (longsword).

Equipment: Studded leather armor, longsword, longbow, arrows.

Frenzy (Ex): This unit can frenzy for 1 battle round, gaining an additional attack at +1 and a +2 bonus to Strength. The unit suffers a –4 penalty to Armor Class while in a frenzy.

Immunities (Ex): Immune to disease, mind-affecting attacks, paralysis, and sleep.

Fearless (Ex): Forsaken have a +4 morale bonus on saves against fear effects.

Commander

Durthis Boneshod, male human Forsaken Ftr3/Sor4, hero commander: Base Atk +5; Cha 18; Diplomacy +4, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (military tactics)* +5, Profession (military commander)† +5 (4 ranks); Leadership; Orders 2.

Tactics

Capable of enduring conditions under which any mortal would perish, the tireless Deathguard can march for days, even weeks, at a time and never grow tired. The Forsaken will often disguise themselves as dead or dying soldiers in the colors of intruding forces. Sometimes, the Deathguard will dig ambushes, lying still under the earth to erupt forth upon the proper signal.

The Worgen Curse, from the Notes of Archmage Alphus Wordwill

Only one place in all of Lordaeron bears traces of this strange curse: the fortress of Shadowfang Keep and nearby Pyrewood Village in Silverpine Forest. I believe that this curse is somehow tied to the moon. When the full moon rises, those afflicted by this curse undergo a transformation, turning into strange, man-wolf hybrid creatures. This transformation is mental as well as physical; the worgen, if I may call them that, desire to hunt, slay and eat. No matter their dispositions as humans during the day, at night under the full moon these individuals are bloodthirsty monsters. This begs the question as to what can be done with them. Are we morally correct in eliminating them, as they are a danger to all mortals? I do not believe so; rather, I believe we should find a cure. If possible, this cure would not prevent the transformation, it would do more — it would preserve the afflicted individual's mindset after the transformation. Such an effect would allow good-hearted worgen to take on fearsome physical abilities and use these against the Forsaken, the Scourge and other evil powers. Given proper funding and support, I believe that I could create such a cure.

Forsaken, or they are Dalaran wizards on scientific missions. A fortress called Shadowfang Keep and a nearby village called Pyrewood stand in southwestern Silverpine Forest. At night, when the moon rises above the treetops and bathes the world in pale light, terrible howls erupt from Shadowfang and Pyrewood — as if the men and women within had transformed into wolves! Perhaps this was the curse old Halmish mentioned.

I was lucky enough to run into a Dalaran wizard, a rotund, amiable chap named Alphus Wordwill. We chatted for a time and he even supplied me with a copy of his research on what he called the "Worgen Curse." Remarkable!

Geography

Silverpine Forest is a vast, primeval wood that runs along Lordaeron's rugged western coast. The land is fairly flat, but small hills, mossy overhangs and grassy knolls are common. Razed farms and vacant gold mines dot the land. "Forsaken" is an appropriate term for this region for various reasons. Many wild creatures roam through the trees, though they seem to be more aggressive than is natural. Alphus tells me that he plans on looking into this matter as well.

Sites and Settlements

Forsaken haunt Silverpine Forest, though a few hearty souls hold out against them. The Worgen Curse afflicts some of the inhabitants.

Ambermill (town, 2,000): Ambermill is the only human settlement in Silverpine, unless you count Pyrewood, which I don't. Dalaran soldiers protect the inhabitants from Forsaken and the forest's other dangers. Ambermill is a haven for the Dalaran wizards who frequently survey the forest. The Dead Wolf Inn serves a mean bowl of venison stew.

Fenris Keep: Lordamere Lake, to the east, contains an island called Fenris Isle. This island once held a great fortress known as Fenris Keep, but the structure has sunk into the bog and is now mostly submerged and covered with mud and scum. If you want to kill murlocs** and/or Rothide gnolls, this is a great place to do it.

Pyrewood Village (village, 560): Pyrewood, at Shadowfang Keep's threshold, is afflicted with the Worgen Curse. Its inhabitants transform into lycanthropic worgen‡ when the moon rises, and the worgen stalk through the forests and slay anything they encounter. One excellent lesson I learned is never go outside at night in Silverpine Forest. The place is dangerous enough during the day.

The Sepulchre: The Sepulchre is in the northwestern Silverpine Forest, snugly tucked within the Silverpine Hills. The monument is a large crypt and graveyard surrounded by abandoned buildings. The Forsaken frequent this landmark.

Shadowfang Keep: The Worgen Curse afflicts the inhabitants of this dark castle. Unlike Pyrewood's good folk, Shadowfang's lords were bastards to begin with. They revel in their curse and eagerly lope into the moonlight to spill blood and

rip warm flesh from living bones. Their howls can be heard as far away as Ambermill.

The Skittering Dark: This is an abandoned gold mine that now hosts an army of voracious spiders. Not just little ones, either.

History

The Alliance once kept Silverpine Forest pristine and beautiful. In those days, the forest must have resembled the Hinterlands far to the east. Since the Third War, no one is left to take care of the forest, and it has grown wild. After the Forsaken broke from the Lich King's dominance they claimed Silverpine as part of their territory, though many dispute that claim.

Adventures

Forsaken, gnolls, worgen, vicious animals and mysterious curses fill Silverpine Forest with adventure.

I've Found the Cure for Worgen and Now I've Bloody Lost It!: Alphus Wordwill gets his funding and begins work on a cure for the Worgen Curse. He needs heroes to protect him and his servants as they move through the forest gathering reagents and conducting tests. He then needs people to sneak into Pyrewood and drop the cure into the water supply, then sneak out and observe the changes over several days. This activity undoubtedly angers Shadowfang Keep's mysterious overseers. In addition to staying alive through all of this, Alphus then needs the heroes to slay Shadowfang's evil lords to permanently stamp out the curse's evil.

Tirisfal Glades

Capital: Undercity (13,000).

Population: 18,000 (90% Forsaken, 5% other undead, 2% human, 1% Horde jungle troll, 1% Horde orc, 1 % tauren).

Government: Monarchy.

Ruler: Dark Lady Sylvanas Windrunner, Banshee Queen of the Forsaken (female high elf banshee Elr10/Ftr10/Sor10).

Major Settlements: Brill (3,600), Deathknell (700).

Languages: Common, Low Common, Orc, Taur-ahe.

Faiths: Shamanism, Holy Light.

Resources: Alchemy, gold, intrigue, iron, magic, poison, ruins, timber.

Affiliation: Forsaken.

The Forsaken partially control Silverpine Forest, but Tirisfal Glades is entirely within their grasp. They rule the area from beneath Lordaeron in their capital of Undercity. Though the Forsaken claim to be free from the Scourge and willing to work with other races to destroy the Lich King, they seemed unhappy to see me in Silverpine. I anticipated sending many undead back to the grave on my journey through Tirisfal Glades.

I entered Tirisfal cautiously. The most obvious feature is the sky — altered by magic, it is a swirling blue pane that bathes the land in a cerulean glow, adding to the land's already surreal aspect. Mists constantly waft through the trees, and with the constant, twisted sky above I could not tell the difference between night and day. The undead plague has worked its evil on the trees, though not to the same extent as in the Plaguelands. Instead of becoming giant toadstools, the trees' bark has withered to a sickly violet and they bleed infected green-yellow sap. Danger lurks everywhere and death floats beneath the mist.

To Tirisfal's south is Silverpine Forest; to its east are the Western Plaguelands. The land borders Lordamere Lake to the southeast, while to the north and west are Lordaeron's oceans.

People and Culture

My first encounter with the Forsaken was not what I anticipated. Several hours into Tirisfal, a band of Rothide gnolls burst from behind trees and bushes, arrows trained on me. One even had a salvaged rifle! At least a dozen gnolls surrounded me, maybe more. I hefted my axe, ready to beat the snot out of these fools. I didn't really need help, but suddenly a magic blast incinerated half the gnolls. Pallid, sickly humanoids charged into the clearing with swords and pikes, and we easily routed the remaining gnolls. The Forsaken had saved me! In the aftermath, the leader approached me. He said his name was Roberick Dartfall, and his statement summed up the Forsaken's condition nicely.

"I hope this proves that we are different than the Scourge, Sir Bronzebeard. Like you, we wish it destroyed. We Forsaken are just that — forgotten or dismissed by the families we once loved and the allies we once possessed. We work to change that. We are not evil, Sir Bronzebeard. Though it is true that many of us are jealous of the living, and some have allowed this jealousy to curdle into hatred,

do not judge us by those individuals. Judge us by our actions. We welcome you to Tirisfal."

Roberick went on to say that the Horde has an ambassador in Undercity: an orc called Galavosh. I resolved to speak to him when I reached the capital.

Geography

Like Silverpine Forest, Tirisfal Glades is an immense woodland with forbidding trees, threatening shadows and lurking mists. The animals in the woods are not as vicious as those in Silverpine, however. I find it odd that this haunting land, under the Forsaken's rule, may in fact be safer than Silverpine Forest. I cannot, though, get used to the purple trees.

Sites and Settlements

The Forsaken control Tirisfal Glades and have several settlements throughout the area. This region is a place of mystery and adventure.

Agamand Mills: The Agamand family once controlled this vast windmill network. Now the mills are vacant, and the Agamand ghosts, unaligned with the Forsaken, haunt their former home. Many animate skeletons can be found here as well. This is a great spot to test your mettle against undead before venturing into the Plaguelands.

Brill (town, 3,600): This once-bustling human city is in Forsaken hands and is their primary settlement outside Undercity. Brill is home to the Gallow's End Tavern, a pleasant if smelly establishment. Adjacent to Brill is an enormous cemetery that holds many dead from the Second War. I even saw a few names I recognized. Good men and women, all. The damn Rothide gnolls obviously don't care, for they have been robbing graves recently. Magistrate Sevren, Brill's leader and a surprisingly genial fellow (particularly for an undead), tries to stop the gnolls. I lent him my axe one night and slew eight Rothides.

The Bulwark: The Bulwark is a makeshift wall of debris stacked along the border between Tirisfal Glades and the Western Plaguelands. The barricade would not stand up to a concentrated assault but serves to keep out roaming zombies and ghouls.

Deathknell (village, 700): Deathknell is a Forsaken village in northeast Tirisfal. Executor Arren, Deathknell's warden, does not like humans. Or dwarves. Too many misunderstandings, I suppose. With my new, enlightened mindset I did not hold it against him, though I did relieve myself on his stoop.

Undercity

Though Undercity is located in the Tirisfal Glades, the city receives its own region entry, below.

History

Once a human land, Tirisfal's warriors served in the Second and Third Wars. The Scourge ravaged the region in the Third War and its people fled. After the war, Sylvanas Windrunner bent the Lich King's yoke enough to free herself and many others from his dominance. She termed these free undead the Forsaken and took the ruins of Lordaeron's capitol city as her own. Tirisfal Glades is their unofficial kingdom.

Adventures

The Forsaken attempt to carve out a home and battle against gnolls and worse. Some factions send in agents to sabotage and curtail the Forsaken's efforts, seeing them as no better than the Scourge.

Phantom Bonds: A patrol returns to Exectuor Arren in Deathknell. The patrol seems preoccupied and without warning attacks Arren and attempts to destroy his keep. Arren fights off his traitorous soldiers but is concerned. He hires heroes sympathetic to the Forsaken to look into this problem. The truth is that a rogue ogre necromancer is controlling groups of Forsaken — robbing them of the free will they fought so hard to attain. The PCs must slay the ogre and rescue as many dominated Forsaken as possible.

Undercity

Population: 13,000 (90% Forsaken, 5% other undead, 3% Horde orc, 1% Horde jungle troll, 1% tauren).

Government: Monarchy.

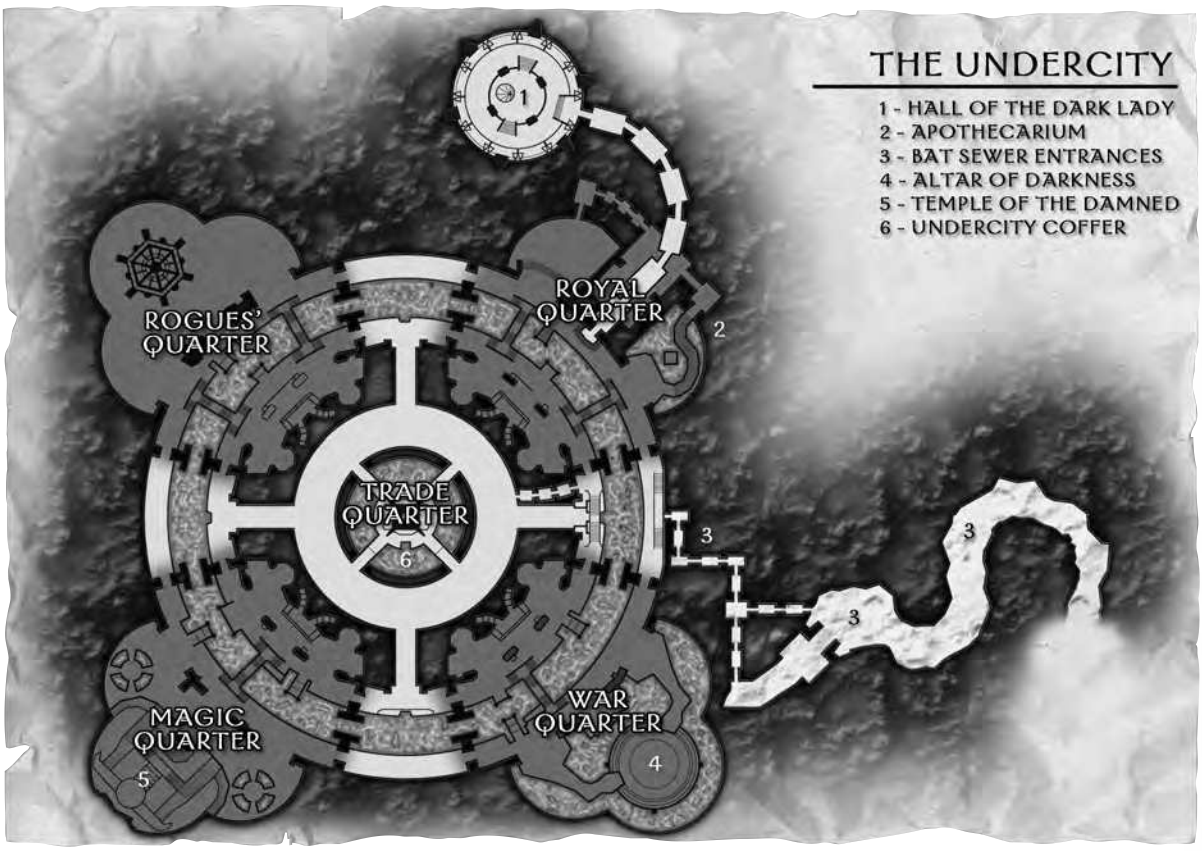
Ruler: Dark Lady Sylvanas Windrunner, Banshee Queen of the Forsaken (female high elf banshee Elr10/Ftr10/Sor10).

Languages: Common, Low Common, Orc, Taur-ahe.

Faith: Shamanism.

Resources: Alchemy, intrigue, magic, poison, ruins.

Affiliation: Forsaken.



I journeyed to the southeastern Tirisfal Glades and the Forsaken's capital of Undercity. This maze was originally the crypts and dungeons beneath Lordaeron's capital, but the Forsaken have added to their city with tunnels, caverns, structures and the like.

People and Culture

As Roberick Dartfall told me, the Forsaken wish to eliminate the Scourge. However, I am not so sure that all of them feel kindly, or even ambivalently, toward dwarves and humans. I immediately set out to find the Horde Ambassador Galavosh, though I did not relish the thought of meeting him. I do not trust orcs, no matter what I hear from the west. Yet I trust undead even less, so perhaps Galavosh and I would become allies of necessity.

I found Galavosh quickly enough. His goals mesh with mine very well. Warchief Thrall and Cairne Bloodhoof sent Galavosh, a mighty shaman, to Undercity to keep an eye on the Forsaken and make sure they are honest about their intention to dismiss their evil tendencies. Like myself, Galavosh has doubts. He told me:

"I don't trust them. I think they're up to something evil and truly horrible. There's an organization here — the Royal Apothecary Society. They mess around with potions, venoms, diseases and other alchemy. Their leader, Master Apothecary Faranell, sends many Forsaken out on missions to gather strange objects that must be ingredients for something. I visited Faranell's lab once — a quite awful place. Don't eat before going there. You don't want anything in your stomach."

Suspicious. Add to this the Forsaken's questionable leadership. Sylvanas Windrunner, once the elven ranger captain of Quel'Thalas, created the Forsaken, established Undercity and now leads both. She claims to drive the Forsaken to defeat the Scourge and establish their own place on Azeroth, but what that place may be, and whether or not it includes humans and dwarves (and orcs and elves), I do not know. A dreadlord** called Varimathras serves as Sylvanas' lieutenant and closest advisor. Formerly one of Sylvanas' greatest enemies, Varimathras betrayed the Scourge and the Burning Legion and defected to Sylvanas' side. Not a great track record. Varimathras is in charge of Undercity's defense, and his forces range across Tirisfal, eliminating all those they see as a threat. The dreadlord is tasked

with eradicating the Scarlet Crusade, a fanatical group of humans who seek to destroy all undead. I fear that the Crusaders cause the already volatile Forsaken to hate all humans. (See the "Eastern Plaguelands" entry, above, and Appendix One for more information on the Scarlet Crusade.)

In short, I do not know what to make of the Forsaken. On one hand, they are free of the Lich King's control and have every reason to despise the Scourge. Their matriarch was once a high elf and must retain some of her noble spirit. However, beings such as Faranell and Varimathras also occupy commanding positions. Few, if any, good Forsaken exist, but I feel that many evil Forsaken do. I recommend sending an ambassador of our own to join Galavosh. The shaman tells me the undead treat him well and keep him appeased. Our ambassador could also keep an eye on Galavosh.

I do *not* volunteer for the position.

Geography

Undercity is an extension of the crypts and dungeons originally beneath Lordaeron's capital city (also called Lordaeron — silly humans). The Forsaken dredged out complex catacombs and cav-

Master Apothecary Faranell, 8th-Level Sorcerer/ 2nd-Level Expert/2nd-Level Dark Apothecary, Forsaken

Overseer of the Royal Apothecary Society, Undercity

Male Forsaken: CR 12; Medium undead; HD 12d12, hp 78; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 11, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +6; Grp +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6–1, staff); Full Atk +5/+0 melee (1d6–1, staff), or +7 ranged (thrown potion), or +7 ranged touch (ray spells); SA frenzy, throw potion; SQ corrupt water, extend potion, identify potion, immunity to cold, improved brew, turn resistance +4, undead traits; AL NE; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +13; Str 9, Dex 11, Con —, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 19.

Languages Spoken: Common, Draconic, Low Common.

Skills: Appraise +4 (alchemical items +6), Bluff +6, Concentration +15, Craft (alchemy) +22, Decipher Script +12, Diplomacy +4, Disguise +0 (acting in character +2), Gather Information +6, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (arcana) +11, Knowledge (nobility) +6, Knowledge (undead) +11, Listen +5, Search +8, Sense Motive +5, Spellcraft +22, Spot +5.

Feats: Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Great Fortitude, Skill Focus (Craft [alchemy]), Weapon Focus (thrown), Weapon Focus (rays).

Sorcerer Spells Known (6/7/7/6/4; save DC 14 + spell level): 0—*detect magic, ghost sound, light, mage hand, open/close, prestidigitation, read magic, resistance*; 1st—*cause fear, expeditious retreat, implant carrion beetle††, mage armor, magic missile*; 2nd—*cripple*, mana burn*, resist energy*; 3rd—*burrow, dispel magic*; 4th—*greater invisibility*.

Possessions: Potion of cause fear (x2), *potion of cripple** (x4), *potion of dispel magic* (x3), *potion of inflict critical wounds* (x2), *potion of obscuring mist, ring of protection +1, staff of fire, wand of frost nova*, wand of ray of enfeeblement*.

Description

The figure is hunched over, clutching a withered staff for support as if his body is too feeble to remain standing without assistance. Dressed in a dark cloth robe, the figure is emaciated and pale, with skin stretched tightly across his bony frame. He is surrounded by an almost sickeningly sweet odor, apparently emanating from several pouches of herbs and reagents located on the chest of his robe. Two wands dangle from his belt, clinking against each other as he moves.

Master Apothecary Faranell is an expert alchemist who prefers to avoid direct combat, but is resigned to it as a means of periodically acquiring new test subjects for his experiments. Faranell always prefers to incapacitate enemies with spells rather than kill them outright, in order to maximize their usefulness as "volunteers." His first actions in combat are to cast *greater invisibility* — or another, more appropriate defensive spell — on himself and then move to a location with an easy escape route. He then attempts to hamper his enemies with *stinking cloud* and *cripple** and uses *mana burn** to disrupt enemy spellcasters. As a last resort, Faranell uses his *wand of frost nova** to finish off wounded enemies, not hesitating to include himself in the blast radius due to his immunity to cold.

erns. The place is dark, smells like dead people and has an evil feel. Spiders, oozes and other subterranean creatures occupy the distant passages.

Sites and Settlements

I could wander for weeks in Undercity and never see everything. The city contains a few particularly important locales.

The Apothecarium: This area is the domain of Master Faranell and his alchemist minions. Located in Undercity's bottommost depths, the Apothecarium radiates evil and malice. I am no paladin, but I could tell that horrible things transpire in this place. I had to push myself to go on.

The lab is full of horrors. Master Faranell was polite enough, and I saw nothing obviously wrong, but a feeling of dread consumed me. Rickety tables are covered in bubbling, steaming potions, dripping candles and acrid beakers. Shelves hold weathered tomes, bizarre skulls and strange creatures suspended in jars of green liquid. Squealing, distorted experiments thrust tentacles, pincers and eyestalks out of iron cages, begging for release. I gathered the information I needed and left quickly.

The Ruined Palace: Undercity is beneath Lordaeron's ruins, but above the Forsaken city one can visit Lordaeron's palace. Terenas' throne room and the royal crypts are still intact. I believe I even saw the bloodstain where Arthas slew his father. The magnificent gardens are also accessible, though they have grown wild and play home to lurking beasts.

History

Lordaeron's capital city stood for centuries, a monument to humanity's might. In the Third War, Prince Arthas slew his father King Terenas in Lordaeron's throne room and ransacked the city. He planned to use Lordaeron as his capital on this continent and ordered his minions to expand the catacombs beneath the city. Then the Lich King summoned Arthas to Northrend and the work was left uncompleted.

During Arthas' exodus, Sylvanas Windrunner broke free of the Lich King's control and took many banshees and other undead with her. With Varimathras' assistance she defeated the dreadlords that controlled the city and set her newly dubbed Forsaken to finish Arthas' job in the dungeons. The Forsaken carved Undercity and now rule the surrounding countryside.

Adventures

The Forsaken always have missions for enterprising heroes, and other forces offer tasks that concern the Forsaken.

Diplomacy with a Twist: King Magni takes Brann's suggestion and sends ambassadors (the PCs) to Undercity. The heroes' primary task is to keep tabs on the Forsaken and their Horde allies, but they also must gather information on Master Faranell's latest endeavor. After appropriate research, they are to infiltrate the Apothecarium, steal a sample (of anything appropriate) and send it back to Ironforge for testing.

Western Plaguelands

Capital: Andorhal (8,000).

Population: 40,000 (92% undead, 8% human).

Government: Dictatorship.

Ruler: Lich Lord of the Plaguelands Kel'Thuzad (male human lich Wiz25).

Major Settlements: Hearthglen (3,000).

Language: Common.

Faiths: Holy Light, Lich King.

Resources: Evil, gold, magic, plague, ruins, timber (mushroom fiber).

Affiliation: Scourge.

As I traveled through eastern Tirisfal Glades, I approached the Western Plaguelands' border. I paused briefly and looked to the east. The land itself grew darker, and a baleful shadow seemed to engulf the horizon. An orange blur was just visible in the distance, and I remembered the terrible stories I had heard about these lands. Taking a swig from my flask, I ventured warily forth, axe in one hand and pistol in the other. I advise other travelers to proceed with similar caution. Even the air is an enemy in this accursed wasteland.

The Western Plaguelands resembles the Eastern Plaguelands in most respects (see that entry, above). The earth is gray and sick with blight. The trees are corrupted and transformed into enormous, spotted mushrooms. The same toxic mist that pervades the Eastern Plaguelands haunts this realm as well (see "The Poison Mist" sidebar, above, for the mist's effects). Even the air seems darker. Though the Scourge capital of Stratholme is many miles away, I felt as though Kel'Thuzad could see me even here.

Undead monstrosities roam the land and infest the ruined farmsteads that dot this flat landscape. Scarlet Crusaders fight a hopeless war against the undead.

The Western Plaguelands is west of the Eastern Plaguelands, east of Tirisfal Glades and north of the Alterac Mountains. Lordamere Lake borders the region to the southwest.

People and Culture

Neither culture nor people have much sway in the Western Plaguelands. Various undead creatures wander the landscape under the command of Kel'Thuzad in the east and, ultimately, Arthas the Lich King. Scourge forces slay all living creatures within their realm.

The Scarlet Crusade (see the "Eastern Plaguelands" entry, above, and Appendix One) maintains a presence in the Western Plaguelands. Indeed, as I traveled west to east across northern Lordaeron, my encounters with the Crusade in the Western Plaguelands were my first associations with these people. They are just as nutty as their eastern counterparts — more so, even. They struggle valiantly and foolishly against the Scourge and send occasional patrols into Tirisfal so Varimathras' troops can slaughter them.

The Western Crusade has an interesting leadership. High Inquisitor Isillien, a human priest, commands the Crusaders in this realm. He is completely insane, devoted to destroying all undead and anyone else who may carry the plague — evil or good. Sound like Arthas to anyone else? Isillien is a thoroughly unpleasant individual wholly absorbed in his mad, vengeful campaign.

While journeying through the Plaguelands, I encountered a human man, dressed in little more than rags but carrying a large platinum warhammer. At first I thought he was a survivor with a salvaged weapon. As he approached, a ghoul leapt from behind a nearby ruined wall. The stranger turned fluidly and crushed the beast, and I knew he was a seasoned warrior. When he closed with me, he introduced himself as Tirion Fordring, a paladin. I shared my camp with him that night and he told me his tale.

"A year or two ago I was the Paladin Governor of this region. I like to think I served that post well. One day, we captured an orc warrior. I spoke to this orc and found him to be noble and just, but my arguments did

not sway the council. They sentenced the orc to execution. Honor would not allow me to stand by and let this happen, so I freed the orc and sent him away. The council banished me for this act, and I now wander this wasted land lending help when I can.

"I have a son — his name is Taelan Fordring. Taelan has recently become the Western Crusade's general. He is young and idealistic, but the Crusade's warped principles are corrupting him. Grand Inquisitor Isillien, a cruel and manic individual, plays my poor boy like a drum. I hope to rescue Taelan before the Scarlet Crusade consumes him."

I found Tirion to be a strong and honorable warrior. He would prove a valuable ally against the Scourge and has a great deal of experience both combating undead and leading soldiers.

Geography

The Western Plaguelands is a flat, gently rolling country dotted with abandoned farms and windmills that turn forlornly in the tainted air. Stands of enormous toadstools mark where trees once stood. Elevation rises in the south toward the Alterac Mountains, and the Western Plaguelands' northern border stretches across Lordaeron's coast.

Sites and Settlements

The Scourge rules the Western Plaguelands, though the Scarlet Crusade fights an underground war against the undead.

Andorhal (city, 8,000): One of the first human settlements to contract the undead plague, Andorhal is in the Scourge's grip. Andorhal was once the center for grain distribution across Lordaeron and was instrumental in the Scourge's campaign. Beneath Andorhal is the School of Necromancy, a sprawling subterranean labyrinth akin to Undercity on a much smaller scale. Undead horrors, necromancers, warlocks and Damned cultists haunt the tunnels. Darkmaster Gandling, a mummified wretch, teaches students how to raise the dead in the Lich King's name. Formerly a Dalaran wizard, he betrayed his masters for dark power and now revels in undeath. His graduates go on to Stratholme, the Scourge's capital in the Eastern Plaguelands.

Hearthglen (town, 3,000): Tirion Fordring once oversaw Hearthglen, a quiet rural community. Now the town is the Western Scarlet Crusade's military headquarters. Fanatical warriors and priests man Hearthglen's walls and patrol the nearby territory, so crazed in their beliefs that they attack anyone they think carries the plague — which is pretty much everyone. Tirion's son, Taelan Fordring, supposedly controls the town, but Grand Inquisitor Isillien manipulates him easily.

Uther's Tomb: The only place of any sanity in this cursed land, Uther's Tomb is a simple monument to the fallen hero. A statue of Uther stands on a marble pedestal. The Holy Light shines on this place, and I paused here to refresh myself and clear my mind. Thel'danis, a high elf priest, tends the tomb and the lonely garden surrounding it. He helps those in need and runs an underground railroad to ferry refugees to safety in the south. The priest cured my wounds and offered me simple fare. His actions, and the feeling about the tomb, revitalized me and I set off to the rest of my mission with new strength.

History

Once Lordaeron's agricultural center, this region was one of the first to fall to the Scourge. Since that time, the land has wasted and blackened, the trees have fallen to corruption and the undead have tightened their grasp.

Adventures

Undead wander the land, offering ample danger to those looking for it. The Scarlet Crusade can be friend or foe, and Thel'danis needs all the help he can get.

A Paladin's Tale: In an attempt to expand the Scarlet Crusade's influence, Taelan Fordring leads an expedition to retake the small community of Cinderhome a dozen miles to Hearthglen's east. He and his men slay the undead, but before they can bring in settlers and reinforcements, a Scourge host arrives and lays siege to the village. Tirion Fordring, who observes this whole endeavor, is worried for his son. He desperately needs heroes to help him break through the undead line and save the Crusaders within. He hopes to use this situation as an opportunity to extirpate Taelan from the Crusade's grasp or, failing that, as a way to prove that not all those who wander the Plaguelands are evil.

Regions of Quel'Thalas

Blackened Woods

Population: Unknown.

The Blackened Woods was once Quel'Thalas, the elven kingdom. Razed by dragonfire in the Second War and ravaged by undead in the Third, the land is a dead, ghostly realm. Black trees march away on all sides. Ash and grief, almost tangible, cover the ground. Elven ruins jut from the gray-black ash like the bones of the dead, and ghosts of murdered elves pass through the trees. While this land is not under any supernatural or magical curse, I could feel the bitterness, the sorrow and the hopelessness in the air. I can see why this realm is sometimes called the Ghostlands of Quel'Thalas. I remember Quel'Thalas from the days before its destruction… and even I, stout soul that I am, let a few of my own tears dampen the soil.

The Blackened Woods is north of the Eastern Plaguelands and northwest of Zul'Aman. Ocean lies to the east and north.

People and Culture

No living creatures remain in this haunted realm. The spirits of slaughtered elves roam the landscape like mist given form and voice. I saw no animals at all and was glad for the provisions I carried. I did find a scrap of parchment in one ruin, near a blackened skeleton. The scrap was part of a letter from one doomed high elf to his wife elsewhere; obviously the intended recipient never received it.

Geography

Not much here besides scorched trees and ruins.

Sites and Settlements

Various elven ruins lie amongst the ashes, but that's about all. The runestones still stand.

Runestones: When the high elves founded Quel'Thalas, they erected monolithic runestones to mark their new kingdom's borders. These enchanted monuments created a magic barrier that prevented the savage trolls from penetrating the elven lands. The barrier has not been used for millennia, but the runestones, untouched by fire and blade, remain.

Salvaged High Elf Letter

Dearest Melena,

I fear this may be the last time I will write to you. As I am sure you have heard, the Scourge attacked Quel'Thalas. It is horrible. The land is destroyed. The undead killed... they killed so many. I was lucky — I hid in a basement and used my magical skills to conceal myself. When I emerged, it was into a world of corpses. Elves were rent, their limbs scattered, so much blood....

I am sorry. You do not need to know all the gruesome details.

For a time I despaired of ever seeing another living elf, but a few others also survived the assault. Although sad, they were also... angry. Vengeful. Different, somehow. They have lost too much, as have I. I have lost much, and yet... I feel that in addition to my home and my family and my kingdom, I have lost something truly profound and ineffable. I do not know what it is, but I feel... adrift without it. Muddled. Edgy.

I do not know if I am making any sense.

The surviving elves frighten me, Melena. They no longer call themselves high elves. You remember Prince Kael'Thas? He leads the elves now, being the last elf of noble birth. He calls his people "blood elves," supposedly in homage of the dead. I am glad they no longer think of themselves as high elves, for they certainly are not. Melena, they plan to raze the forest — all of it! "We will not let the Scourge enjoy their plunder!" declares Kael'Thas. Travesty! I will try to stop this folly, but I doubt that I will be successful. These blood elves are crazed, manic, inflamed by vengeance and fueled by this unnamable need that seethes within our consciousness. They will go on with their plans despite my efforts. They may even try to slay me. Yet I will do what I can.

If I never see you again, Melena, I hope you will dream of me at times.

Your loving husband,

Ramao

Dragonhawks of Quel'Danas

The statistics below describe a typical unit of the Dragonhawks of Quel'Danas that might see action in mass combat.

10 blood elves Ftr5/Sor3/Wdr2 and 10 giant eagles: Medium humanoid/Large magical beast; HD 10/4; DF 80 (8)/50 (5); Spd 800 ft. (16 squares); AC 17 (16/19); Base Atk +8/+4; Unit Atk +12 melee (*+2 longsword*) or +14 ranged (*+1 longbow*), or +8 melee (claw or bite); Full Unit Atk +12/+7 melee (*+2 longsword*) or +14/+9 ranged (*+1 longbow*), or +8 melee (2 claws) and +3 melee (bite); Space 100 ft.; SA spells; SQ evasion; AL LN; SV +6, Ref +7, Will +3; Str 14 (11/18), Dex 17 (17/17), Con 11 (11/12), Int 11 (12/10), Wis 12 (10/14), Cha 13 (17/10); Morale +11.

Skills: blood elf — Handle Animal +14, Ride +14, Jump +10, Tumble +8; giant eagle — Knowledge (nature) +2, Listen +6, Sense Motive +4, Spot +15, Survival +3.

Feats: blood elf — Evasive Maneuvers†, Expert Flyer†, Expert Rider*, Improved Initiative, Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Weapon Focus (longbow), Weapon Focus (longsword); giant eagle — Alertness, Flyby Attack.

Typical Sorcerer Spells Known (cast per day: 6/6; save DC 13 + spell level): 0 — *detect magic*, *flare*, *message*, *light*, *resistance*; 1st — *feather fall*, *mage armor*, *ray of enfeeblement*.

Equipment: +1 longbow, *+2 longsword*, arrows.

Evasion (Ex): The giant eagles can use this ability while mounted. Their riders also gain its benefits.

Commander

Aquel'Luer'Thala, female blood elf Ftr5/Sor3/Wdr 5, hero commander: Base Atk +11; Cha 20; Diplomacy +8, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (military tactics)* +10, Profession (military commander)† +14 (10 ranks); Beloved Commander, Leadership; Orders 3.

Tactics

The blood elves' deadly Dragonhawk units are trained to scour the infested ranges of Quel'Thalas. From the aeries of the island refuge of Quel'Danas, these elite windriders seek out intruders and report on the movements of troops through the scarred forests.

Battle with the Dragonhawks is a sudden, confusing and swift move to find shelter from rending talons and razor sharp arrows. The blood elves use aerial tactics combined with minor spell strikes from the sky to tear through their foes like a fierce wind. They often defend themselves and their mounts with *mage armor* before engaging in battle (factored into the stats, above).

History

Though the Blackened Woods is a barren land, it has a rich history, which makes its current state all the more tragic. Ages ago, after the Kaldorei banished their arcanist brethren from Kalimdor, the exiled elves made landfall here. They termed themselves the Quel'dorei ("high elves") and named their new land Quel'Thalas ("High Kingdom" or "High Home"). They created the Sunwell to grant them magic sustenance and established their capital of Silvermoon in the northeast. Eventually, they allied with Lordaeron's human tribes and taught the humans arcane magic in exchange for help in defeating Zul'Aman's forest trolls. High elves had good relations with humans for centuries.

Quel'Thalas committed its rangers, priests and sorceresses to the Second War, standing valiantly beside its human allies. The Horde's dragons breathed fire across Quel'Thalas, razing the land, but ultimately the Alliance triumphed and the elves started to rebuild. Not long after, the Third War began and the elves again sent their warriors to fight alongside their allies. The death knight Arthas, leading a huge undead host, attacked Quel'Thalas, slew its leaders and murdered its citizens.

The high elves lost at least 90% of their population in the Second and Third Wars. The embittered survivors, calling themselves "blood elves," resolved that the Scourge would not relish its victory. They set fire to their beloved forests and joined forces with Illidan the Betrayer. The undead had no use for a dead realm and abandoned the place as well. Now Quel'Thalas is the Blackened Woods, scorched and lifeless.

Adventures

Ruins cover the ground and ghosts float through the trees.

A Magical Foundation: Gemmuel Whitespire, one of the few high elves remaining in Lordaeron,

wants to establish a small village for his people in the Blackened Woods. The village would provide safety and succor for people of all races, even Forsaken. Gemmuel believes this dream is possible because he thinks the ancient runestones can be activated to recreate their magic barrier — a force that could keep out all his foes. Gemmuel seeks heroes to help him in his endeavor and protect him from those who would prevent him from accomplishing this task.

Silvermoon

Population: Unknown.

After the heartbreaking Blackened Woods, I hardened myself against what I might see in Silvermoon, the former elven capital. Yet the place was not nearly as bad as I feared. I stepped out from the Blackened Woods and looked down upon a city that almost resembled its old splendor. The living plants and rock used to construct the capital proved immune to the fires and destruction. I could see streets, buildings, even trees. As I moved through the city, I marveled at how… clean the place appeared. Aside from the occasional body sprawled across the cobblestones, one could almost imagine that a war was never fought here. This deception almost proved my undoing.

I entered an old shop and saw an axe, obviously magical, propped against the wall. Not one to ignore opportunity when it hits me over the head, I reached out to grab the weapon. Suddenly, several elven ghosts manifested before me, reaching out with chilling hands. "No more…" they moaned. "No more…." I gathered that the elven people had suffered enough and would brook no disturbances or plundering. I stepped hastily back and the ghosts wavered, watching me. I left and they slowly faded away. They can keep their axe.

I resolved to leave all items inviolate. I would treat Silvermoon with respect. To do otherwise is to join the ranks of the city's undead defenders.

People and Culture

No living beings inhabit this region, though the lure of elven treasure draws adventurers from far and wide. I encountered one as I picked my way through the streets, a tauren called Morgin Thundergust. Fortunately, Morgin had come to the same realization I had and was not disturbing the elven artifacts. He looked to be pretty capable with that big club of his. I suppose only the strongest or stealthiest can pass through the Plaguelands to reach this dead land.

Geography

Silvermoon's ruined buildings were constructed of white stone and living plants. Slender branches and ivy snake across walls. Many of the plants are dead now, the buildings smashed and the spires toppled. Nevertheless, much still remains intact. The city is not as ruined as one would suspect and is surprisingly devoid of rotting corpses, bloodstains and similar filth. Silvermoon, however, is a deceptive death trap.

Sites and Settlements

Silvermoon is very interesting in its entirety — though of course tragic. A few locations are particularly noteworthy.

Sunstrider Spire: The Sunstriders, a family of high elven lords, ruled Quel'Thalas from this majestic palace. Sunstrider Spire was once a marvel of organic elven architecture, but now its walls are stained with elven blood and its graceful spires shattered like bones. The Scourge, despite its best efforts, never discovered the legendary Sunstrider treasury. This mythic vault lures adventurers and fortune seekers from across the world. Sunstrider Spire is by no means safe, as hordes of elven ghosts and undead guardians stand vigil over the palace. I myself was forced to flee several times, even though I assured the spirits that I meant only to examine and record, not steal.

The Sunwell Grove: The Sunwell Grove lies across a small stretch of ocean, on an island northeast of Silvermoon. I considered constructing a raft to sail across, but Morgin Thundergust warned against it. He said that he had lost three companions to creatures in the grove and he was forced to flee. I contented myself with Morgin's depiction.

"The Sunwell used to be the arcane node that empowered the high elves' magic and sustained their existence. The death knight Arthas defiled the well, using its energies to revive Kel'Thuzad as a lich. Now the grove is scarred and burned, like the rest of this land of ghosts. Rumors say that the red and green dragonflights have sent agents to the Sunwell to see if it can be re-

energized. My companions and I did not see any dragons, however. We ran into terrible creatures — I did not get a good look, just shadows hurling death from the trees. We ran. I was the only one to escape, and I thank the ancestors I did."

History

Silvermoon was the high elven capital for centuries, since the Quel'dorei traveled to this land from Kalimdor. Like the rest of Quel'Thalas, enemies despoiled and razed the city in the Second and Third Wars, though Silvermoon survived the flames. Scourge forces held the city for a time but abandoned it after depleting it of its resources. Silvermoon now reminds us of everything that was once noble and mystical about the high elves — and how that nobility died.

Adventures

Silvermoon's ruins and guardians offer great adventure.

The Sunwell Reborn: Alexstrasza the Life-Binder, the immensely powerful red dragon aspect, believes the Sunwell can be rejuvenated. She is involved with other affairs in Grim Batol, however, so she asks several powerful heroes to help her. To recreate the Sunwell, various items must be gathered from around the world: a vial of Well of Eternity water from Kalimdor; three crushed gems from Pandaria; a titan-made chalice held by the goblin trade princes in Undermine; and the skull of the last Sunstrider king (Prince Kael-Thas' father), which the blood elves took to Outland. Also needed are at least 300 living high elves. Gathering them involves rounding up refugees from Zul'Aman, scouring the world for the few high elves left in various cities and/or forcing blood elves to repent. The heroes must accomplish this feat while fighting off all those who seek to foil them: the Scourge, naga, blood elves and perhaps even the night elves and other independent factions.

Zul'Aman

Capital: The Shrine of Ula-Tek (7,000).

Population: 20,000 (90% forest troll, 5% high elf, 5% Scourge undead).

Government: Theocracy.

Ruler: Warlord Jin'zakk (male forest troll Bbn5/Hlr2/Pml8/SHn4).

Languages: Low Common, Common, Thalassian.

Faiths: Holy Light, shamanism, voodoo.

Resources: Fish, fur, gold, iron, timber.

Affiliation: Independent.

I planned to go into Zul'Aman alone. Doing so was dangerous, perhaps the most dangerous thing I have ever intentionally done. No, no — I traveled across the Plaguelands. That was bad. Still, I was not expecting an easy time.

Zul'Aman is a temperate forestland of towering trees, dark shadows and ancient ruins and ziggurats. I believed these ruins and odd, stepped pyramids remained from the days of Zul'Aman's empire, but they could be much older. Titan or Old God remnants, perhaps? I resolved to look into the matter.

Once, forest trolls controlled a vast swath of Lordaeron. Their empire was called Zul'Aman, and what we now call Zul'Aman was their power center. Many centuries ago, high elves and humans allied to defeat the empire and drove the trolls to near extinction. Now, this tiny area in northeastern Lordaeron is all that remains of the trolls' continent-spanning empire.

In the intervening years, the trolls gave up their imperialist mindset, though they protect their small territory jealously. Warbands patrol the forest, slaying all living (and undead) creatures that are not trolls or natural forest beasts. They worship ancient deities, though whether these deities are the mythic Old Gods or some strange creation of their voodoo witch doctors, I do not know. I knew that any trolls I encountered would try to kill me on sight. I would need to be careful.

I was not totally without allies in Zul'Aman. Several bands of high elves, survivors from Quel'Thalas, fled south and now wander throughout the forest. Those who stay one step ahead of the trolls survive; those who do not are dead (and probably eaten by the cannibalistic trolls). Scourge patrols, hunting the elven refugees, also stalk through the land.

People and Culture

Forest trolls are vile creatures. They practice evil voodoo magic and worship primal beings they call the Forest Gods. Violent cannibals, forest trolls eat

The Trolls of Zul'Aman

The statistics below describe a typical unit of the trolls of Zul'Aman that might see action in mass combat.

10 forest troll Bbn2: Large monstrous humanoid; HD 4; DF 60 (6); Spd 400 ft. (8 squares); AC 14; Base Atk +4; Unit Atk +8 melee (battleaxe) or +8 melee (claw); Full Unit Atk +8 melee (battleaxe) or +8 melee (2 claws) or +5 ranged (spear); SA rage 1/day; SQ darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 2, fast movement, uncanny dodge; AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +2; Str 17, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 7; Morale +3.

Skills: Balance +4, Hide +4, Jump +7, Swim +7.

Feats: Power Attack, Track.

Equipment: Studded leather armor, battleaxe, spear.

Rage (Ex): The unit can rage for 1 battle round. The trolls gain a +2 bonus to attack, damage, saves, and morale; they also get +1 damage factor. After raging, the entire unit is fatigued (–2 penalty to Strength and Dexterity) for the rest of the battle.

Fast Movement (Ex): Barbarians gain +10 feet to their base movement while wearing light or no armor. In mass combat, add an additional +100 feet per battle round (already factored in).

Commander

Shadrak Eaglebane, male forest troll Bbn5, hero commander: Base Atk +7; Cha 10; Intimidate +7; Orders 1.

Tactics

The troll braves and berserkers of the various tribes scour Zul'Aman's woods looking for intruders that might make for interesting sport or a good meal. The forest trolls rush to the attack, their fury and cleaving axe blades cutting down opponents swiftly and without mercy.

This unit is typical of the berserkers roaming the woods. On occasion, a coven of troll shamans might accompany berserkers to provide magical assistance.

their own kind as well as their enemies with equal zest. They despise humans and elves, who slaughtered innumerable forest trolls and robbed them of their empire in ages past. Forest trolls joined forces with the Horde in the Second War, as the orcs promised them vengeance against Lordaeron and Quel'Thalas, but the trolls' savagery was too much even for the orcs. So the trolls hate orcs now, too, who they feel betrayed them. In short, forest trolls hate everyone — including each other.

Witch doctors control Zul'Aman, with shamans and warchiefs in lesser leadership positions. The exception to this tradition is Warlord Jin'zakk, who rules the kingdom. Jin'zakk is a massive, aged forest troll with gray fur (once green, I hear) and huge natural claws. Grizzled and old, he can still savage any troll who would dispute his rule. Jin'zakk's age brings wisdom and certainty, though the warlord is unstable and prone to violent rages. He practices voodoo, and his dark art empowers him.

The voodoo witch doctors wield arcane magic, while shamans provide divine support. Forest troll society revolves around hunting, spear fishing, shamanism and voodoo. They make their capital at the Shrine of Ula-Tek, a massive ziggurat they hold sacred. Forest troll society is patriarchal, though cunning and aggressive females occasionally hold important positions. Forest trolls are primitive, possessing few metalsmithing skills and no knowledge of steam technology — for which we can all be thankful. They are masters with thrown weapons, be they axes or spears.

With both Lordaeron and Quel'Thalas fallen, the forest trolls see a chance to regain their old empire. They push the borders of their realm ever outward. Warbands strike south, north and west, seeking to reclaim more of their land. The trolls are myriad — almost 20,000 total, and most of them skilled hunters (even the females). They have been fighting for centuries and are competent tacticians. Alone, Zul'Aman has little chance against the Scourge. However, if approached in the right manner (by a tauren or goblin, perhaps?) and promised their empire, they may be willing to join an alliance.

Like all trolls, Zul'Aman's forest trolls are lean, strong and tough. They possess long ears and noses and jutting canines. Their faces are hard and feral. Forest troll hide ranges from dark brown to light green. Many forest trolls wear primitive jewelry, often wood or bone, on their clothing, strung around their necks or thrust through their noses and earlobes. The males often maintain tall, dyed mohawks. Some paint themselves in tattoos. Forest trolls are organized into tribes, with names such as Blackleaf and Treeblight, and members of the same tribe are relatively loyal to each other.

Scourge Missive

To my illustrious masters,

I regret to inform you that several Zul'Gurubi bands still wander loose in Zul'Aman. The elves know forests better than I, and the ghouls and zombies make a fearsome amount of noise trudging through the overgrowth. The gargoyles are somewhat more helpful; they allowed me to discover one refugee group and kill them as they slept. However, I respectfully request additional support. Incorporeal troops – shades or ghosts, perhaps – would be particularly useful.

Despite the current problems, I am confident that it is only a matter of time before we finally destroy the elves. They will not join with their allies in Hillsbrad or Khaz Modan. They will not rally together. They will not revive the Sunwell.

Respectfully,

Necromancer Ru'sad

As I journeyed through Zul'Aman, I passed through a clearing and caught sight of a winged shape flapping above me. A gargoyle! My reflexes snapped my blunderbuss up instantly and I blasted a chunk out of the creature's hide. The gargoyle wheeled to attack, but several more shots brought it down. The monster crashed into the trees. Finding the corpse in the dense tangle was a chore, especially because a troll band showed up to investigate the shooting. After I dealt with the trolls (chalk up eight more to my tally), I finally found the gargoyle's body. Not much loot, sadly, but the monster carried a message, apparently from the Scourge patrols to their leaders in Stratholme. The letter gives us some hints that the high elves, scattered and lost as they are, still have some importance.

Geography

Zul'Aman is a giant forest. Elevation rises toward the north, and a hilly region dominates the Quel'Thalas border. The mighty Greenrush River begins in Zul'Aman's Lake Abassi and exits the region in the southwest.

Lake Abassi: This lake is Zul'Aman's center, both geographically and politically. I hid in a tree for four days to observe the lake and avoid patrols. Troll huts dot the lake's shore and crude piers extend toward its middle. Trolls fish the lake with spears and nets. Lake Abassi looks like prime threshadon‡ habitat. Indeed, in the second day of my vigil I observed a stealthy threshadon leap from the forest and eviscerate a lone troll fisherman. Troll hunters tracked and killed the creature swiftly afterward. Such vigilance probably explains why I did not see more threshadons. I resolved to be very careful when I left my hiding spot.

Maisara Hills: The Maisara Hills, in northeastern Zul'Aman, are sacred to the trolls. Crude totems stand in profusion and lean crazily in the soft earth. Witch doctors frequent this site, holding strange rituals and dances by moonlight. The voodoo masters brook no intrusion. Voodoo fascinates me; the art is arcane, but seems to have divine elements as well. I figured the Maisara Hills would be an excellent place to expand my knowledge. I am positive I made no sound as I crept into the area, but the trolls noticed me anyway. Magic, I suppose. I fled as spears, axes and magical blasts rent the air. I hate trolls. Perhaps I could capture a witch doctor and pry the information out of him.

Sites and Settlements

Primitive forest troll settlements are scattered throughout Zul'Aman. Weathered ruins hide among the trees, covered with vines and the dust of ages.

The Shrine of Ula-Tek (city, 7,000): The Shrine of Ula-Tek is an enormous ziggurat. The forest trolls rally around the edifice and their capital lies among its ruins. Crude troll huts mix with collapsed stone walls. This area is very heavily protected — far too heavily for me to penetrate, so I ambushed a lone forest troll a few miles away and got the information from him. Ula-Tek, apparently, is a serpent goddess. One of the Old Gods, perhaps? The trolls worship Ula-Tek and hold the ziggurat in holy esteem, performing their dark rites and voodoo rituals among the ruins. The trolls keep their treasure — collected over centuries — within the ziggurat, which is another reason that they guard it so vigilantly.

History

Though the trolls' empire was destroyed in antiquity, they have always controlled the sprawling forest now called Zul'Aman. Their dominion once stretched across the continent, and they threatened the nascent human nations and the fledgling kingdom of Quel'Thalas with extinction. Eventually, the high elves traded arcane knowledge to the humans for help in defeating the trolls, and the two races bludgeoned the forest troll empire. Now Zul'Aman is reduced to its present borders. The trolls have never been content with this setback and have never forgiven the humans or elves for their near genocide. With Lordaeron and Quel'Thalas in ruins, the trolls move out to reclaim their kingdom.

Adventures

Trolls guard treasure and captives, and ancient ruins of indeterminate origins dominate forest clearings. Pathetic bands of high elf refugees avoid destruction at troll and undead hands.

Bring Back My Goddess to Me, to Me: A great witch doctor, Ral'jin, rises to prominence in Zul'Aman. Ral'jin sends out hunters to capture hundreds of prisoners for use in a massive sacrifice, planning to use this ritual to summon Ula-Tek the Serpent Goddess. Obviously, this information is bad news, but the Ironforge dwarves are particularly concerned: they have seen the devastation that an elemental lord's rebirth brings, and a bona fide Old God must be even more powerful. The Dark Iron dwarves, however, are jubilant. Ula-Tek, perhaps an Old God, could serve as companion and ally to Ragnaros. They send a contingent to Zul'Aman to wish their good will and to protect Ral'jin as he completes the lengthy ritual.

"Can you tell how many of them are over there?" asked Rogthur from his prone position on the ground. He could not see over the large rock behind which he and his companion were concealing themselves. Crouched down on the balls of his feet next to the dwarf, Jaeson stretched up farther to peer over the rock. His youthful brow was furrowed with the concentration of straining to see without being seen, and his long blonde hair blew around like wild grass. A few moments passed, and Jaeson lowered himself back down behind the stone.

"There are at least three of the gangly brutes that I could see clearly, and they are all armed to the teeth," he proclaimed in a whisper.

Rogthur tried to keep from rolling his eyes at the obvious enthusiasm in his partner's voice. *Why are the young all so eager to die?* he pondered. "Did you see the scouts we were looking for as well? Did you see the dead-men?"

Jaeson's face screwed together in a look of disgust as he answered, "Undead you mean, and well, I saw what was left of them at least. They must have walked right into that ambush. The trolls are all busy going through the travel packs now and collecting the axes they threw. We must have just missed all of the action, though I think it was a very short fight. At least they saved us the trouble of taking care of those scouts ourselves."

Though he remembered to keep his voice down, Rogthur's reply still came out as a low, angry rumble. "We were supposed to track those forsaken scouts to find out where they were going and who they were going to meet up with. Curse their warty green hides, those wretched forest dwelling trolls didn't save us any trouble; they just wasted us three days worth of hard work!"

Jaeson gave Rogthur a lop-sided grin and went back to peering over the rock. He whispered out of the side of his mouth, "Well, I was just trying to look on the bright side of things. And besides, it seems like the trolls are only looting the weapons and any scraps of armor. We can rifle the bodies when they're done and look for any strategic orders or maps they might have been carrying."

Rogthur uttered a disgruntled huff, but he had to agree with the lad's point. Maybe they could salvage something for their time after all. Besides, he would never have found the walking dead in the first place without Jaeson's help. The lad's family were simple farmers near Dalaran before the mad human prince Arthas marched an army of the shambling dead straight through their lands, poisoning the fields with the Scourge's corruption. Yet rather than lose himself to bitterness, the lad instead now offered himself as a guide and tracker to those seeking to curb the rampage of these armies of restless dead. Though inexperienced, Jaeson's knowledge of the area was invaluable.

Jaeson dropped down as sudden shouts erupted from the other side of the rock. The youth's eyes were wide as he fumbled for his short blade. "I think they smelled us or something. Do you think we can make a run for it?"

Rogthur swore and looked back at the way they had come. It was a good sprint to reach the cover of the tree line, and those forest trolls were deadly accurate with their throwing axes. No, it would have to be a fight.

"Well," said Jaeson, his lips stretching into a white-toothed grin, "at least today won't be boring." He got into a squat fighting position, ready to hack at anything that showed its face around the rock. Rogthur sat up and grabbed his blunderbuss from the ground next to him. He pulled back the hammer on the gun to the full-cocked position and considered his next move.

"Well, my stout friend, any last advice before we engage the enemy?" asked Jaeson.

"Yes," answered Rogthur in a grim tone. "Just don't get in the line of fire." With that he stood up and swung the rifle over the top of the rock. The dwarf took aim on the first raging troll that was barreling down on their hiding place. He let out a battle cry then pulled the trigger, and the air filled with the sound of thunder.

CHAPTER FIVE: ADVENTURES

For those prospectors and explorers who wish to trek into the more dangerous and thus exciting parts of the eastern lands, I offer here a collection of notes for some stories and rumors — one per continent — that especially intrigued me during my travels. If any in the Guild pick up the threads of a story and follow them to the end, I should think a recounting for me over a few pints at the Weary Boots would be in order. Be careful, is all I ask: the evils out there, real or imagined, can take your life quicker than Penar Flintheart can load and shoot a pistol.

Arena Games

This adventure is for 4 to 6 low-level PCs (2nd to 4th level). It is best suited for predominantly good-aligned characters, with at least one rogue in the party. Characters with a good Open Lock skill are vital, although melee prowess is necessary for survival in the Arena. Check the "Scaling the Adventure" sidebar for hints on adjusting the adventure to higher-level characters.

This adventure takes place in the Arena in Stranglethorn Vale, on the continent of Azeroth.

Scaling the Adventure

This adventure is designed for low-level PCs, but is easily scaled up to suit your adventurers.

For higher-level characters, the levels of the troll guards and Bloodstone can be scaled up accordingly, adding some levels of gladiator to them (see the **Warcraft RPG**, Chapter Two). The creatures in the menagerie can be changed to dire forest wolves, basilisks or thunder lizards (see **Manual of Monsters**, Chapter One). The demon can be a dreadlord, or you could change the focus of the adventure and bring in a lich (see **Manual of Monsters**, Chapters Two and Three, respectively).

Adventure Background

The jungle trolls of the ancient Gurubashi tribe run the gladiatorial games at the Arena. The gladiators are chosen from prisoners of war, kidnapped travelers, those in debt to the Gurubashi, and even some hapless fools who think it would be an easy way to make some quick cash. Something few people know, even those who live in the settlement surrounding the Arena, is that children are born and raised within the Arena to add to the stables. They are trained in many skills beyond the gladiatorial so that the games will be varied from time to time (who wants to watch two massive orc warriors beat on each other day after day?), and also so that the stables will always have healers. If a gladiator gets pregnant, she is taken off the roster until she delivers and the baby is taken from her to be raised in the stables.

The head of the Arena stables, a jungle troll named Bloodstone, has recently become greedy. Although his stables are full of mature teens and young adults ready to fight as well as several captured unwilling fighters, attendance at the fights has been down in the past months. He has decided to send a party of his best trolls over the mountains to the Blasted Lands to capture a demon for the Arena.

At the start of the adventure, a messenger arrives and alerts Bloodstone that a felguard** has been captured and the triumphant hunters are on their way back to the Arena. This development looks to be certain death for those chosen to fight the demon, and those in the stables have only a couple of days to attempt an escape before the trolls return.

Adventure Synopsis

The PCs were all captured within the past couple of weeks. They are relatively new to the Arena, but they've been there long enough to know how things work. The troll guards confiscated all of the PCs' equipment upon capture. Left with only the clothes on their backs, they are all slaves of the Arena, forced to participate in various games. Along with the others in the stables, they learn of the demon being brought back from the Blasted Lands. They formulate a plan to escape and free the slaves, but they must navigate the labyrinth of the Arena and deal with the guards. Along the way, they learn of Bloodstone's plans to continue bringing in demons for the Arena, and that the demons have even agreed to send more powerful demons to participate in the games. Bloodstone will send a tithe of 10 sorcerers to the demons in exchange. When the demon reaches the Arena, he begins slaughtering everyone in reach, and Bloodstone will demand that the troll warriors do not kill him. To exit the Arena, the PCs must enter the fray between the demon and Bloodstone and his troll entourage.

Character Hooks

The characters can be part of the Arena for any number of reasons. They can be captured as prisoners of war or as unlucky travelers, or they can be residents of the settlements around the Arena who owe the trolls money. They can also be of any affiliation, as the trolls capture Alliance, Horde and independent races without prejudice. Even some jungle trolls live in the stables.

The Arena

Layout

The first level of the Arena consists of a 10-foot wide hallway in a U-shape, curving around the Arena. The PCs are in the far right cell of a block of 4 cells, 50 feet x 50 feet, each holding around 10 gladiators.

Past the cells are 4 wooden doors, the first holding keys and weapons, the next three providing living

"What about my 3rd-level pandaren healer?"

Some races introduced in **Warcraft** previously seem ill-suited for Azeroth adventures. Night elves, tauren and furbolgs have their established homelands on Kalimdor, while the pandaren have arrived only recently in the west. These races can still have a place in an Azeroth campaign, and they actually work well for campaigns in Stranglethorn Vale. With the many ports on its western shore, Stranglethorn Vale is an acceptable landing place for any PC from Kalimdor who wishes to explore, carry a message or simply see what adventures await. The more beastlike races will very likely be met with curiosity or possibly racism in the east, but working these western races into an Azeroth campaign shouldn't require too much of a stretch.

The GM should note, however, that the trolls who schedule the fights will be most interested to see what these odd races can do. A pandaren fighter shouldn't be surprised to receive a pistol with which to defend himself in an Arena fight. The trolls are dedicated to entertaining the crowd, and seeing a pandaren fumble with a pistol is likely to deliver.

Does "gladiator" mean "Gladiator"?

Fighting in the gladiatorial arena does not automatically launch a character into the gladiator prestige class (see **Warcraft RPG**, Chapter Two). The "gladiators" in the Arena are a motley crew, comprised of people from every walk of life. If the trolls disagree with a greedy merchant's bill, that merchant may likely find himself a gladiator, holding a sword in an untrained hand against a pack of gnolls for the amusement of his former colleagues. There is room for any character class in the Arena. Mages, tinkers, fighters, paladin warriors, rogues and healers are all captured. While the elven rangers and paladin warriors give the crowd a brawny battle, wizards, shamans and rogues can give a more intelligent contest of wits, with many obstacles and traps brought into the Arena.

Some classes don't quite fit into the combatant mindset at the Arena, but they are by no means freed. Healers are usually kept for stable duty, healing the living combatants as they return from bouts. Tinkers are required to plan and build clever sets to hamper or aid combatants — in fact, much of the underbelly of the Arena was designed and built by goblin tinkers working for or indebted to the trolls. Beastmasters, after proving themselves useless as fighters by calming attacking animals instead of slaughtering them, were sent to tend to the animals before and after fights.

It is quite possible, however, that all of these classes are called upon to fight as well.

Sorcerers are perhaps the most worrisome class for the stable guards, as they have no spellbooks that the trolls can confiscate. Sorcerers are held in solitary, gagged and bound, and are treated no better than beasts in the Arena. A GM may want to warn PCs that sorcerers in Stranglethorn Vale are as good as dead and would be wise to pose as wizards with bogus spellbooks or refuse to use their powers.

Regarding the gladiator prestige class, most of the children raised in the Arena end up with levels in this class, as their life has been built around it.

space for the troll guards (more detailed information appears below within the adventure text). After the final door comes the stairs to the next level. This is one of two ways to exit the lower levels.

Further on, about 100 feet, are 6 cells containing 60 high-level gladiators, (who, incidentally, will be unlikely to help the PCs in their endeavors, being more dedicated to escaping and saving the children).

About 100 more feet down the hallway are the children's cells, filled with about 50 children of all races, from young children to adolescents.

Thirty feet beyond the children's cells, a door leads to the menagerie and the beastmasters' quarters. Once the PCs make it here, the room will be caved in for the most part, and the cages will be opened with the animals either dead or escaped.

On the second floor, an armory of simple weapons is to the direct right of the stairs. The hallway turns 90 degrees to the left and enters into the Arena's gladiatorial stage, a great oval 100 yards at its longest point and 50 yards at its widest, with double doors at the right side of the widest point leading to a ramp down to the menagerie.

To the left of the stairs are 4 doors before the door exiting to the outside. The first door leads to a storeroom containing the items stolen from the prisoners, and the more exotic and martial weapons. The next two rooms are living quarters for the higher-level guards who keep the peace among the higher-level gladiators and care for the children. The final door is iron and leads to Bloodstone's office (the stable master). His office is very nice for a troll, containing a bookshelf and a desk with a deep drawer.

Outside the Arena, stairs go up the wall to the seats. The road leading to the Arena hosts trinket and food merchants who make most of their money from the Arena attendees. Further outside of town is the settlement where most of the citizens live, including some of the Arena employees (the guards only sleep in the Arena when on a long shift). The area also houses tinkers and rogues who build sets and traps for use in the Arena.

Culture

The Arena always has 20 guards on shift, and the shift circulates every 12 hours. Ten guards are relatively low-level, usually 4th-level fighters, assigned to the low-level prisoners. The high-level gladiators and the beastmasters are guarded by trolls who have attained several levels in the gladiator prestige class. They constantly patrol the halls and the menagerie, and are only distracted by Bloodstone's commands (which will come when the demon breaks his bonds). If they find a prisoner attempting to escape, they will next pair him with a beast much too difficult for him, sentencing him to certain death. (This information is well known among the prisoners.) They are armed with clubs, having instructions to subdue, not kill, their charges.

Attended by two beastmasters, the monsters in the menagerie are primarily low-CR creatures that are easily killed and easily replaced, such as wolves, gnolls and harpies (see **Manual of Monsters**, Chapter One). A handful of higher-CR creatures such as hippogryphs and even a thunder lizard are here also (see **Manual of Monsters**, Chapter One). The Arena is equipped to hold most types of animals, and can even contain undead.

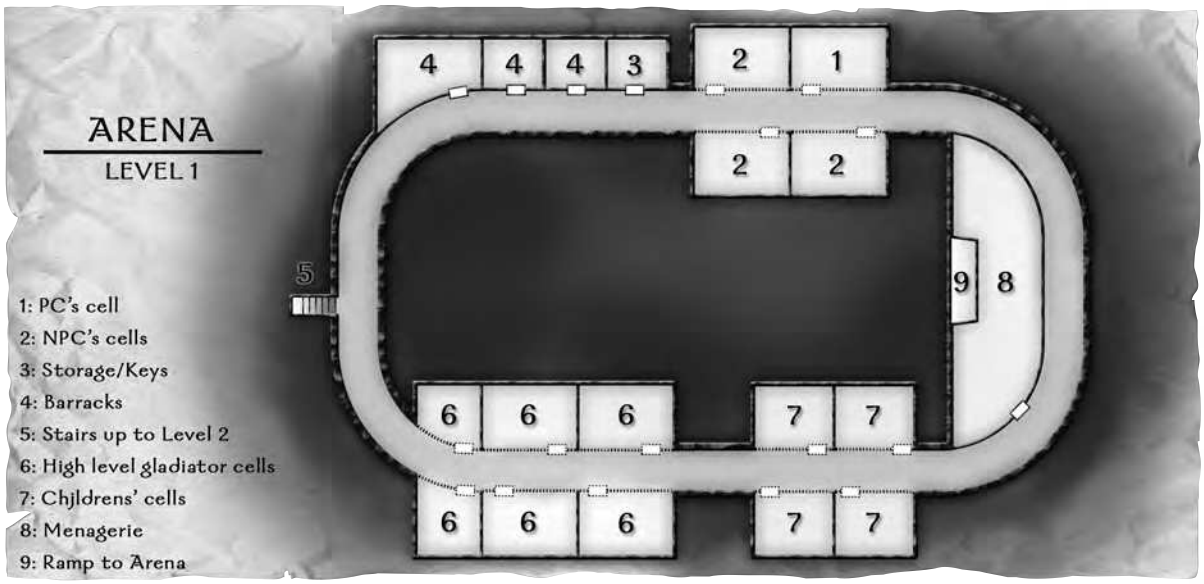
Most gladiators are at the Arena against their wills, even those who are higher level and crowd favorites. They would still prefer freedom to fame, and are quick to take the chance to escape. The curse of serving a debt or prison sentence in the Arena is that if a gladiator loses, she's likely dead or maimed; if she wins, she's on her way to becoming a crowd favorite, and the trolls will keep her as an investment.

The most horrific area is the children's cells. If a gladiator becomes pregnant, her child is taken from her and raised within the Arena, learning nothing of love, books or music. Such children learn only how to fight, training during days when there are no scheduled bouts. Most of these children are freed after they reach adulthood and live within the settlement, staying on as paid gladiators, for it is the only life they know.

Crowd Mentality

The crowds at the Arena are dwindling and will fill barely half of the seats. They will be more excited about the more exotic races prevailing in the fights (but some xenophobes will want the freaks to die) and the more creative battles.

If the GM wishes to set a more regular campaign within the Arena instead of killing off most of the guards and freeing the captive gladiators, crowd mentality can be more influential. If a gladiator becomes a crowd favorite, the guards will give her special treatment, even special items or favors.



Part One: Panic in the Stables

Word of the demon's imminent arrival has reached Bloodstone, who informs both his superiors and his inferiors of the upcoming change to schedules. This news trickles down through the guards to reach the stables.

The GM can read the following boxed text aloud:

> There is panic as the word spreads through the stables.
>
> "It's going to be housed with us!"
>
> "I fought the Legion in the Third War and saw one destroy ten elves!"
>
> "Sari, promise me you'll kill me so I don't have to fight it."
>
> Your fellow gladiators no longer wear the brave and impassive expressions you're used to seeing. Their faces are naked with fear, eyes wide. Gladiators that you've known to look orcs, elves, humans, goblins, even a huge tauren in the face without a flinch are weeping in the corners. They're not afraid of the *chance* of death in the Arena; it is the *certainty* they fear. Every other time they've fought, they had a chance. Some fear the demon will be housed with the sentients instead of in the menagerie — in the stables, where you all live under truce and where you can put the fear of death behind you.
>
> Still, the show must go on. The guards, two large troll warriors, come to your cell and summon the next two to fight. Parla, a young goblin rogue, and Kilrim, an orc barbarian, stand and exit through the barred gate. They leave, casting sidelong glances at each other.

The stables are low enough under the Arena so that only minimal crowd noise is heard. There are four cages: two on either side of the hall, separated by a thick stone wall. The PCs' living area contains enough NPCs to make the total number of occupants ten. The stables are tolerable living conditions, considering the PCs are slaves waiting to die. There is ample food, adequate sleeping space for all sizes and even a side room with books (such as *A History of Azeroth*, a merchant's logbook and *Great Love Letters of the Elves*), chairs, and some badly tuned musical instruments (a battered wooden flute and a short lyre with 2 strings). It should be made clear to the PCs that the trolls do consider their gladiators as investments to be treated well enough not to go mad. They are not permitted weapons or jewelry within the living area and are armed only before going into the Arena.

After a short time, Parla returns, Kilrim leaning on her. The orc lacks a right hand; a white rag is rapidly turning red at his forearm. If none of the PCs move to heal Kilrim, the tauren Naith, one of the healers, will rush up to him.

At this point, the trolls will call the names of the PCs and lead them out to the Arena. They walk familiar hallways past other stable cells, closed doors, and up the stairs to the weapons room. The trolls give the PCs weapons they may or may not be proficient in, including a net and trident. (No exotic or martial weapons come from this simple armory; a troll brings such weapons from an unknown location.) If there is a rogue in the party, she

is given a rope and perhaps other items to make snares. The fighter or barbarian receives the net and trident, and the trolls hand other PCs anything from daggers to short swords. They will not receive any powerful ranged weapons such as bows or crossbows. If there is a wizard in the party, the trolls will allow him time to look at his spellbook, the trolls choosing which spells the wizard will learn. The trolls tell the PCs that they will be fighting harpies (their number will be one greater than the number of PCs), and their job is to capture one and kill the rest. If the PCs kill all the harpies, they will be denied meals for two days.

Make it clear to the players that attacking the trolls is a very bad idea, as they are accomplished gladiators who have been promoted to guards; they are always armed, and they are impossible to surprise.

The harpies (see **Manual of Monsters**, Chapter One) are unarmed, having only their claws to attack. The Arena floor is swept clean of rocks and debris. Ten trolls armed with heavy crossbows sit at the walls to catch any harpies that attempt to escape, or to stop a bout that is going the wrong way (in their opinion).

After their bout, the PCs return to their cells and find Parla the rogue talking to a guard. The guard says proudly that the demon is about one day away, traveling with troll warriors and shamans. If the PCs succeed at a DC 15 Gather Information check, they can learn that the trolls have big plans for the demon. Some fights will be one-on-one, some will be a grand melee. One thing is clear, though: the current gladiators will be treated no better than the beasts in the menagerie. Another orc or human is easy to find for the Arena, but getting another demon may be difficult. However, the guards are perhaps not looking forward to guarding demons instead of the usual gladiators.

That night, the characters will have time to talk to their fellow gladiators. Talking with their cellmates is easiest: The guards don't like captives yelling across the hall to the other cells. Everyone is clearly frightened; all agree that they need to get out. This idea is met with derisive laughter from some and despair from others. The Arena is notoriously difficult to break out of; anyone who has attempted it met with a bloody death in the Arena the following day, paired against something he could not possibly beat.

NPCs Galore

The bonus to running an adventure in a gladiatorial arena full of unwilling participants is the ample number of NPCs available. If the players in your group wish to be fighter-heavy, you can have Parla the goblin assist them in their rogue needs. Wizards and tinkers would benefit from the help of Kilrim the (now) one-handed orc barbarian. Each dormitory in the stable houses around ten gladiators. Below are NPCs to fill your PCs' home — and the party, if necessary.

Parla (female goblin, Rog2): HD 2d6, 7 hp; Init +3; Spd 20 ft.; AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +1; SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ low-light vision; AL N; SV Fort +0 Ref +6, Will +2; Str 11, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 9.

Parla will help the PCs escape once she sees they have a plan, but adopts an "every goblin for herself" attitude once the doors are opened. She will be difficult to count on unless another goblin convinces her otherwise.

Kilrim (male orc, Bbn2): HD 2d12+6, 19 hp; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +2; SA rage 1/day; SQ low-light vision; AL CN; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +1; Str 16, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 9.

Kilrim has been maimed and sinks into a deep depression. He will do nothing to aid the exit from the cell, but will fight beside the PCs once outside if there is an independent or Horde-affiliated PC in the party.

Naith (female tauren, Hlr3): HD 3d8+12, 25 hp; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 9; Base Atk +2; SA spells; AL NG; SV Fort +7, Ref +2, Will +6; Str 11, Dex 12, Con 18, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 11.

Naith is the ideal healer: dedicated to her craft, she will help anyone in need. She will stay with the party if asked, but fights only if directly attacked.

Jai'nor (male high elf, Wiz3): HD 3d4+3, 10 hp;, Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +1; SA spells; SQ darkvision 60 ft.; AL N; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +3; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 17, Wis 11, Cha 7.

Jai'nor suffers from withdrawal: he needs his spellbook. He will be somewhat useful if convinced to stay with the party, but only after his spellbook is retrieved.

Sari Stoneheart (female Ironforge dwarf, Tnk3): HD 3d6, 10 hp; Init +2; Spd 20 ft.; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +2; SQ darkvision 60 ft.; AL LG; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 8, Cha 8.

Sari is amenable to staying with the PCs as long as the party does not consist only of Horde characters. She will be useful in creating a device with which to unlock the door.

Part Two: Opportunity Knocks

The ever-present troll guards call the PCs for another fight the following day. They hand the PCs their weapons, all ranged (bow and 10 arrows, dwarven tossing hammer, 10 darts, a flintlock pistol with one bag of ammo, and a heavy crossbow and 10 bolts). They are going up against 4 venom spiders (see **Manual of Monsters**, Appendix One).

During the battle, one of the four spiders will climb the wall, frightening the spectators. The trolls will take it down with crossbows. The other three will attack with webs and bites for 3 rounds, after which the PCs must make a DC 20 Listen check to hear a commotion in the streets beyond the crowd's cheers. The trolls have arrived with their demon, and the people are panicking. After 1 more round, the characters will notice that the crowds are becoming more interested in what's going on outside the Arena than inside. After another round, troll guards interrupt the fight, bringing down the remaining spiders with nets (or killing those too hurt to bother healing) and commanding the PCs to stop. The trolls confiscate the PCs' weapons, escort them back to their cell and leave quickly.

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text aloud:

> The stables are more riotous than you've ever heard as the people around you demand to know what's going on. You can hear the guards running around on the floors above you, calling for backup. The guards on your floor glance at each other, and as the calls become more and more desperate, they finally leave.
>
> Chaos like this has never happened in the Arena, even when a couple of crocolisks got free from the menagerie. You have never been left without a guard on duty. The hall is empty now, with sounds of carnage and chaos above.

The PCs can fashion a crude lockpick from the items inside the cell (using primarily the lyre strings) with a DC 12 Craft (technological devices)* check (the Build Small Devices* feat would be helpful). With a DC 20 Open Lock check, they can get out, or the door can be broken with a DC 25 Strength check. The gladiators in the cells around the PCs are all panicking and pounding on their doors, although no one is breaking through yet.

When the PCs get free, they must decide where to go. The only familiar route is the way to the Arena, but they do know where the armory is. The gladiators in the other cells bang on the doors, begging to be let out. A small room down the hall from the cells has an unlocked wooden door that is trapped with a simple poison dart trap. Inside are all the keys for the cells (hanging on the walls), 4 clubs and 2 Medium flintlock pistols with 2 bags of ammunition balls.

Poison Dart Trap: CR 3; mechanical; invisible wire; manual reset; Atk +8 ranged (1d4 plus poison, dart); poison (Small centipede poison, Fort DC 13 resists, 1d2 Dex/1d2 Dex); Search DC 15; Disable Device DC 20.

If the PCs make a DC 20 Listen check, they can hear a great thundering boom. Tauren characters and any character from Kalimdor will recognize it as a tauren war stomp, and all PCs can feel the ground shake a bit. Plaster falls from the roof, and those who made their Listen check will also hear beasts growling and crying out.

Avoiding Chaos

If the PCs are of good alignment, leaving their fellows behind will be difficult. There are 3 other cells on their floor, containing 30 more low-level gladiators, mostly kidnapped travelers. If let out, the other gladiators will more likely run in a panic than keep together (this might upset the good PCs who wish to reduce the bloodshed, but will be easier on you as a GM). One or two of the NPCs in the characters' cell will probably stay with them, especially if they are needed, but if the party is made up of primarily one race or affiliation, members of other races and/or affiliations will likely stay away from the party and go their own way. The truce that kept the peace inside the cell walls starts to erode as the captives are freed.

There are three more doors past the trapped office. The hallway curves to the left slightly, with closed doors on the right about every 30 feet. The first room's door is unlocked and appears to be a crude living area for the guards. Inside, the PCs will find troll clothing, helmets to fit Medium humanoids, 4 clubs, and 2 locked chests (Open Lock DC 15). The chest on the right has 12 sp and 3 gp, and the one on the left has 5 gp.

The second and third doors are also untrapped and unlocked. The second room is also a living area, containing 2 clubs, 1 battleaxe and 2 locked

chests (Open Lock DC 15). The first chest contains 4 sp and the second contains a dagger. The third room holds only 4 beds, but with a closer look (Search DC 20) the PCs will find a masterwork light crossbow underneath one of the mattresses.

After the third door is the stairway leading up. The hallway continues curving around to the left toward areas that the PCs have never seen. They feel another war stomp from outside, and more plaster falls. Shouts of non-troll voices issue from down the hall. If they head further down the hall, the PCs will find more cages emptying of older and clearly more seasoned gladiators. One gladiator, a male human of about 45 years, will tell them to get the hell out before the trolls come back. The beasts have broken out of the menagerie and the ceiling looks ready to fall in from whatever's going on outside. If the party looks to be carrying extra weapons, he'll ask for one, saying the children are trapped further down the hall.

Creature: Marcus isn't looking for a fight.

Marcus (male human, Ftr5/Gla2): HD 7d10+14, 52 hp; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +7; SA Supreme Cleave; SQ command; AL CG; SV Fort +9, Ref +3, Will +2; Str 18, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 9, Wis 12, Cha 11.

The party will have 20 rounds of safe time in the Arena's underbelly before the ceiling falls in from the shocks of combat outside. They will feel war stomps every 5 rounds, dropping more plaster from the ceiling each time. The children's cages are 100 feet from the high-level gladiators'. If the PCs choose to free the children with Marcus, the children's cages can be breached with a DC 20 Open Lock check or a DC 30 Strength check. After the children are free, they and Marcus will run toward the stairs. After 20 rounds, the ceiling will cave in, causing 3d8 points of crushing damage to everyone still in the lower levels. If the PCs survive, a DC 15 Strength check is required every 10 feet to move debris to make it out.

A locked wooden door awaits 200 feet beyond the children's cages. It leads to a room filled with

rubble; the ceiling has already cracked and partially fallen in here. The menagerie and the beastmasters' quarters lie beyond, and the beasts and beastmasters have either died or escaped in the chaos. Three gnolls will be rooting around in the remains of the menagerie, and will attack when they see the PCs.

Creatures: Three scavenging gnolls attack anyone who enters.

Gnolls (4): hp 11 each. See **Manual of Monsters**, Chapter One: Creatures of Azeroth.

When the PCs go upstairs and head to the armory, they will encounter a wounded troll fleeing the Arena. She looks terrified and is armed with a club.

Creature: The troll guard is torn between duty and flight.

Guard, female forest troll Ftr2: CR 4; Large monstrous humanoid; HD 2d8+2d10+15, 35 hp (10 currently); Init +2; Spd 20 ft.; AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +4; Grp +11; Atk +6 melee (1d8+3, Large club) or +6 melee (1d6+3, claw); Full Atk +6 melee (1d8+3, Large club) or +6 melee (1d6+3, 2 claws); SQ darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 2; AL LE; SV Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +2; Str 17, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 7.

Skills: Hide +1 (+5 in forested areas), Jump +5.

Feats: Blind-Fight, Cleave, Power Attack, Toughness.

Possessions: Club, helmet, hide armor.

When the PCs reach the armory, they will find two of every simple weapon inside. The trolls lock the exotic weapons (including nets and rope) elsewhere. As they exit the armory, the PCs come face-to-face with some escaped creatures from the menagerie that are wandering the Arena and investigating the open door. A pair of timber wolves blocks the hallway, apparently fleeing the stronger animals in the Arena. Exit through the Arena is impossible, as 20-foot tall smooth concrete walls stretch up to the stands, and it is patrolled by loosed creatures: 3 gnolls, 2 hippogryphs (with their wings clipped, naturally), a kodo beast, a salamander and a thunder lizard look for exits from the Arena, occasionally snapping at each other. As they head down the hall, the PCs will feel one last rumble. If anyone is left below them in the cages, they will scream as the ceiling caves in. The floor, and the Arena floor, remains stable.

Creatures: The timber wolves are unwilling to back down.

Timber Wolves (2): hp 13 each. See **Manual of Monsters**, Appendix One.

What's Going On Outside?

The demon, free of its bonds, is laying waste to the streets outside. Hopeful warriors are attempting to kill it, including a group of tauren who have tried their war stomp to little effect. The Arena, ruins to begin with, has started to buckle, causing the lower levels to collapse. If the characters return to the main Arena area, they will find the floor stable. Bloodstone is beside himself with fury: his new moneymaker is loose, and people have the audacity to try to kill *his* slave. He has called all his troll guards and ordered them to capture the demon, and to make sure the wanna-be heroes do not kill it. When enough of his troops die from outside attacks, he will enter the fray to protect his demon, who will of course try to kill him.

Part Three: Demon and Captor

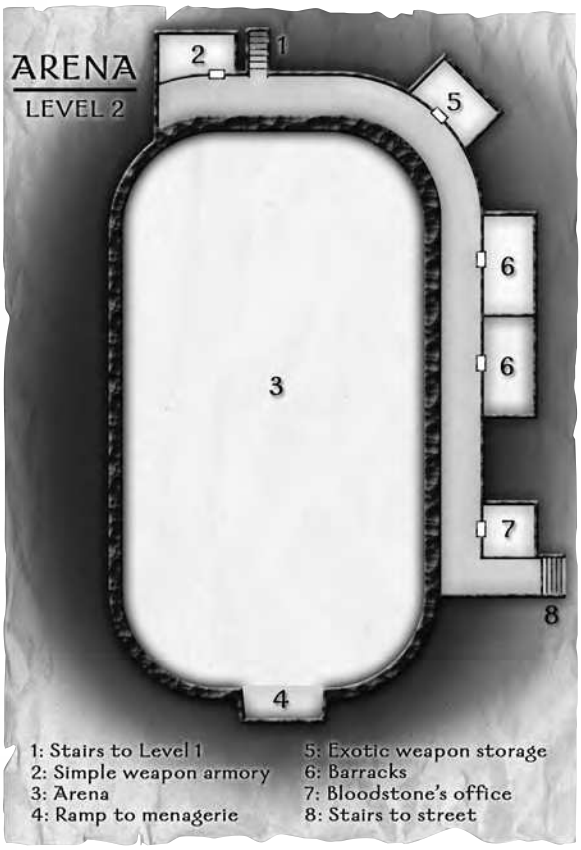
The Arena offices are not nearly as complex as the PCs might fear. At the top of the stairs are 3 wooden doors and 1 iron door, and at the end of the corridor is a wooden door open to the street. The wooden door to the right is locked (Open Lock DC 20) and leads to a large 50-foot x 50-foot storeroom that has the exotic weapons, rope and healer's supplies the group requires. This is the room that also holds the equipment taken from the PCs when they were captured, so they can re-equip themselves. Note that all money and magic items are gone, but spellbooks, exotic weapons and the like are all still here.

The two wooden doors to the left are closed, each holding 1 injured troll guard, nursing his wounds. The trolls will attack if disturbed or if they hear the PCs in the hall. The rooms look to be guard barracks with 4 crude beds, 2 tables containing uneaten meals and 3 locked chests each (Open Lock DC 15). The 6 chests hold, respectively: 3 sp; 4 gp; a masterwork dagger; a *potion of cure light wounds*; a goblin army knife; 10 gp.

Creatures: The 2 wounded trolls would really like some peace and quiet, but they can't ignore gladiators escaping under their noses.

Guard (wounded), male forest troll Ftr2: See statistics for female forest troll Ftr2, above.

The final door is locked (Open Lock DC 20) with another poison dart trap (see Part Two, above). Inside is



Bloodstone's office, with a window overlooking the main street. A DC 10 Spot check will reveal the fight outside the Arena: Bloodstone and his remaining warriors have engaged the crowd, and the demon still attacks anyone who moves (or doesn't move, for that matter). Several fat books line Bloodstone's shelf, each holding a detailed list of every gladiator who has passed through these gates, how she came to "work" for the Arena, and how she died.

On his desk is a half-written letter in Common, with an overturned bottle of ink marring the top of the desk. The GM can read the following boxed text aloud:

> Madame Pustoe,
>
> I would humbly like to offer you an idea to make the Arena more profitable. As you have been so kind to point out to me, your wretched servant, profits are falling and the pathetic beings we have in the stables simply aren't bringing in the money. If my current attempt at exciting the crowds manages to increase revenues, I would like to suggest bringing in more demons, perhaps even making the Arena demon-only, once our current stables are depleted. I believe the demons will be amenable to a trade of 10 sorcerers for one of their demons—

The desk drawer is locked (Open Lock DC 15) with a poison dart trap (see Part Two, above) and contains 2 vials of Small centipede poison and 3 darts, a small chest with 100 gp, a grenade bomb and a *+1 dwarven tossing hammer*.

Outside, the melee has reached the door. Most of the combatants are dead or fleeing; only Bloodstone, a single troll and the demon remain. Bloodstone and his gladiator are attempting to bring the demon down without killing it, while the demon is attacking them with all its might. Many of the PCs' fellow gladiators' bodies litter the street, along with several of their captors and various citizens of and visitors to the town. The PCs face several choices: fight the demon with Bloodstone; fight Bloodstone first; split their forces; or, simply run. If they choose to run, the demon and the troll will be too involved with each other to attack. If the PCs choose to fight, Bloodstone will do everything he can to protect his demon, while the demon will continue to attack him, ignoring the PCs until one of them does damage to him.

Creatures: Both trolls and the demon are intent on each other and will only attack the PCs if provoked.

Guard (wounded), male forest troll Ftr2: See statistics for female forest troll Ftr2, above.

Bloodstone (wounded), male forest troll Ftr5: CR 7; Large monstrous humanoid; HD 2d8+5d10+38, hp 74 (35 currently); Init +8; Spd 20 ft.; AC 18, touch 13, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +7; Grp +17; Atk +15 melee (2d6+7/x3, *+1 Large battleaxe*) or +13 melee (1d6+6, claw); Full Atk +15/+10 melee (2d6+7/x3, *+1 Large battleaxe*) or +13 (1d6+7, 2 claws); SQ darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 2; AL LE; SV Fort +9, Ref +8, Will +4; Str 22, Dex 18, Con 20, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 6.

Skills: Climb +11, Hide +5 (+9 in forested areas), Intimidate +3, Jump +11, Listen +2, Spot +2.

Feats: Cleave, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (battleaxe).

Possessions: +1 Large battleaxe, masterwork hide armor, *potion of cure light wounds*.

Kran'zhanen (wounded), male felguard: current hp 15. See Chapter Two: The Burning Legion in **Manual of Monsters** for felguard stats.

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs succeed in killing the demon and Bloodstone, they will have the Arena left in their

hands, along with the escaped beasts and the owners of the Arena — who will soon come to investigate their massive losses. Finding some other gladiators in the settlements to help cage the animals or get the Arena back on its feet may be possible. There is also the matter of the children raised in the Arena, if they made it out alive. If the PCs choose to leave the area, they should be somewhat well equipped to get where they wish to go. They will likely be hunted and perhaps blamed for the destruction of the Arena's population. No one ever said trolls are logical.

Dark Iron Chains

"Dark Iron Chains" is a **Warcraft RPG** adventure designed for four 6th-level heroes. The heroes can be of any race or class, though Ironforge dwarves are particularly appropriate. Boxed text is meant to be read aloud or paraphrased to the players.

The action takes place in Khaz Modan's Badlands and involves the Dark Iron dwarves.

Adventure Background

Rumholt Thunderaxe, an Ironforge dwarf belonging to the Explorers' Guild, studied the Dark Irons for many months after learning of their reemergence. The Dark Irons had diverged from their Ironforge heritage in the few hundred years since the War of Three Hammers, gaining new abilities and losing old ones. Even their physical structure was different. Investigations into Rumholt's own family tree revealed that two of his ancestors — his grandfather's cousins — joined the Dark Irons during the war. Curiosity spurred Rumholt to great feats of research, but he finally realized that study in his comfortable Ironforge home was not enough.

One year ago, Rumholt purchased a magic item able to change his appearance (a *hat of disguise*) from a passing goblin merchant. Rumholt left a letter for his son Dedrik, who was abroad fighting troggs in the Wetlands. This letter stated that Rumholt was leaving to "conduct field research" but left the specifics vague; it also stated that Rumholt did not know when he would return. With that, Rumholt left Ironforge and set out for the Badlands.

When he was safely away from the dwarven capital, Rumholt donned his *hat of disguise* and altered his appearance to resemble a Dark Iron dwarf. A few days later he encountered a Dark Iron band searching for ruins. Rumholt gave his name as M'nath Pikesplitter (his traitorous ancestors bore the Pikesplitter surname in the War of Three Hammers). Rumholt claimed to be the sole survivor of a sudden gnoll attack. The Dark Irons warily accepted Rumholt's company and headed back toward their headquarters to show this new acquisition to their chieftain, a dwarf called Bakthet. On the way, an ogre group ambushed the band. Rumholt drew his axe and fought alongside the Dark Irons, and his dedication and prowess impressed his new companions. Rumholt entered the Dark Iron cave a hero — something he had never been in Ironforge.

Rumholt lived with the Dark Irons for months, partaking in their rituals and forays against troggs, gnolls and other Badlands creatures. He was a more competent fighter than many of them, having honed his skills in the Second and Third Wars. Soon the Dark Irons not only accepted him, they honored him. They taught him their histories and the stories from the times before the War of Three Hammers — from their perspective, of course. Rumholt sympathized with them. He understood why his Pikesplitter ancestors had defected, and he was proud to wear their name.

Rumholt became more and more Dark Iron as time went on. He was not evil, but neither did he think the Dark Irons were evil, just misunderstood and justifiably vengeful. Rumholt did not participate in an attack against an Ironforge caravan, but neither did he condemn it.

Six months after Rumholt joined the clan, a trogg band broke into the cave system. The troggs rampaged through the caverns, killing many before the Dark Irons defeated them. Among the dead was the chieftain Bakthet. A few Dark Irons threw Rumholt's name (actually, M'nath's name) into the running to become the new chieftain. Rumholt defeated his rivals in combat and became the clan's new leader, claiming the fallen chief's magic pendant as his prize.

Rumholt was ecstatic about his new position. Now he could be with the people he had come to respect and who respected him. And in his leadership position he could ensure that the Dark Irons fought only against evil creatures.

Yet Rumholt missed his son. Dedrik was Rumholt's only family, and he had not seen him in many long

months. Rumholt knew that, patriotic as Dedrik was, once he truly saw the Dark Irons he would understand and stay with his father. Rumholt simply had to figure out a way to get him to his side.

One year after leaving Ironforge, Rumholt's scouts told him of a solitary Ironforge dwarf making his way across the Badlands. Rumholt recognized his son from the description. He was overjoyed. Though he briefly toyed with the idea of having his warriors abduct Dedrik, he dismissed that plan because it would only serve to demonstrate the Dark Irons' violent nature.

Instead, Rumholt planted a message where Dedrik would be sure to find it. The message stated that Rumholt had been captured by Dark Iron dwarves and was being held prisoner. "I do not believe they mean to harm me, but please come quickly!" the message pleads. Rumholt knew that this would draw his son to his side. What he did not count on was Dedrik hiring a group of heroes to help him.

Adventure Synopsis

The heroes, roaming the Badlands, meet Dedrik Thunderaxe, a young dwarf searching for his father. Dedrik recently discovered a message from his father saying that the older dwarf had been captured. The message also gives directions to his location. Of course Dedrik wishes to rescue his father, but he does not know how dangerous the caves will be. He asks the heroes to accompany him.

If they accept, Dedrik and the PCs journey to a cave system controlled by Dark Iron dwarves. Rumholt had everything arranged, but did not plan on his son hiring mercenaries. He does not particularly want to kill the heroes but has few options. He orders his men to slay his son's companions if they must, but take Dedrik alive.

The heroes delve through the complex, combating Dark Iron dwarves and their various allies. Finally, they reach the clan's leader — M'Nath Pikesplitter (Rumholt in disguise). Rumholt cannot bring himself to kill good people (who are also Dedrik's friends) and surrenders, telling his son everything. The heroes must decide what to do with Rumholt.

Yet the magic necklace Rumholt took from the dead chieftain has a hidden power. This item is a *dark ruby*‡ and allows one of Ragnaros' servants to keep tabs on the wearer. Rumholt's *dark ruby* is

under the purview of a fire elemental called Flarion, and he does not like Rumholt's story. The elemental teleports to the cavern to incinerate the traitor.

For the Heroes

The adventure begins in the Badlands. The heroes could be in the Badlands for any number of reasons, including the following:

- Searching for titan ruins (perhaps at Ironforge's behest).
- Hunting monsters.
- Trying to drive the troggs away from Uldaman.
- Patrolling the area for Kargath.
- Chasing a fugitive.
- Searching for Rumholt Thunderaxe. (Dedrik could have hired the PCs in Ironforge or elsewhere; in this case, the GM must slightly amend the adventure's opening.) One of the heroes may even be a relative or friend of Rumholt or his son.

The heroes' location in the Badlands does not matter; the GM can relocate the dungeon easily. The default setting places the dungeon about 50 miles southeast of Kargath.

When you are ready to begin, read or paraphrase the following boxed text:

> The Badlands lives up to its name. The earth is baked dry and terribly hot. Shattered rocks litter the ground like broken bones, and crags thrust into the air like fossilized spines. Dust covers the ground, stings eyes and coats mouths.
>
> A sudden rumbling of hooves sounds through the air. A rider approaches you rapidly from the west. As he closes, you can see that he is a dwarf upon a brown pony. He waves his arm and shouts, but hoof beats and distance drown his words.
>
> Finally he reaches you, puffing heavily. He has a large brown beard, a waraxe strapped to his side and a blunderbuss slung across his back. Dust covers his tattered blue cloak and heavy mail.
>
> "Greetings to you, travelers," he huffs, swinging down from his pony. "Anyone journeying in this horrible place must be resourceful. My name is Dedrik Thunderaxe." He thrusts out his arm.

After the heroes give their names, continue with the following boxed text:

> "Pleased to meet you, pleased. I've got a bit of a problem I was wondering if you could help me with, if you've time.
>
> "Y'see, my father, Rumholt Thunderaxe, is a member of the Explorer's Guild. About a year ago, he left our home in Ironforge. I was fighting in the Wetlands at the time, and when I got home I found a note from my dad that said he was going to do 'field research.' Now that was a bit surprising, since Dad's not much of a mover. But he did pick up some skills in the Second and Third Wars, so I wasn't too worried. At least, not for a while. But he's been gone for a long time now. I asked around, but no one seemed to know where he'd gone. Dad didn't really have any friends, anyway. So I went out myself to try to find him. I knew he had been doing research on Dark Iron dwarves, so I came to the Badlands.
>
> "And it's a good thing I did! Look, just yesterday I found this note near an abandoned camp site." Dedrik removes a wrinkled scrap from his pouch.

At this time, show the players the note on the next page, immediately before "Dungeon Features" (or jot it down on a scrap of paper).

> "So I'm on my way to rescue my dad. I don't know how long ago this was written, but I better go quickly. Thank the Light I ran into you folks. I'd'a gone in there on my own otherwise, no matter the danger. So what say you? Will you help me rescue my dad?"

If the heroes ask about payment, Dedrik can offer them 500 gp apiece, but not until they get back to Ironforge (he brought only 70 gp for supplies). Dedrik answers any other questions as best he can, though he does not know much more.

If the heroes agree, Dedrik thanks them heartily and they set out. Traveling to the dungeon takes a good day or two, depending on where the GM locates the complex. If the players are itching for some combat, feel free to throw a wandering band of gnolls, troggs or ogres their way (EL 7 or 8 is appropriate). Otherwise, the journey is uneventful.

Dedrik Thunderaxe, male Ironforge dwarf Ftr5: CR 5; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 5d10+10, hp 44; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 19, touch 10, flat-footed 19; Base Atk +5; Grp +8; Atk +10 melee (1d10+6/x3, dwarven waraxe); Full Atk +10 melee (1d10+6/x3, dwarven waraxe) or +5 ranged (special, blunderbuss); SQ darkvision 60 ft., stability, stonecunning, stone flesh (+2 AC for 7 rounds), +2 racial bonus on saving throws against poison, +1 racial bonus on

attack rolls against giants; AL LG; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +3; Str 16, Dex 11, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: Listen +8, Spot +8.

Feats: Alertness, Foe Hunter (troggs)‡, Lightning Reflexes, Weapon Focus (dwarven waraxe), Weapon Specialization (dwarven waraxe).

Possessions: +1 dwarven waraxe, blunderbuss, masterwork half-plate, masterwork heavy steel shield, 70 gp.

To anyone who finds this:

I have been captured by Dark Iron dwarves! They are nice enough so far, but are holding me prisoner. I do not believe they mean to harm me, but please help! The cave they are taking me to is about 50 miles southeast of Kargath, beneath a plateau.

Please hurry!

– Rumholt Thunderaxe

Dungeon Features

Rumholt's Dark Iron dwarves live in a cave system carved ages ago by an underground stream. The water is long since dried, but its handiwork remains. Though the caves were naturally formed, the Dark Irons have shaped, strengthened and improved them. Walls are carved stone, reinforced in places with iron slats. Doors are also iron, unless otherwise specified.

Reinforced Stone Walls: 5 feet thick (at least); hardness 8; hp 540; Break DC 50; Climb DC 20.

Iron Doors: 2 inches thick; hardness 10; hp 60; Break DC 28.

Random Encounters

The only creatures in this complex are Dark Iron dwarves and their allies. The dungeon is also small, so random encounters are rare. If you feel that the heroes are taking particularly long to do something or are being especially noisy about it, nearby creatures may move to investigate.

Approaching the Dungeon (EL 7)

A small plateau stands in the Badlands, its surface 20 feet above its surroundings. In the plateau's southern side is a cave leading into the dungeon. Rumholt's shaman ally, the gnoll Rerjik Mashnose, planted a *sentry ward*†† atop the plateau and keeps constant watch for Dedrik. Thus, unless the heroes are especially stealthy, Rerjik warns the Dark Irons of their approach. The PCs may spot the totem (it has a +8 Hide bonus due to its size) and destroy it, but by this time Rerjik will probably have seen them.

If Rerjik spots the approaching heroes, he examines them for a few rounds before reporting to Rumholt. Under normal circumstances, the gnoll sees the PCs when they are still several hundred yards from the dungeon entrance. Rumholt is initially very pleased that his son heeded his summons, but grows dismayed when Rerjik tells him of Dedrik's companions. He does not wish to slay these newcomers but sees no other choice. Finally, he orders a group of his warriors to release their trained dire lion on the heroes and bring Dedrik back alive. Rumholt then sits back to wait for his son. Guilt and uncertainty addle his thinking, and he does not consider that the approaching party might best his dwarves. He leaves the attack in Rerjik's charge and retires to Area 7 to brood.

If the heroes bypass the totem, the GM must amend several of the following encounters. Rumholt and his minions undertake similar tactics in either case, and the chief makes identical commands and actions (as above) when he learns of intruders.

Creatures: Unless the heroes defeated the *sentry ward* before Rerjik spotted them, a group of Dark Iron dwarves attacks when the PCs are about 100 feet from the dungeon. They release their dire lion upon the heroes while they themselves stand near the cave entrance with their rifles.

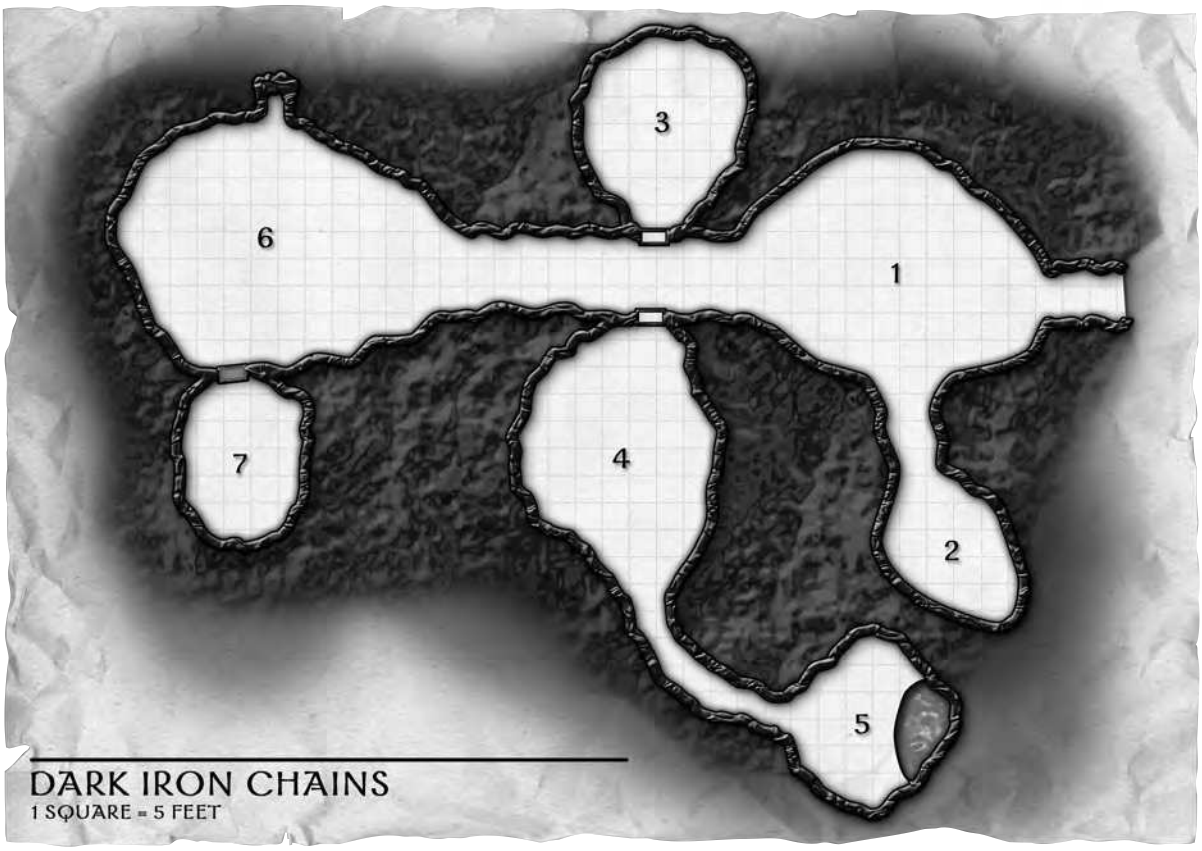
Dire Lion: hp 60. See *MM*, Chapter 1: Monsters A to Z. The lion wears an iron collar with two large loops on the top.

Dark Iron Dwarves, male and female War3 (4): CR 2; Medium humanoid (Dark Iron dwarf); HD 3d8, hp 14 each; Init +2; Spd 15 ft. (breastplate; base 20 ft.); AC 17 (19 with shield), touch 12, flat-footed 15 (17 with shield); Base Atk +3; Grp +4; Atk +4 melee (1d8+1/x3, bayonet‡); Full Atk +4 melee (1d8+1/x3, bayonet‡) or +4 melee (1d10+1/x3, dwarven battle hammer‡), or +5 ranged (3d6/x3, long rifle); SQ darkvision 60 ft., fire magic affinity, resistance to fire 8, stonecunning, +2 on saves versus poison; AL CE; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skill: Intimidate +5.

Feats: Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot.

Possessions: Breastplate; heavy steel shield; dwarven battle hammer‡; long rifle with bayonet‡; ring, earring or other simple item worth 100 gp.



Tactics: The dire lion is trained to ignore dwarves and does not attack them (if all non-dwarf PCs fall, the lion eats corpses). The Dark Irons stand at the cave entrance and fire their rifles at anyone but Dedrik, whom they have orders to take alive. If the heroes defeat the dire lion, the Dark Irons flee into the Badlands. They plan to creep around and observe the outcome of the PCs' foray, and then rejoin their clan (if the Dark Irons triumph) or report back to their elemental masters at Blackrock Spire (if the heroes do).

Encounters

Consult the map for keyed encounters.

Area 1: Entrance (EL 6)

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text for the players:

> A short hallway opens into a large cavern. The cave looks natural, shaped with chisels and reinforced with iron bands. Passages to the west and north lead into darkness. Several dwarves sit around a stone table, weapons in hand. They are deformed, malignant copies of Ironforge dwarves. Their skin is pale ashen, their hair and beards black, bleak white or sickly yellow. Their eyes burn orange. They leap to their feet with shouts of surprise.

These dwarves were expecting their companions to come in, dragging a comatose or restrained Dedrik (though they had their weapons drawn, just in case).

Creatures: This room contains 4 Dark Iron warriors.

Dark Iron Dwarves (4): hp 14 each. See "Approaching the Dungeon," above, for statistics. These dwarves do not possess rifles.

Tactics: Three dwarves engage the intruders while the fourth bolts down the north corridor to fetch Revith One-Ear from Area 3.

Area 2: Lion's Cave

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text for the players:

> This small cave smells of animal, feces and rotting meat. A pile of dry grasses lies in one corner. Thick chains hang from two iron rings set into the west wall. Bones, meat scraps and other filth are scattered across the floor.

This chamber housed the trained dire lion. If the heroes avoided the animal earlier, it is here.

Treasure: The Dark Irons feed the lion myriad delicacies, including gnolls. One gnoll had a secret pocket that the dwarves did not find; the lion consumed the gnoll, pocket and all. The gnoll's emerald and silver ring (300 gp) passed through the lion's digestive track and is now hidden in the muck (Search DC 22 to discover).

Area 3: Revith's Chambers (EL 5)

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text for the players:

> Someone obviously lives here. A dirty puma pelt in one corner looks to be a bed. A large chest stands near the pelt and various personal items — clothes, utensils, a few scraps of paper — are scattered around the chamber. The outline of a dwarf is chalked onto the east wall, and X's mark the body's vital areas.

This room belongs to Revith One-Ear, a particularly sadistic Dark Iron. Revith was next in line to become chieftain before "M'Nath" showed up. Revith did not particularly want to be chieftain, so he harbors no resentment toward the new arrival. In fact, M'Nath slew several troggs before they ransacked Revith's personal treasury, so the Dark Iron respects the new chief. Since the trogg attack, Revith carries all his personal belongings with him.

Creatures: Revith is cruel, cunning and selfish. He savors bloodshed so long as it does not put him in danger. He is particularly fond of his *rings of ghostly duels*‡ and has contacts that allow him to acquire more such rings cheaply. Revith is ugly, with thick scars crossing his face and a tangled, patchwork beard. Revith lost an ear to the dire lion (see Area 2) during the animal's capture and hates the lion.

Revith One-Ear, male Dark Iron dwarf Rog3/Sor2: CR 5; Medium humanoid (Dark Iron dwarf); HD 3d6+2d4+5, hp 20; Init +3; Spd 20 ft.; AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +3; Grp +4; Atk +5 melee (1d8+1/19–20, longsword); Full Atk +5 melee (1d8+1/19–20, longsword) or +6 ranged (3d6/x3, flintlock pistol); SA sneak attack +2d6, spells; SQ darkvision 60 ft., evasion, familiar, trapfinding, trap sense +1, fire magic affinity, resistance to fire 11, stonecunning, +2 on saves vs. poison; AL CE; SV Fort +1, Ref +6, Will +3; Str 12, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 9, Cha 18.

Skills: Bluff +10, Climb +4, Concentration +7, Disable Device +7, Hide +9, Listen +6§, Move Silently +9, Search +7, Spot +7§, Use Magic Device +10.

Feats: Alertness§, Combat Expertise, Improved Feint.

§ While Revith's familiar is within arm's reach. Revith receives a –1 penalty to Listen checks due to his missing ear.

Sorcerer Spells Known (6/5; save DC 14 + spell level): 0— *daze, detect magic, ghost sound, prestidigitation, read magic*; 1st— *burning hands§, shield*.

§ This is a fire spell, and thus is affected by Revith's fire magic affinity.

Possessions: Masterwork longsword, flintlock pistol, two *rings of ghostly duels*‡, *potion of aid, potion of invisibility, potion of mage armor, potion of troll flesh*††.

Sneak, lizard familiar: hp 10. See *MM*, Chapter 2: Animals.

Tactics: If alerted to combat, Revith prepares himself carefully. He downs his *potions of mage armor*, *invisibility* and *aid* (in that order) and casts *shield*. This routine increases his AC to 21 (touch 17, flat-footed 18) and grants him a +1 morale bonus on attack rolls and 1d8+3 temporary hit points. He then moves out and maneuvers invisibly, sizing up the opposition. He uses a *ring of ghostly duels*‡ on a weak-looking enemy and engages her in incorporeal melee combat. Revith uses his Improved Feint feat to sneak attack his opponent.

If Revith defeats his incorporeal foe or does not get a chance to use his ring, his next tactic is to cast *burning hands* repeatedly on as many PCs as possible. He knows his allies are resistant to the spell's damage. If severely wounded (fewer than 8 hit points), Revith attempts to flee (using his second *ring of ghostly duels* if necessary) and drink his *potion of troll flesh*†† to recover.

If surprised, Revith uses a *ring of ghostly duels* at the first opportunity.

Area 4: Barracks

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text for the players:

> Many furs, perhaps a dozen, lie scattered across the floor. A chest stands close to each fur. Personal objects — books, clothing, weapons and the like — are strewn about haphazardly.

This room houses the bulk of the small Dark Iron tribe (the dwarves found outside the dungeon, in Areas 2 and 6, and some patrolling the Badlands). None are currently within.

Area 5: Spring (EL 7)

The passage leading to this chamber slopes steeply downward. As the heroes progress deeper, they notice condensation on the walls and a sulfuric taint to the air. The moisture and smell increase the closer they get to this area.

Steam fills this chamber, which must be about 30 feet around. Water beads on the walls and runs down in rivulets. A 10-foot-wide pool on the far end bubbles continuously. Wooden buckets stand near the pool, and several more are lined up against the walls.

Suspended above the bubbling pool is a heavyset humanoid skeleton, hanging from manacled chains that dangle from the ceiling. The bones still bear bits of flesh and clothing, though the jawbone is missing. The rotten-egg stench of sulfur is overpowering.

This natural hot spring serves as a water source for the Dark Irons. They scoop the water up in buckets and then stand the buckets against the wall to cool. Eventually, Rerjik Mashnose casts *purify food and drink* to rid it of a pesky disease (see "Trap," below).

The skeleton above the pool belonged to a captured orc from Kargath. Close inspection reveals many bullet holes (and a few lodged bullets) in the arms and legs. (Rumholt did not participate in the orc's capture or torture, but he did not protest against it.)

The steam grants concealment (20% miss chance) to everything in this room. The conditions have also drawn 4 steam mephits.

Creatures: The mephits get along well with the Dark Irons, who find them amusing, but eagerly attack other interlopers.

Steam Mephits: hp 13 each. See *MM*, Chapter 1: Monsters A to Z.

Tactics: The mephits rarely get a chance to do some damage, so they fight with enthusiasm. They all begin by using their boiling rainstorm ability from the far side of the pool, then each attempts to summon another steam mephit that uses *its* boiling rainstorm ability. The mephits then flit about the chamber breathing steam and raking with their claws. They use their flight and the hot spring to their tactical advantage, submerging themselves in the pool to heal.

Trap: Though not exactly a trap, the near-boiling pool is a dangerous obstacle. In addition to heat and drowning dangers, the spring houses a disease-causing amoeba.

Boiling Spring: CR 6; natural hazard; automatic reset; 1d6 points of fire damage/round of exposure (10d6 for complete immersion); disease (amoeba — effects identical to mindfire [see *DMG*, Chapter 8: Glossary], Fort DC 12, incubation 1 day, 1d4 Int).

Treasure: The captured orc managed to secret a magic item from his captors — a *major ring of acid resistance* — by holding it in his mouth. After the Dark Irons strung him up, the orc spat the ring into pool below so that his torturers would never find it. The ring lies on a ledge 50 feet down, along with the orc's jawbone. A diving character can attempt a DC 15 Search check to find the ring. A DC 30 Spot check allows a character on the shore to discern the ring below.

Area 6: Throne Room (EL 7)

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text for the players:

This large chamber houses several stone shelves and bookcases, sparsely filled with tomes and scrolls. A tunnel in the east wall extends for about 5 feet before it is blocked by a wall of loose rock, as if a cave-in collapsed the passage. An orange carpet stretches from the cavern's entrance to a rocky throne at the far end. Several wooden chairs stand near the throne. Near one of them crouches a gnoll wearing a loincloth and several leather straps crossing his mangy pelt. He holds an enormous flail in both hands. Three Dark Iron dwarves, bayoneted rifles at the ready, stand nearby.

This room is Rumholt's throne room, though the chieftain is now idling nervously in Area 7. The gnoll is Rerjik Mashnose; he serves as a last line of defense. Rerjik is also the *de facto* commander while Rumholt broods. If he hears the heroes fighting in other areas of the complex, he sets up an ambush (adjust the above boxed text accordingly).

The secret door in the west wall is locked (Open Lock DC 22; Rerjik has the key) and trapped (see below).

Secret Stone Door: 4 in. thick; hardness 8; hp 60; Break DC 28; Open Lock DC 22; Search DC 20.

Trap: Attempts to open the secret door without the key, break it down or pick the lock cause four

poisoned spears to shoot out of the wall, floor and ceiling (two in the wall on opposite sides of the door striking diagonally, one in the ceiling and one in the floor striking vertically). The spears reset themselves in a few rounds, though a Dark Iron needs to reapply the poison manually (the poison-bearing warriors are currently on patrol in the Badlands).

Poison Spear Trap: CR 6; mechanical; location trigger; automatic reset; Atk +16 melee (1d8+4 plus poison, 4 spears); single target (target directly in front of the door); poison (Large monstrous scorpion venom, DC 18 Fort save resists, 1d6 Str/1d6 Str); Search DC 19; Disable Device DC 23.

Creatures: Rerjik Mashnose and his Dark Iron bodyguards lurk in this cavern.

Dark Iron Dwarves (3): hp 18 each. See "Approaching the Dungeon," above.

Rerjik Mashnose, male gnoll Bbn3/Hlr1/Sha1: CR 6; Medium humanoid (gnoll); HD 3d12+4d8+14, hp 70; Init +6; Spd 30 ft. (mithril half-plate; base 40 ft.); AC 21, touch 12, flat-footed 19; Base Atk +4; Grp +8; Atk +10 melee (1d10+6/19–20, heavy flail); Full Atk +10 melee (1d10+6/19–20, heavy flail); SA rage 1/day (7 rounds); SQ darkvision 60 ft., evil touch, spontaneous casting (*inflict* spells), trap sense +1, uncanny dodge, weather sense +2; AL CE; SV Fort +12, Ref +3, Will +8; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 18, Cha 6.

Skills: Concentration +4, Listen +11, Spot +6.

Feats: Brew Potion, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (heavy flail).

Typical Divine Spells Prepared (4/3; save DC 14 + spell level): 0—*cure minor wounds, detect magic, purify food and drink, read magic*; 1st—*cause fear, sentry ward*†† (already cast), *shield of faith*.

Possessions: Masterwork heavy flail, *+1 mithril half-plate, periapt of wisdom +2, runed bracers (SR 13)*††, *potion of cure critical wounds, lesser mana potion*††, key to the secret door.

While Raging: As above, except: hp 84; AC 19, touch 10, flat-footed 17; Grp +10; Atk +12 melee (1d10+9/19–20, heavy flail); Full Atk +12 melee (1d10+9/19–20, heavy flail); SV Fort +14, Will +10; Str 22, Con 19.

Tactics: Rerjik does his best to kill the PCs and capture Dedrik. He and his men use the throne and chairs for cover (they are already in position if Rerjik organized an ambush) and fire rifles and spells at the heroes for as long as they can. Rerjik casts *shield of faith* at the earliest opportunity (he casts this spell before the battle, if possible), following this spell up with *cause fear* at the toughest fighter or anyone engaged in melee. He then charges, targeting spellcasters first, if able. Rerjik rages if reduced to less than 50 hp. The Dark Irons fire their rifles at spellcasters and other lightly armored individuals.

Rerjik is loyal but he does not want to die. If the heroes reduce him to 15 hp or fewer and he is not raging, he surrenders. He offers to trade information for his life. Note that Rerjik does not know the truth behind his chieftain; he believes that M'Nath Pikesplitter joined the tribe about a year ago and that his combat prowess carried him through the ranks.

The Dark Irons give themselves up and offer similar information if Rerjik surrenders or falls.

Area 7: Secret Chamber (EL 9)

Read or paraphrase the following boxed text for the players:

> The secret door opens into a small chamber. A heap of rich furs lies near the south wall, with several open chests close by. The chests overflow with clothing and other personal effects. A wooden desk with a fine, padded chair stands near the west wall. Pacing nervously near the desk is a Dark Iron dwarf wearing a thin gold circlet. He is heavily mailed. A shield is strapped to his back and a waraxe and flintlock pistol hang at his sides. A ruby pendant about his neck glints with eldritch light.

If the dwarf notices the heroes, conclude with the following few lines:

> The dwarf turns as you enter. "Rerjik, have they...." His voice trails off and his glowing eyes dim noticeably.

This dwarf is Rumholt Thunderaxe, disguised as M'Nath Pikesplitter. He was hoping to receive word that his forces overcame the interlopers and successfully apprehended his son. He is distracted and not in the clearest mindset. He hoped to hear from Rerjik Mashnose, and assumed it was the gnoll who opened the secret door to his chamber. He is visibly surprised to see the heroes and does not react immediately.

Give the players a chance to act. Rumholt soon draws his axe, just to be safe. He does not make any aggressive moves, but Dedrik, if he lives, bellows, "That's m' father's axe, you bastard!" and charges.

Creature: Rumholt defends himself ably.

Rumholt Thunderaxe, male Ironforge dwarf Ftr8/Exp3: CR 10; Medium humanoid (Ironforge dwarf); HD 3d6+8d10+33, hp 102; Init +5; Spd 20 ft.; AC 24, touch 11,

flat-footed 23; Base Atk +10; Grp +14; Atk +17 melee (1d10+7/19–20/x3 plus dispelling, dwarven waraxe); Full Atk +17/+12 melee (1d10+7/19–20/x3 plus dispelling, dwarven waraxe) or +11 ranged (3d6/x3, flintlock pistol); SQ darkvision 60 ft., stability, stonecunning, stone flesh (+3 AC for 13 rounds), +2 on saves vs. poison, +1 racial bonus on attack rolls against giants; AL N; SV Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +3; Str 18, Dex 13, Con 17, Int 14, Wis 6, Cha 11§ (9).

§ Due to Rumholt's *dark ruby*‡.

Skills: Appraise +8, Bluff +5, Craft (cartography) +8, Decipher Script +8, Disguise +5, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Knowledge (history) +19, Knowledge (local — Khaz Modan) +19, Listen –2, Spot –2.

Feats: Cleave, Greater Weapon Focus (dwarven waraxe), Improved Critical (dwarven waraxe), Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Knowledge [local — Khaz Modan]), Power Attack, Skill Focus (Knowledge [history]), Spellbreaker†, Weapon Focus (dwarven waraxe), Weapon Specialization (dwarven waraxe).

Possessions: +1 dispelling†† dwarven waraxe, +1 full plate, +2 heavy steel shield, dark ruby‡, hat of disguise, potion of cure serious wounds.

Tactics: Rumholt does not want to harm his son and gives ground, taking full defense actions. If the heroes wade in to help, Rumholt has no objections against attacking them and hacks away with his axe. His conscience overcomes him quickly, however, and in 2 or 3 rounds he surrenders. Read or quote the following:

> The dwarf throws down his axe and raises his hands. "I surrender. Please... I... I know where your father is, Dedrik. I haven't harmed him... I.... No, maybe I have hurt him more than anyone else ever could. Let me...."
>
> The dwarf raises his hands slowly, then takes hold of the circlet and lifts it off his head. The dwarf undergoes an immediate transformation as soon as the crown leaves his hair. His beard fills out and becomes rich brown streaked with gray. His nose lengthens, his complexion darkens and his orange eyes fade to milky blue.
>
> Dedrik gasps. "Dad?"

Rumholt, ashamed, tells the PCs and his son his entire story (see the "Adventure Background" section). After this rendition, read or paraphrase the following.

> "I know this story seems odd," says Rumholt. "I suppose my actions may have caused the deaths of Ironforge dwarves and other innocents. I do not know what to do but put myself in your hands. Do what you think best." He hangs his head.
>
> Dedrik's brow furrows, then he shakes his head and turns to you. "I s'pose I'm biased here. Please, what do you think we should to with my dad?"

The heroes now get to decide how to deal with Rumholt. This is a good opportunity to grant experience points for skillful roleplaying.

The fire elemental Flarion observed this entire meeting through Rumholt's *dark ruby*‡, and the creature does not like what he heard. A hated Ironforge dwarf masquerading as one of his own servants? Intruders carving their way through his forces and leaving in triumph? This is not to be tolerated! Flarion *teleports* to Rumholt's side via the *dark ruby* to lay waste to his enemies. When you feel the time is appropriate for Flarion's appearance, read or paraphrase the following.

> A sudden roar fills the chamber, and three enormous conflagrations flash into being. They are vaguely humanoid, with bright yellow flames picking out jagged eyes and mouths. The center being, larger than the others, speaks with a voice like a raging inferno.
>
> "I am Flarion, servant to mighty Ragnaros. This charade ends here."
>
> The blazing creatures draw themselves up to attack!

Creatures: Flarion, a Huge fire elemental, and his two Large servants confront the heroes.

Flarion, Huge Fire Elemental: hp 145. See *MM*, Chapter 1: Monsters A to Z.

Large Fire Elementals (2): hp 59, 55. See *MM*, Chapter 1: Monsters A to Z.

Tactics: The elementals attack immediately. Flarion's first action is to use the *dark ruby's*‡ power to cast *hold person* on Rumholt and take him out of the fight. The elementals then lash out at the heroes and Dedrik, first targeting anyone using cold attacks. They chase down any who flee. If the heroes dispel the *hold person* incapacitating Rumholt, the dwarf viciously battles the elementals in an attempt to redeem himself.

Concluding the Adventure

After the heroes defeat Flarion and his allies and decide what to do with Rumholt, the adventure is over. If Dedrik promised them a reward, they can return to Ironforge to claim it. Other rewards may come from Rumholt, if the heroes were especially kind to him — or confiscated his equipment as "punishment." Dedrik thanks them for their help, though he is distraught at his father's behavior and somewhat distracted in the final scenes.

"Dark Iron Chains" can lead to other adventures, such as the following.

• Surviving Dark Iron dwarves tell their tale to their kin and perhaps to the fire elementals at Blackrock Spire. These forces hunt the PCs for revenge.

• Revith One-Ear, Rerjik Mashnose and/or Flarion, if they survived, become recurring villains who continue to plague the heroes.

• The throne room (Area 6) is an excellent spot to place a hook for a subsequent adventure. A treasure map or clue could be hidden inside a book or scroll case.

• Rumholt's defection is not the end of his villainous career. With the best intentions, he becomes a Dark Iron spy within Ironforge and attempts to sabotage the dwarves' military.

• Tales of the heroes' exploits spread throughout the Badlands. Every gnoll, ogre, Dark Iron dwarf and trogg in the area seeks to test its mettle against these adventurers.

Dead Men's Tales

"Dead Men's Tales" is a **Warcraft RPG** adventure designed for four 11th-level heroes. The heroes can be of any race or class. Boxed text is meant to be read aloud or paraphrased to the players.

The action takes place in Lordaeron's Silverpine Forest and involves a rogue forsaken, his allies and a few demons.

Adventure Background

Blarus Whitrick, like most of his fellow forsaken, hates the Scourge. The Lich King afflicted him with undeath, murdered his family and destroyed his country. Blarus studied wizardry to gain personal power, all the while concocting plans to defeat the Scourge. Finally, he realized that only one force ever held control over the Lich King: the Burning Legion. Blarus knew that trafficking with demons is exceedingly dangerous but could think of no better solution. So, carefully, he studied warlock magic. Blarus planned to use the Legion to destroy the Lich King — or at least decimate the Scourge to the point where the forsaken could overcome it. Eventually, he realized he would need help, so he spread a few rumors that drew a handful of acolytes to his side. Unfortunately, these rumors also attracted the attentions of Varimathras, Undercity's dreadlord protector. Varimathras' forces raided Blarus' lab, and the warlock and his surviving apprentices fled the city.

Blarus and his coven wandered for a time, avoiding forsaken patrols and searching for a new base. During this time, Blarus came into contact with Mael Shelub, a nerubian necromancer who seemed interested in defeating the Scourge. Mael offered his services to Blarus, who readily accepted. The group settled in Gaval Moch, a ruined castle in Silverpine Forest.

Blarus' continued experiments again drew a dreadlord's attention. This creature was Ganthrifal, a nathrezim who had been skulking about Silverpine since the forsaken took Undercity. Ganthrifal spied on Blarus and concluded that this silly warlock could be useful. The dreadlord pretended to be called by one of Blarus' spells and assisted the forsaken in his studies. With Ganthrifal's help, Blarus called a few other demons, and his acolytes made great strides in their magical studies. Ganthrifal fed Blarus' delusions, and the warlock believed he controlled the demon. Things were going well.

Then a roving ogre band attacked Gaval Moch, hoping to use the ruins for its own purposes. Blarus' forces drove the ogres away, and Mael Shelub animated their corpses to replace the acolytes lost in the attack. However, one ogre managed to snatch Ganthrifal's magic sword and escape with the rest.

Ganthrifal was incensed. Blarus warned him not to go after the ogres, as he could give away their operation. Of course Ganthrifal would not be commanded by Blarus; after recovering his exhausted magical powers, Ganthrifal left to reclaim the blade.

Ganthrifal tracked the ogres easily and happened upon them just as they attacked the small human

village of Deadhollow. The ogres wanted to use the village as a base, since Blarus' forces denied them Gaval Moch. Not one to let a little matter like an ongoing melee stop him, Ganthrifal charged in to recover his weapon and spread some destruction while he was at it. The heroes happen to be in the village during this combined attack.

Adventure Synopsis

After the heroes drive off Deadhollow's assailants, the village's mayor begs them to track down the dreadlord and destroy it. The heroes, being heroes, journey to the ruined castle and confront its evils.

Several matters complicate things. One is that Blarus believed Ganthrifal was under his command, and the dreadlord's blatant insurgence pits the two against each other. Another is that Mael Shelub, the necromancer, despises forsaken, as they flout magical control. He has been trying to use Blarus for his own purposes, but would slay him if given the opportunity. Finally, Blarus is not evil — he is simply trying to do what he thinks best to destroy a powerful enemy. Skilled heroes can use these rivalries to their advantage.

For the Heroes

The adventure begins in Deadhollow, a human village in Silverpine Forest. Thus far, Deadhollow's folk have avoided confrontation with the forest's hostile forces, mainly because the village is so small and useless that none want to bother with it.

The heroes can be in Deadhollow for any number of reasons, including the following:

- Resting and/or re-supplying between adventures.
- On a mission from Dalaran to provide defense for Deadhollow.
- Acting as ambassadors from Ironforge, the Horde or Undercity.
- Investigating reports of demonic and/or undead activity.
- Hunting Blarus Whitrick at Undercity's behest.

Whatever the case, the adventure begins when an ogre band attacks the village. This encounter works best when the heroes are outside in the village, perhaps heading toward an inn or shop. Read or paraphrase the following.

You become aware of a distant rumbling, growing rapidly in volume until window panes rattle and tethered horses whinny and roll their eyes. Villagers move warily out of homes and stare in the sound's direction. Screams punctuate the air.

Suddenly, three peasants bolt around a shop a hundred feet away, followed closely by an ogre. The massive creature laughs as it bears down on the terrified villagers. Nearby horses buck and strain against their bonds. Commoners cry out and flee or slam their doors.

This ogre is intent on the villagers, and so receives a –4 circumstance penalty to Listen and Spot checks to notice the heroes. In the first combat round, the rest of the band rounds the corner after him. At the same time, Ganthrifal swoops down. Read or paraphrase the following:

The rumbling intensifies, and a group of enormous ogres, maybe a dozen strong, swarms around the bend. They laugh and brandish their clubs, taking practice swings at buildings and tied, barking dogs. Evil grins light their faces. One, at the throng's rear, wields a wavy-bladed greatsword in one hand. The sword has a violet blade, and yellow-green flames wreathe its length. Many of the ogres are spattered with red blood.

Just then, a humanoid, winged shape plummets from the sky. Bald head, wicked features and enormous horns mark his demonic ancestry. Pale flesh covers his head, while leathery orange skin is stretched across his batlike wings. The creature streaks directly for the ogre wielding the flaming greatsword.

Creatures (EL 15): Fourteen ogres comprise the band, while Ganthrifal is on his own.

Ogres (14): hp 26 each. See **Manual of Monsters,** Chapter One: Creatures of Azeroth. One doomed ogre wields Ganthrifal's magic greatsword instead of a greatclub. His attacks are therefore at +7 melee (2d6+7 plus 1d6 fel plus 1d6 unholy to good creatures, greatsword). The blade also deals double damage to Ganthrifal, as it is inscribed with his name.

Ganthrifal, advanced male dreadlord: CR 14; Medium outsider (demonic, evil, extraplanar, lawful); HD 13d8+39, hp 108; Init +7; Spd 30 ft., fly 50 ft. (good); AC 26, touch 18, flat-footed 23; Base Atk +13; Grp +18; Atk +19 melee (2d6+8/19–20 plus 1d6 fel plus 1d6 unholy to good-aligned creatures, greatsword) or +18 melee (1d4+8, claw); Full Atk +19/+14/+9 melee (2d6+8/19–20 plus 1d6 fel plus 1d6 unholy to good-aligned creatures, greatsword) or +18 melee (1d4+8, 2 claws) or +18 melee (touch, spell) or +16 ranged (touch, spell); SA dominate, energy drain, summon infernal, spell-like abilities, spells, vampiric aura; SQ damage reduction 5/good or silver, darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 5, fiendish defense, spell resistance 16, demonic traits (frightful presence DC 24), outsider traits; AL LE; SV Fort +11, Ref +11, Will +15; Str 20, Dex 17, Con 16, Int 24, Wis 20, Cha 27.

Skills: Bluff +24, Concentration +19, Diplomacy +28, Disguise +24, Gather Information +24, Hide +19, Intimidate +28 Knowledge (arcana) +23, Knowledge (the planes) +23, Listen +21, Move Silently +19, Search +23, Sense Motive +21, Spellcraft +23, Spot +21.

Feats: Block Spell*, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Magic Energy Control*, Persuasive.

Spells: Ganthrifal casts spells as a 13th-level sorcerer.

Sorcerer Spells Known (6/8/8/8/8/7/5; save DC 18 + spell level): 0— *acid splash, daze, ghost sound, mage hand, message, open/close, prestidigitation, restore minor damage††, touch of fatigue*; 1st— *alarm, identify, magic missile, mysterious purple blast††, shield*; 2nd— *cripple*, mana burn*, frost armor*, strike as the wind††, thunderclap††*; 3rd— *dispel magic, fireball, haste, thorn shield*;* 4th— *blazing column††, dimension blink††, immolation*, scrying;* 5th— *baleful polymorph, pass unknown††, passwall;* 6th— *greater dispel magic, true seeing.*

Possessions: +1 fel greatsword inscribed with Ganthrifal's name (if he recovers the sword in the adventure's opening scenes), *dread band‡.*

Energy Drain (Su): The DC for Ganthrifal's energy drain ability is 24. Ganthrifal can extend his energy drain aura for 13 rounds.

Summon Infernal (Sp): Ganthrifal can attempt to summon an infernal 1/day with a 65% chance of success. The infernal remains for 10 rounds.

Tactics: The ogres are frustrated at their earlier failure against Gaval Moch and are eager to flex their muscles. They are not entirely stupid and flee if reduced to 5 or fewer members. Note that the ogre with Ganthrifal's greatsword can deal significant damage to the dreadlord, as the sword is inscribed with Ganthrifal's name and its fel ability allows it to bypass his damage reduction.

Ganthrifal attempts to slay the ogre wielding his sword and recover the blade. He then slashes apart anything nearby, reveling in mayhem and bloodshed. He enjoys casting *immolation** and *blazing column††* to incinerate enemies, and uses *dimension blink††* to maneuver around the battlefield. Ganthrifal fights the heroes eagerly, but teleports back to Gaval Moch if reduced to 54 hit points or fewer.

Factious Leaders

Several powerful individuals control the plots brewing in Gaval Moch. These creatures are potent adversaries, but the rivalries and suspicions among them can play to the heroes' advantage. Use the information below to adjudicate outcomes based on PC actions. The heroes can discover this information by stealth, guile, divination, questioning captured enemies or any other such method. "Dead Men's Tales" is a good example of an adventure where a bit of early scouting and magical research can make the heroes' job much easier.

Blarus Whitrick: The original forsaken to embark on this endeavor, Blarus traffics with demons because he believes this is the only way to defeat the Scourge. Blarus gathered a flock of acolytes to his ideals, and these apprentices follow him zealously. He also recruited Mael Shelub, and though Blarus is suspicious of the necromancer's motives, he believes Mael to be loyal. Until recently, Blarus thought Ganthrifal was under his command, but the dreadlord's recent insurgence makes Blarus dubious. He knows dealing with the Legion is dangerous and does not want to take chances. Blarus plans to confront Ganthrifal sometime in the next week or so, and if he is not satisfied, he and his acolytes will drive the creature back to the Twisting Nether. Ganthrifal's disobedience also makes Blarus doubt the loyalties of the demons the dreadlord helped him summon, and he keeps a wary eye on these beings. Blarus always has a few anti-demon spells (*protection from evil, hooks of binding*†† and the like) prepared just in case.

Ganthrifal: Ganthrifal believes that naïve Blarus can become a tool for the Legion. Indeed, Ganthrifal and the warlock have already summoned several demons to Azeroth. Holding a very low opinion of Blarus, and of non-demons in general, Ganthrifal believes he can allay the forsaken's suspicions with a few honeyed words. The demons in Gaval Moch (except the warlocks' familiars) are loyal only to Ganthrifal but pretend to serve Blarus.

Mael Shelub: Mael Shelub is a bitter and cruel necromancer. He despises everyone, especially the Lich King, and prefers the company of the dead to that of the living. Mael hates the Lich King because he feels that undead creatures should always be under mortal control — anything else is an abomination. This mindset also pits him against the free-willed, uncommanded forsaken. Mael, like Ganthrifal, pretends to serve Blarus because he believes he can use him. His magic allows him to animate minor undead creatures — zombies and skeletons — that do routine work around Gaval Moch but offer no real combat ability. To supplement his army, Mael stalks Silverpine Forest and brings more zombies into his fold. He also convinced (making liberal use of *command undead*) a local spectre to join him, and the creature serves loyally. In addition, after the ogre attack, Mael attempted to create zombies from the ogre dead. He knew the possibility was remote since ogres, being giants, are not eligible to become zombies. Much to his surprise, they did rise from the ground — but as withered** ogres, not zombies. Mael believes that he is a surpassingly competent necromancer. The truth is that the Lich King, dimly aware of a remote threat, granted Mael a small amount of power to combat Blarus' plans.

Mael hates Blarus and would willingly slay him, though his undead alone are not powerful enough to do so and he still believes he can use Blarus. The nerubian despises Ganthrifal, who moved in on his territory. Mael often entertains the thought of murdering the cunning dreadlord. The most likely candidate to join the heroes against the other factions, Mael Shelub is also just as likely to turn against them in the aftermath. He is chaotic evil and not to be trusted.

Treasure: The ogres carry some plunder: 1,349 gp total. The heroes may also get their hands on Ganthrifal's *+1 fel greatsword,* which proves especially deadly against its owner. A rival demon forged this sword several years ago for use against Ganthrifal, but the dreadlord slew him and took the weapon as his own. He is quite protective of the blade.

After the heroes drive off or slay Ganthrifal and the ogres, read or paraphrase the following.

Villagers creep back into the street while the horses stand shivering. Men and women hug each other and examine the wreckage of their homes and businesses. A well-dressed man with gray hair and mustache picks his way toward you through the mess. He offers an uncomfortable smile.

"Hello," he says when he reaches you. "I am Sammas Gomein, mayor of... what is left of Deadhollow. Thank you very much for protecting our village. I fear I have nothing to offer you in way of recompense save for the gratitude of my small village.

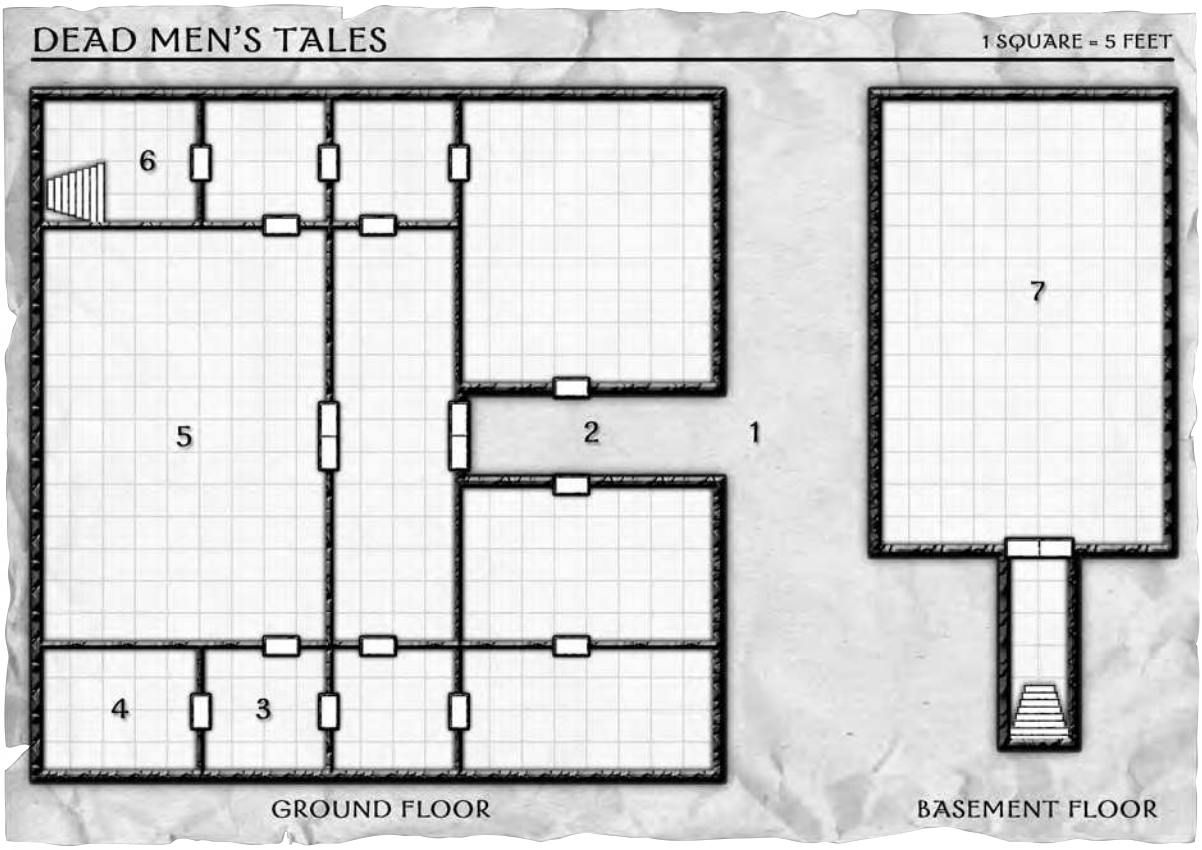
"However, I am afraid the dangers may not be defeated. The ogres were perhaps just a roving band of cutthroats, but that winged creature... I have heard tales of the nathrezim. Demons rarely operate alone, particularly dreadlords. For some weeks now hunters and trappers have reported strange activity in the northeast. Unusual creatures roaming around a ruin called Gaval Moch. I fear that this demon may somehow be involved with this activity. I fear for my people. Please, investigate Gaval Moch and, if the creatures within pose a threat to our village, eliminate them."

Sammas cannot tell the heroes much else. As he said, Deadhollow does not have much in the way of reward, though if the heroes insist he supposes he can scrape together about 400 gp. If the PCs ask about the monsters seen at Gaval Moch, Sammas tells them, "Undead and humanoid figures robed in black. Some men reported seeing strange, houndlike creatures with enormous jaws and horns. One hunter claims he saw a giant spidery creature, wielding a staff or spear in humanlike hands." Sammas can also give the heroes precise directions to Gaval Moch, which is about 10 miles northeast of Deadhollow.

Dungeon Features

Gaval Moch, an old human castle, is constructed of heavy masonry blocks. The castle is falling into ruin and decay as the forest reclaims its stones. Mael Shelub's undead perform routine maintenance and have repaired the doors and strengthened walls. The rooms' only light comes from sickly sunbeams that enter through the windows, providing shadowy illumination. At night, Gaval Moch is pitch black.

Masonry Walls: 1 ft. thick; hardness 8; hp 90; Break DC 35; Climb DC 15.



Wooden Doors: 1 1/2 in. thick; hardness 5; hp 15; Break DC 16.

Random Encounters

The only creatures in this complex are Blarus and his erstwhile allies. The dungeon is also small, so random encounters are rare. If you feel that the heroes are taking particularly long to do something or are being especially noisy about it, nearby creatures may move to investigate. Zombies circulate about the dungeon and grounds regularly, performing maintenance, chopping wood, drawing water and the like. They ignore intruders unless attacked (see Area 1 for their statistics).

Approaching the Dungeon

Sammas' directions take the heroes straight to Gaval Moch. The forest is thick and dangerous, but nothing confronts the PCs during their journey (in part because Mael Shelub has recruited nearby undead to his side). If you like, you can insert an encounter with a hunter, woodcutter or traveling merchant. Such a character could remark on the foes in Gaval Moch and may offer hints as to the rivalries brewing within.

Encounters

Consult the map for keyed encounters. Due to space limitations, many areas remain undescribed. Feel free to expand this adventure by filling in these vacant areas with creatures, traps and encounters of your own design.

Area 1: Entrance (EL 11)

Read the following when the heroes move within sight of the ruins.

> Gaval Moch squats in a depression in the spongy forest ground. The castle may once have been impressive but is now a ruined hulk. Turrets and battlements have fallen away, and masonry blocks lie scattered on the ground like children's toys. The second story is missing its roof in most places, and its walls have crumbled. The ground floor looks in better condition, possibly repaired recently. One large, solitary tower still stands. The remains of the outer wall and a few outlying buildings are barely visible lumps in the foliage.
>
> The obvious entrance is a pair of oaken double doors that stand ajar, revealing a shadowed interior. Several creatures stand outside the doors. Four resemble ogres, but their pallid skin, withered flesh and stillness mark them as something else. Prowling about them is a 4-foot-tall creature resembling a hound, with a gigantic, toothy maw and two horns protruding from its brow.

Members from every faction guard the entrance. In addition to the withered ogres and fel hunter outside, one of Blarus' forsaken acolytes sits behind a desk 15 feet within the ruin (Area 2). A gnoll zombie attendant accompanies the acolyte.

Creatures: The fel hunter uses its sense magic ability to detect intruders. If the creature senses unknown magic, it emits a snarling howl and charges the suspect.

Fel Hunter: hp 72. See **Manual of Monsters,** Chapter Two: The Burning Legion.

Withered Ogres (4): CR 4; Large undead; HD 4d12, hp 56§ each; Init +4; Spd 20 ft. (hide armor; base speed 40 ft.); AC 22, touch 9, flat-footed 20; Base Atk +3; Grp +17; Atk +14 melee (2d8+15, Large greatclub); Full Atk +14 melee (2d8+15, Large greatclub); Space/Reach 10 ft./10 ft.; SA paralysis; SQ darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, spell resistance 15, damage reduction 5/—, immunity to cold and fire; AL CE; SV Fort +4, Ref –1, Will +2; Str 30, Dex 11§ (7), Con —, Int 4, Wis 12, Cha 4.

§ The withered ogres gain +30 hit points and +4 Dexterity due to Mael Shelub's Undead Mastery †† feat.

Skills: Climb +9, Intimidate +2, Listen +7, Spot +7.

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (greatclub).

Acolyte, female human forsaken Wiz5/Wrl1: CR 7; Medium undead; HD 6d12, hp 47; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10, touch 9, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +2; Grp +3; Atk +3 melee (1d8+1/x3, spear); Full Atk +3 melee (1d8+1/x3, spear), or +3 melee (touch, spell), or +1 ranged (touch, spell); SA frenzy; SQ enhanced conjuring, demonic companion, immunities, fearless, +4 turn resistance; AL CN; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +7; Str 12, Dex 9, Con —, Int 17, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Skills: Concentration +9, Decipher Script +12, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (the planes) +12, Listen +3§, Spellcraft +12, Spot +3§.

Feats: Alertness§, Craft Wand, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (conjuration).

§ While the acolyte's demonic companion is within arm's reach.

Typical Arcane Spells Prepared (5/5/5/4; save DC 13 + spell level): 0—*acid splash§, arcane mark, daze, mage hand, prestidigitation*; 1st—*expeditious retreat, magic missile, obscuring mist§, shield, summon monster I§*; 2nd—

frost armor, stitch††§, storm hammer*§, web*; 3rd—*dispel magic, fireball, slow, stinking cloud§*.

§ These spells belong to the conjuration school. Due to the acolyte's Spell Focus feat, the DC for these spells is 14 + spell level. Prohibited schools: divination and necromancy.

Possessions: Spear; *potion of inflict serious wounds*; scrolls of *acid fog, summon monster VI* and *teleport*; spellbook containing all spells listed above plus all conjuration spells of 0- through 3rd level listed in the *PHB*, **Warcraft RPG** and **Magic & Mayhem**. This acolyte's spellbook is in Area 2.

Demonic Companion, imp: hp 23. See the *MM,* Chapter 1: Monsters A to Z.

Gnoll Zombie: CR 1; Medium undead; HD 4d12, hp 46§; Init +2; Spd 20 ft.; AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +1; Grp +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6+4, slam); Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+4, slam); SA parasitic infestation; SQ darkvision 60 ft., single actions only; AL NE; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 19, Dex 14§ (10), Con —, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 4.

§ The zombie gains +20 hit points and +4 Dexterity due to Mael Shelub's Undead Mastery †† feat.

Skills: Intimidate –1, Listen +2.

Feat: Weapon Focus (heavy flail).

Tactics: The withered ogres move forward to engage the closest enemies in melee. The fel hunter uses *dispel magic* on the hero with the most and/or strongest magic auras, then pounces on an arcane spellcaster. The demon's favorite tactic is to charge and pounce, then back off and use its *mana burn** ability, then charge and pounce again.

The acolyte has strict orders in case of attack. She sends the zombie off to warn Blarus (she scribbles a quick note and presses it into the creature's hand) while she moves into the entrance to support the counterattack. She casts *frost armor** and *shield* before taking position, then casts *fireball, slow* and *stinking cloud* to support the undead and demons. She casts *stitch††* on a spellcaster engaged in combat with the fel hunter. If reduced to 25 hit points or fewer, she uses her scroll to *teleport* to Area 7.

Development: The acolyte's zombie attendant has special orders overriding those given by the acolyte. Instead of heading to Area 7 to warn Blarus, the creature moves to Area 5 to warn Mael Shelub. Based on this information, the necromancer holes up in his room and sends his spectre ally to investigate. He does not warn Blarus. The spectre observes the heroes from a safe distance for a time before rejoining Mael Shelub in Area 5; it retreats if attacked.

If the acolyte successfully *teleports* to Blarus' chambers, the warlock becomes aware of the attack. He grows suspicious of Mael Shelub, since the zombie messenger never reached him. Combined with his new distrust of Ganthrifal, Blarus is convinced the attack comes from one or both of his allies. The warlock casts *alarm* in Area 6, places his invisible demonic companion outside his room as a lookout, locks his door and prepares to destroy whatever enters.

If Ganthrifal, in Area 4, perceives the attack (use your discretion — he hears explosions and notices the ground shaking, for instance), he heads out (using *greater teleport*) immediately to take part. He flies above the battlefield, using his spells and spell-like abilities judiciously. If reduced to 50 hit points or fewer, he *teleports* back to Area 4 to heal before moving back out to do battle again.

Area 2: Acolyte's Desk

Read the following when the heroes investigate this location.

> A small wooden desk and chair stand in the large entrance hall. An open book rests on the desk, along with an inkpot and quill.

Treasure: The book is the acolyte's spellbook (see Area 1).

Area 3: Demonic Chamber (EL 10)

This chamber is bare and empty. The creatures here have no need of comfort or luxury.

Creatures: Ganthrifal's retinue makes this chamber its home. The felguard once "served" Blarus directly, but the warlock dismissed them after Ganthrifal's insubordination.

Felguard (2): hp 22. See **Manual of Monsters,** Chapter Two: The Burning Legion.

Fel Stalkers (2): hp 45. See **Manual of Monsters,** Chapter Two: The Burning Legion.

Fel Hunter: hp 72. See **Manual of Monsters,** Chapter Two: The Burning Legion.

Tactics: The demons are ordered to make a lot of noise and delay attackers for as long as possible, alerting Ganthrifal and giving him time to prepare (see his tactics in Area 4, below). After the nathrezim casts his preparatory spells, he joins his brethren here. He extends his energy drain and vampiric auras when fighting with his allies.

Area 4: Ganthrifal's Chambers (EL 14)

This is Ganthrifal's room. The door to the chamber is protected by a mental *alarm* that triggers when a creature touches the door, thereby alerting Ganthrifal of approaching intruders. The door is also locked and *arcane locked* (Open Lock DC 25, 35 with *arcane lock*).

The door to this chamber opens into total blackness. Ganthrifal keeps his room shrouded in *deeper darkness* as the gloom does not impede him. If the heroes pierce the darkness, read the following.

> This room was obviously recently renovated. Fancy rugs cover the floor and silk tapestries adorn the walls, most depicting ferocious orcs marching across a red world. A small table stands against one wall. Decanters, bottles, shot glasses and crystal goblets rest on the table. A narrow window pierces the west wall.

This is Ganthrifal's room. He has a fondness for expensive spirits (finding the pun extremely amusing) and likes to remember Draenor's golden age. The dreadlord spends little time here, usually moving through the complex or insinuating himself further into Blarus' confidence.

Creature: Ganthrifal is probably here when the heroes arrive, resting or plotting his inevitable confrontation with Blarus.

Ganthrifal: hp 108. See "For the Heroes," above.

Tactics: Ganthrifal prefers to use his spells to weaken powerful opponents before wading into melee. He uses his Block Spell feat against every spell cast against him and casts *baleful polymorph*, *blazing column*†† and *greater dispel magic* to impede his foes. If given time to prepare, the dreadlord casts *frost armor**, *immolation**, *pass unknown*†† and *true seeing*. Ganthrifal is a survivor first and foremost, and if reduced to 40 hit points or fewer while in this room he flees via *greater teleport*. Depending on the circumstances, he may be gone for good or may have fled just long enough to heal before returning to confront the heroes again.

Area 5: Mael Shelub's Tower (EL variable)

Read the following when the heroes investigate this location.

> This must be the intact tower visible from outside. The interior floors have collapsed, making the tower a tall, hollow tube. Wooden planks, dripping with cobwebs, reach from wall to wall at two levels above the ground, marking where the second and third stories once were. The place is shrouded in gloom. Groaning and shuffling sounds come from the zombies that crowd the floor. The zombies do not immediately react to your presence.

Add the following if Mael, hidden in the darkness near the ceiling, detects the heroes.

> A rasping voice sounds from the shadows above. "Welcome to my lair, intruders. This meeting need not end in bloodshed."

This ruined tower belongs to Mael Shelub and his undead. Assuming he is aware of intruders in Gaval Moch (perhaps the zombie from Area 2 alerted him), he is prepared and has summoned a small army of zombies from the Twisting Nether (with his *recall undead*†† spell). For a long time, Mael has felt that joining forces with a hated forsaken was a poor idea, though he has not been able to determine how to extirpate himself from the situation. When intruders arrive, he figures that this might be his chance. If allowed to parley, he offers to join forces with the heroes (sending zombies ahead and coming behind himself with a withered ogre retinue). See the "Factious Leaders" sidebar, above, for tips on adjudicating these actions. Note that the heroes cannot trust Mael Shelub, and he could easily turn on them if they grow weak or vulnerable.

Creatures: If Mael did not have a chance to call his zombies, only 9 are here (8 if the zombie from Area 2 never arrived). If Mael summoned his zombies, he has cast all his 2nd-level spells for the day.

Mael Shelub, male nerubian Sor6/Ncr3: CR 13; Large aberration; HD 4d8+9d4+26, hp 81; Init +7; Spd 40 ft., climb 20 ft.; AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +7; Grp +12; Atk +7 melee (1d8+1 plus poison, bite), or +8 melee (1d8+1/x3, longspear); Full Atk +7/+2 melee (1d8+1 plus poison, bite) and +2 melee (1d4+1, 2 claws), or +8/+3 melee (1d8+1/x3, longspear), or +7 melee (touch, spell), or +9 ranged (touch, spell); Space/Reach: 10 ft./5 ft. (10 ft. with longspear); SA *death touch* 2/day, poison, web; SQ darkvision 60 ft., familiar, *animate dead* 2/day, *death pact* 1/day, resistance to cold 5, frozen mind; AL NE; SV Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +12; Str 12, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 20§ (18).

§ Increase due to magical equipment.

Skills: Climb +9, Concentration +18, Hide +7, Jump +7, Knowledge (religion) +12, Listen +5, Spellcraft +6, Spot +9.

Feats: Ability Focus (poison), Greater Spell Focus (necromancy), Improved Initiative, Spell Focus (necromancy), Undead Mastery††.

Poison (Ex): The Fortitude save DC for Mael Shelub's poison is 22.

Web (Ex): The Reflex save DC for Mael Shelub's web ability is 17.

Arcane Spells Known (6/8/7/7/5; save DC 15 + spell level): 0—*arcane mark, detect magic, detect poison, mage hand, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, touch of fatigue§*; 1st—*alarm, chill touch§, magic missile, mysterious purple blast††, protection from good*; 2nd—*command undead§, recall undead††§, soul preservation††§, unholy frenzy§*; 3rd—*dark sacrifice††§, death coil*§, frost nova**; 4th—*enervation§, summon undead IV††§.*

§ These spells belong to the necromancy school. Due to Mael Shelub's Spell Focus feats, the DC for these spells is 17 + spell level.

Possessions: Masterwork longspear; *amulet of natural armor +3*; *cloak of charisma +2*; *wand of dispel magic* (caster level 8th, 9 charges); *wand of stoneskin* (2 charges); scrolls of *frost armor** (x3), *mage armor* (x2), *pass unknown††* and *teleport*; *divinity potion††*; *potion of cure critical wounds.*

Gnoll Zombies (8, 9 or 30): hp 46 each. See Area 1.

Spectre: hp 45. See the *MM*, Chapter 1: Monsters A to Z.

Withered Ogres (2): hp 56 each. See Area 1.

Tactics: If pressed into combat, Mael Shelub remains above the fray. He uses a charge from his *wand of stoneskin* in the first round. He quaffs his *divinity potion††* and uses a *scroll of frost armor** if the heroes assault him with ranged weapons or magic or seek to confront him in melee. His spectre ally protects him against flying and climbing opponents. Mael pounds his enemies with spells, favoring *enervation* and *frost nova**. He casts *magic missile* on enemy spellcasters giving him grief. At all times, he remains on the walls near the ceiling, and if pressed uses his web ability to choke the tower. Mael Shelub flees via his *scroll of teleport* if reduced to 15 hit points or fewer.

Area 6: Stairwell

These stairs lead down 15 feet to the lower level and Blarus' chambers. If the warlock is aware that intruders prowl his keep, he has placed a mental *alarm* on the third stair down.

Area 7: Blarus' Chambers (EL 13)

Read the following when the heroes investigate this location. Note that if Blarus is aware of intruders, the door to this room is locked (Open Lock DC 30).

> This large chamber must once have included dividing wooden walls — their remains lie deteriorated on the floor. Thick square pillars support the ceiling. Desks and chairs are scattered about against the walls, and a dormitory-style bed stands near each desk.

Blarus and his loyal acolytes make this large subterranean room their home. If Blarus is expecting company (see Area 1), he casts *alarm* on the stairway (Area 6) leading to this area and parks his demonic companion invisibly outside his door. These precautions may give him and his acolytes time to prepare if he detects incoming invaders.

Creatures: Blarus is nervous and edgy. He does not think to parley with strangers, though if they initiate a discussion he willingly takes part. Blarus is not evil, and skillful roleplaying can draw out his entire story. What the heroes decide to do with this information is up to them.

Blarus Whitrick, male human forsaken Cjr5/Wrl6: CR 12; Medium undead; HD 11d12, hp 82; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 10, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +5; Grp +5; Atk +6 melee (1d8/x3, spear); Full Atk +6 melee (1d8/x3, spear) or +5 melee (touch, spell) or +5 ranged (touch, spell) or +6 ranged (1d8/19–20, light crossbow); SA frenzy; SQ conjuration specialization, enhanced conjuring, demonic companion, improved ally, demonic lore, extended summoning, immunities, fearless, +4 turn resistance; AL CN; SV Fort +5§, Ref +5§, Will +13§; Str 11, Dex 10, Con —, Int 21§ (19), Wis 10, Cha 14.

§ Increases due to equipment.

Skills: Concentration +14, Decipher Script +19, Diplomacy +9, Knowledge (arcana) +19, Knowledge (the planes) +19, Listen +2§, Spellcraft +19, Spot +2§.

Feats: Alertness§, Augment Summoning, Control Magic†, Greater Spell Focus (conjuration), Iron Will, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (conjuration), Spell Specialization†† (*carrion swarm**).

§ While Blarus' demonic companion is within arm's reach.

Typical Arcane Spells Prepared (6/8/7/7/7/5/3; save DC 15 + spell level): 0—*acid splash§* (x2), *arcane mark, flare, mage hand, mending, message, prestidigitation*; 1st—*alarm, magic missile* (x2), *obscuring mist§, protection from evil, shield, summon monster I§*; 2nd—*frost armor*§, Mel's acid arrow§, moonglaive*§, stitch††§, storm ham-*

mer§, summon monster II§, web§*; 3rd—*dispel magic* (x2), *hooks of binding††§, lightning bolt, stinking cloud§, slow, summon monster III§*; 4th—*absorb mana††, dimension blink††§, greater thorn shield††, solid fog§, stoneskin, summon monster IV§, vampiric swarm††§;* 5th—*carrion swarm*§#, cone of cold, greater hooks of binding††§, teleport§, summon monster V§;* 6th—*acid fog§, repulsion, summon monster VI§.*

§ These spells belong to the conjuration school, Blarus' specialty. Due to Blarus' Spell Focus feats, the DC for these spells is 17 + spell level. Prohibited schools: divination, enchantment, illusion, necromancy.

Due to Blarus' Spell Specialization feat, he casts *carrion swarm* as a 13th-level caster.

Possessions: Masterwork spear; masterwork light crossbow; *cloak of resistance +2*; *headband of intellect +2*; *potion of bull's strength* (for *stoneskin*) (x2); *potion of inflict critical wounds*; *potion of fox's cunning*; scrolls of *acid fog, gaseous form, greater teleport* and *vengeance††*; spellbook containing all spells prepared plus all conjuration spells of 0- through 7th level in the *Player's Handbook*, **Warcraft RPG** and **Magic & Mayhem** and anything else the GM deems appropriate.

Blarus' Demon Companion, imp: hp 41. See the *MM*, Chapter 1: Monsters A to Z.

Acolytes (2 or 3): hp 47. See Area 1. If the acolyte from Area 1 teleported here, this area holds 3 acolytes. Otherwise, 2 inhabit this room.

Acolytes' Demonic Companions, imps (2 or 3): hp 23. See the *MM*, Chapter 1: Monsters A to Z.

Tactics: If Blarus becomes aware of impending danger (either from the *alarm* in Area 6, his demonic lookout or some other means), he and his acolytes prepare themselves accordingly. Blarus drinks his *potion of fox's cunning* to raise his spells' DCs and casts *stoneskin*. He follows with *repulsion, greater thorn shield, frost armor, shield* and as many *summon monster* spells as he has time to cast. The acolytes prepare with *frost armor* and *shield*. When the heroes enter, Blarus allows one or two of them to move into the room before choking the area's west half with *acid fog*. He hopes to keep his enemies engaged with summoned monsters while he and his acolytes pound them with spells. The acolytes cast *slow* and *stinking fog* (taking confidence from the fact that they are immune to the latter's effects) to impede opposition. Blarus prefers *cone of cold, vampiric swarm††* and *carrion swarm**, his specialty. He eagerly uses his Control Magic† feat against his opponents' summoned creatures. If the battle looks like it could go either way and Blarus deems the situation worthy, he employs his *scroll of vengeance††*. He is not bloodthirsty, but pursues fleeing enemies in the belief that if they escape they could return or reveal his location. If reduced to 20 or fewer hit points and at least one acolyte has fallen, Blarus uses his *scroll of greater teleport* to escape.

Treasure: In addition to Blarus' and the acolytes' possessions, a large wooden chest is hidden in a secret compartment in the east wall (Search DC 30). The chest contains riches that Blarus hoped to use to bribe demons to his side. In total, the chest holds 20,523 gp of jewelry, gems, coins and other trinkets. A *mask of the Loa††* (stolen from a Horde representative in Undercity) also rests within.

Concluding the Adventure

"Dead Men's Tales" can end in many ways. The heroes are successful if they slay, dissuade or drive off the three key villains. Blarus, Ganthrifal and Mael Shelub are all very slippery individuals and may escape to harass the PCs again.

If the heroes return to Deadhollow in triumph, the villagers throw an inordinately huge party. They rarely get to celebrate anything. In addition to wining and dining the heroes to excess (breaking into underground stores in the process), Sammas officially renames the village after the heroes. (The party can either agree on a group name or select one of their number to represent them all. They can suggest other names if they like.) The villagers beseech the heroes to stay and protect them, but understand if this is not possible.

"Dead Men's Tales" can lead to other adventures, such as the following:

- One or more of the principle villains escapes and becomes a recurring character.
- If the heroes convince Blarus of his error, he asks them to assist him in overthrowing the Lich King by other means.
- Deadhollow (under its new name) becomes a base for the heroes for further adventures in Silverpine Forest.
- Mael Shelub's twenty children come looking for Dad.

APPENDIX ONE: ORGANIZATIONS

In whatever final conflict may come for the peoples of the eastern lands with the Scourge, certain groups will certainly claim some role in events. I have collected my research on several such groups in this appendix, whether benevolent, nefarious or just plain addled. We would do well to keep a close watch on all the groups described here — except, of course, our own Explorers' Guild, a true model of honor and commitment to the world's betterment.

The Caretakers

Membership: 2,500.

Alignment: Lawful good.

Affiliation: Alliance.

Regions of Influence: The leadership is based in Stromgarde in the Arathi Highlands, but factions are spread throughout Lordaeron and even a bit in Khaz Modan and Stormwind.

Activities: Dedicated to preserving, protecting and chronicling human artifacts, especially in the Trollbane family.

The Caretakers have humble roots, starting with Yernim Weltom, a human servant of the Trollbane family in the Arathi Highlands. He had the task of tending the Trollbane family's rarer artifacts — back when they were merely kept in a locked room and not in the crypt. When the family manor was hit with a surprise bandit raid while much of the house guard was out fighting the Horde, Yernim hid the artifacts in the kitchen, filling the priceless *chalice of opal voices* with gravy, tossing the ancient sword *Trol'Kalar* into the pile of pig offal and putting the *cloak of elemental protection* on himself and jumping into the massive kitchen fire to hide.

Prince Liam, grandfather of Galen Trollbane, was so impressed with his servant's ingenuity that he appointed him Caretaker of Artifacts with a staff of two, and commanded the young servant to come up with a better plan to protect the artifacts. Yernim had stonemasons carve another room out of the rock of the Trollbane Family Crypt for the artifacts, wisely allowing room for more artifacts as time went on. He took his underlings and taught them how to care for the artifacts properly, what each of them could do in case they needed to know for their own safety or if the artifacts were in danger (like he knew to hide in the fire with the cloak), and preservation methods.

When nobles of Lordaeron, Khaz Modan and Azeroth would visit Prince Liam, he would proudly tell the story of how Yernim had protected the family heirlooms while the guard was away. The other nobles were so much impressed with the system he had built that they asked to borrow Yernim for designing similar setups for their artifacts. Yernim, perhaps showing himself wiser than these great lords and ladies, mentioned they probably wouldn't want him knowing all of their secrets. He instructed them, with Prince Liam's approval, to send five trusted servants to him for training. Thus the continent-wide training of the Caretakers began.

Others may view the Caretakers as glorified servants doing a job anyone with two hands would be capable of. And it is true, the Caretakers are all skilled on how best to remove stains from magical cloaks, and tarnish and blood from ancient swords. Yet those who have seen these clever designers at work know that they are as crafty as rogues and as clever as tinkers with their designs, and the lengths they will go to in order to protect their charges. Some are even trained as close-combat experts, able to fight in halls and divert and lead thieves and invaders away from the rooms with the more precious artifacts.

A recent specialty the Caretakers demand of their members is thorough knowledge of their enemies. Previously, the only threat the Caretakers had to worry about were robbers and the Horde, but now they have added the Syndicate, the Scourge and the Burning Legion to the list, groups all eager to get their hands on powerful magical items. Thus, the Caretakers have employed explorers and soldiers to inform them of the likely movements, mannerisms and motivations of these enemies, the better to protect their charges.

Caretakers have few enemies, but some have thought they would be easy to kidnap and torture for information, underestimating the Caretakers' dedication to their jobs and their employers — and sometimes their fighting prowess.

While aware they're not as great as the nobles they serve nor as powerful as many who fight evil face-to-face, the Caretakers know the consequences if the artifacts fall to the other side, and therefore the importance of their jobs.

Organization

The Caretakers are always led by the head Caretaker of the Trollbane Family Crypt. He is the only

Caretaker not chosen by his employer; rather, he is selected by the board of advisors, individuals who master one or more of the many skills Caretakers must have. The head Caretaker in turn replaces members of the board when needed.

Caretakers come to Stromgarde to learn their craft, but also for infrequent meetings. Regional leaders (Caretakers of the Chalice) meet with those under them and then report to Stromgarde at least once a year. They do little more than take reports from their fellow Caretakers and deliver them to Stromgarde. Regional Caretakers vote for their regional leader. Before the Third War, this was considered a choice job; now, however, it is a dreaded position that requires wandering through undead-riddled Lordaeron.

Caretakers are also expected to keep their employer's secrets, and none of the reports include inventories. Reports include enemy movement, if a recent acquisition requires aid from the Caretaker of the Sword or the board of advisors (for instance, if a family acquired a cursed item that froze anything that touched it, like the *Cursed Ring of Momar*, currently in the Proudmoore estate under Caretaker of the Chalice Raknahama Pi'Lenda), whether their employer wishes a new Caretaker to be trained, new births or deaths within the Caretakers, and so forth.

Locations

Yernim Weltom is dead now, but the Trollbane family that so proudly employed him still uses its manor as the base of operations for The Caretakers. New members are still trained there, and they still have the best of all Caretakers looking after their Crypt and the formerly rubbish-bound Trol'Kalar. Caretakers in regions around Azeroth often meet at the largest manor they serve.

Members

Even though they view themselves as more important than mere servants, the Caretakers are still the brass ring that servants leap for. Getting sent to the Arathi Highlands for training is considered the last, best job a servant will ever take, as there is nowhere better to go. It is also an organization with more middle-aged and older new recruits than any other. Nobles rarely will send servants to be trained to guard their secrets and their precious artifacts unless they have known them and trusted them for years.

It is rare that servants will be denied entrance into the Caretakers once they are sent. This organization serves individual interests, not the group as a whole, and if a noble wishes a servant trained, the Caretakers won't argue unless the servant in question is quite inept. However, if the group finds a member has betrayed his employers and thus broken the group's rules, the member in question will be cast out and shunned, never to be admitted again.

Although mostly consisting of human servants, the Caretakers also have a core group of advisors including Ironforge dwarves, high elves and half-elves. There are members who are also tinkers, stonemasons, mages and rogues. If a person has a skill that can aid the upkeep, protection or concealment of an object, the Caretakers want her knowledge.

Individual Caretakers are worth three times as much a normal servant's salary, and the employer considers it money well spent. The Caretakers then send in dues of 1/5 of their salary to Stromgarde so the Caretaker of the Sword can afford to train new students and to employ teachers of different specialties.

Leaders

Logan Palimore (male human Rog3): Logan is the Caretaker of the Sword and in charge of the upkeep of the Trollbane Family Crypt. He is brilliant at delegation — he feels he doesn't need to know the information if he knows someone who does. He has assembled the advisory council for the Caretakers and welcomes the eager students who arrive to learn his trade. He is in his sixties and very confident of his skills. He is very sure of his ability to judge character, which he maintains is the most important quality in a Caretaker. Only once has he misjudged a student — a young human male by the name of Ran Tilwood who attempted to rob the artifacts he was supposed to be guarding in Stormwind. Logan banned him from the Caretakers, and used some contacts he had in the Stormwind Assassins to take care of the young man. Logan is short and thin, with bright blue eyes and graying brown hair.

Raknahama Pi'Lenda (female human Rog7): Raknahama is both a Caretaker of the Chalice and Coin in the region of Kul Tiras; she looks after the remaining artifacts of the Proudmoore Estate. She

Titles and Responsibilities

Caretakers are trained in many skills, but often they will gravitate toward their strong points. Named after the artifacts in the Trollbane vault, the hierarchy of the Caretakers goes as follows:

Caretaker of the Sword: Also known as "the Sword," he is the leader of all Caretakers. Always based in Stromgarde, this position is currently held by Logan Palimore. The sword refers, of course, to *Trol'Kalar*, and is the only artifact commonly named in the hierarchy of the Caretakers. Logan keeps his employer's secrets, as all Caretakers do. The Sword is is identified by a white cloak with a black sword embroidered on the back.

Caretakers of the Chalice: The regional leaders, the Chalices are in charge of assembling and taking reports from all the region's Caretakers. They are sometimes leaders of many, as in Kul Tiras, and sometimes only one of a handful in a poorer region, such as the Plaguelands. They are identified by a white cloak with a jewel-encrusted cup embroidered on the back.

Caretakers of the Ring: In charge of concealment, this title is given to those who specialize in designing clever ways to hide artifacts, often under the noses of invaders. Anything goes with the Rings: from weaving smaller artifacts (such as rings) into a tapestry in plain sight to designing an underground garage for a favored siege engine an employer doesn't want the neighbors to know about. There can be any number of Rings in a region. They are identified by a white cloak with a gold ring bearing a blue stone embroidered on the back.

Caretakers of the Crown: In charge of room construction, this title is given to those who specialize in building rooms or special holding items for artifacts. Crowns often work in tandem with Rings, one designing and the other building. There can be any number of Crowns in a region. They are identified by a white cloak with a silver crown embroidered on the back.

Caretakers of the Coin: In charge of traps, this title is given to those who specialize in trapping either a room or the item itself. Coins sometimes work with Rings and Crowns, but not always. There can be any number of Coins in a region. They are identified by a white cloak with a gold coin embroidered on the back.

Caretakers of the Gauntlet: The only martial Caretakers, Gauntlets are trained in close combat by many experts of both armed and unarmed fighting. Often posing as a dozing guard, this warrior is always alert, knows all the ways into and out of a protected room and has prepared for all eventualities. This is the only obviously dangerous Caretaker position. Gauntlets are identified by a white cloak with a black fist embroidered on the back (although they often do not wear this while working, lest they get tangled).

Caretakers of the Cloak: All general Caretakers fall under this category. Still skilled in design, building, trapping, protecting, cleaning and inventory, Cloaks simply have not specialized and perhaps never will. They are identified by a plain white cloak.

takes it personally that the Grand Admiral and his daughter Jaina left the island with the fleet — and several of the family's artifacts — and did not return. A skilled rogue who specializes in trap creation, she's one of the few Caretakers who serves on the advisory board for Logan Palimore as well; she teaches basic trap creation to new recruits when she has the time to make the trip from Kul Tiras to the Arathi Highlands. Raknahama is in her early thirties, and has a scarred face from a mishap with an acid trap in her youth.

Irk Gaffestone (male dwarf Tnk6): Irk lives in the Badlands of Khaz Modan and aids the dwarven excavators in their unearthing of artifacts. He is one of the few non-humans to serve on the advisory board of The Caretakers, training people how to carve stone to be a fitting hiding place for artifacts. In exchange for his knowledge, the Caretakers give him tips on how best to preserve the artifacts he unearths with his dwarven comrades. He is sixty, and has a black beard and black eyes.

Cult of the Damned

Membership: 10,000.

Alignment: Lawful evil.

Affiliation: Scourge.

Regions of Influence: Plaguelands, base stationed in Stratholme.

Activities: Dedicated to furthering the Scourge's agenda.

The Cult of the Damned is a band of mortals dedicated to serving the undead. When the Burning Legion began their ravaging of the countryside, they captured mortals and assigned their control to the Lich King, who quickly broke their wills and filled the empty shells with zealous fervor. The new cultists were instrumental in bringing the Scourge into Lordaeron, as these fanatics' initial job was to spread the plague that killed — and raised — many of the continent's citizens.

The Burning Legion was defeated at the Battle of Mount Hyjal, giving victory to the Alliance and Horde. They were not the only winners, however. The Cult of the Damned considers the demons' defeat a victory for the Scourge as well. With the demons' defeat, the Lich King was finally freed from their control and, with his powerful death knight Arthas, could begin furthering his own plans. He already had the greater part of Lordaeron under his control, and he wished to expand his influence.

The Cult of the Damned rejoiced in the release of its leader and continues to work for him after the war. They didn't blink an eye when Arthas shattered the Lich King's prison and took on the spirit of Ner'zhul, making the new Lich King the strongest being in the world. The Cult simply vowed to serve this new entity as it did the old, as long as he furthered the efforts of the Scourge. Considering the new Lich King is now a mobile individual, the Cult works itself into a frenzy with the thought he may leave his new home in Northrend and grace Lordaeron with his presence some day. Working beside the undead, delving into the dark magic of necromancy, and striving one day to become undead themselves, the Cult of the Damned is truly a frightening organization.

It has no allies; in fact, the members would rather have enemies. No sane mortals match the Cult of the Damned's desire to serve the Scourge; they do not willingly give their bodies and souls to the Lich King for raising after death. With many enemies in the Alliance and Horde, the cultists are able to give their masters more bodies to raise and add to their armies after the inevitable conflicts. The Scourge's only true rival would be the Burning Legion, under whose yoke they recently toiled. The Scourge is a powerful entity, and the Burning Legion is not pleased to have lost its dedication (as well as the Third War). Although the forsaken hate the Scourge, the Lich King regards them as lost sheep that must rejoin the flock, and they are not viewed as enemies.

Organization

Kel'Thuzad stands at the head of the Scourge as well as the Cult of the Damned. Busy taking orders from the Lich King himself and orchestrating the spread of the Scourge, he doesn't have the ability to closely watch over the Cult of the Damned. He has appointed two mortals to head the Cult and to report back to him the triumphs and pitfalls of the further conquest of Lordareon. These two are simply called Next In Line, referring to their desire to end their lives and begin existence as an undead.

Under these two, the Cult of the Damned appears to run with little rhyme or reason, but the chaos serves the group's purpose: complete and utter control of Lordaeron for the Lich King. The hapless mortals who fall beneath the feet of the Scourge could not tell you who led the Cult of the Damned at the head of the army. Underneath the chaos is a tightly run operation with mortals dedicated to the study of dark magic, the conscription of new mortal members and undercover scouting for the Scourge's forces. Some members' jobs are simply to carry messages from the field to the Next In Line in Stratholme.

Cult of the Damned members do not have an official wardrobe to represent their dedication. Some try to blend in with normal society so that they may spy for the Scourge or look for worthwhile new members. Others wear the clothes of the dead, often ripped and foul-smelling, to represent what they soon wish to be. Those who thoroughly study dark magic robe themselves in black and purple, dropping the brighter colors of their former lives as mages.

When the Next In Line are considered worthy, Kel'Thuzad kills them and raises them as shades, the most honored place a cultist can achieve. He

then appoints more mortals to serve as Next In Line for the Cult of the Damned. These leaders again serve the Lich King without question, seeing undeath as the ultimate reward. However, it is not only the Next In Line who are rewarded with undeath. Often the lich will raise any Cult member who has died in service to the Scourge. It is rare a mortal will be rewarded with undeath for simply doing good work, though, as a talented mortal must stay alive and serve the Cult. One mortal who brings a plague to a city of 50,000 is worth more than the one undead warrior she could become.

Locations

The base of the Cult of the Damned is in the lich Kel'Thuzad's palace in the fallen city of Stratholme. Most cultists do not have access to the lich, but the leaders of the Cult live in the palace and meet with other officials within the Cult to discuss their plans. The Cult is situated mostly in the Plaguelands and, to a lesser extent, in the rest of Lordaeron, always extending the Scourge's sphere of control.

The Cult will often be found wherever the Scourge is. Some mortals are simply drawn to dark power; others have been sent from Stratholme to build a Cult faction. They have pockets of influence further south in Khaz Modan and Azeroth, and look to take those areas after they have Lordaeron.

Members

While the current members of the Cult of the Damned are zealous individuals wholly dedicated to their cause, most new recruits are shy and weak-willed people unsure of themselves. Unpopular, abused people, often considered failures in their careers or their lives in general, are ripe for the manipulation of the Scourge as they don't have much to hold onto in the first place. With the promise of wealth, power, knowledge — whatever will motivate them — the Cult draws them in. When the mortals commit to the Cult, they experience dark magic to help them with the final act of submission. Afterwards, they are confident and in the full sway of the Lich King's powers, ready to work tirelessly to spread the will of the Scourge.

Members view the Scourge with envious fascination, and many felt this way before any dark influences helped convert them. The undead seemingly defy

the natural order of things and show limitless potential, for if one can beat death, one can do anything. To be undead is the greatest goal one can have in life. It is considered a reward for a life well lived (according to the Scourge, of course) to be given undeath. There is sometimes a murmur of dissent in the ranks when some feel that their fallen enemies are gifted with undeath undeservedly while cultists must work to receive that divine payment. Such grumblings are often put down quickly, usually with the threat of death with no final reward. The officers in the Cult explain that their enemies die and become allies because their numbers are much greater than the Cult of the Damned. If the Scourge only raised deserving mortals, it would not be the great force it is today. The Scourge needs the Cult because they need mortals to serve them.

Kel'Thuzad personally appoints officials and leaders for the Cult, looking for people both talented in espionage and in pursuing the dark art of necromancy. Good leadership abilities, a talent for recruitment and the ability to blend in with normal mortals are also valued skills. It is impossible to reach any officer ranks without magic, however. There are no ranking members of the Cult who do not know at least a handful of dark spells.

Leaders

Kel'Thuzad (male lich Wiz25): Kel'Thuzad serves his master Arthas from his stolen city of Stratholme. Once a corrupt mage, he swore fealty to the Lich King for greater power. At Ner'zhul's command, he brought the undead Scourge to plague Lordaeron and was subsequently slain by Prince Arthas, who was slowly going mad in his quest for the sword Frostmourne. The Lich King resurrected Kel'Thuzad as a lich and commanded him to aid Arthas in his campaign to take the continent for the Scourge. Since Arthas shattered the Frozen Throne at Northrend and began building his base there, he left the continent of Lordaeron in Kel'Thuzad's hands. The lesser lich plots a greater takeover of the east from his city. The second most powerful undead in the world today, he constructs plans to further cripple the already suffering continent and spread the undead influence south through the mountains of Khaz Modan and into Azeroth. He works closely with the Cult of the Damned, realizing that working with mortals to defeat mortals is often faster and more efficient than simply overrunning a city with undead — although that is usually the end result. While he appointed them himself, he detests the current mortals who serve as Next In Line, but recognizes their value to the Scourge. (For Kel'Thuzad's full statistics, see Appendix Two in **Manual of Monsters**.)

Pai Stormbringer (female human Rog10/Wiz6): In collaboration with Ul'haik Hadanot, she is the mortal co-leader of the Cult of the Damned. Once an assassin working for the corrupt nobles of the Alterac Mountains and later for the Syndicate, she felt the call of the Lich King and joined the Cult in the early days of the Third War. She was promised a way to combine dark magic and her assassination skills, and later showed a powerful skill in bringing new recruits into the Cult. With her honeyed voice and her staggering looks, she attracts weak-willed persons to whom she promises power and wealth to if they serve the Cult. If they find the will to refuse, she has the means with which to either convince them or to make sure they never have to make another decision again. She has a disarmingly cheerful disposition that throws many of her targets off guard. She is proud and thrilled to be working at the top of the Cult; she values the advice of Ul'haik and treasures her moments with the mighty lich. She is short and pudgy, and is surprisingly fast and flexible for her size.

Ul'haik Hadanot (male high elf Wiz12): The other co-leader of the Cult, Ul'haik was a sequestered and unfriendly mage dedicated only to his studies. He preferred his books over contact with other elves, and did not mourn them when Dalaran fell. Instead of feeling disgust at the invading undead, he felt a sense of awe at their power, and surrendered to them willingly. Kel'Thuzad recognized his ambition and quickly put him in charge of the Cult of the Damned. He represents the intellectual side of the Cult, directing the mages within and researching dark magic to further the spread of the undead. He prefers to keep to himself and study dark magic on his own, but often finds himself in meetings with Pai and the lich, discussing the deeper aspects of necromancy and plans of attacks to get more Cult members to move the Scourge further south. He secretly detests Pai and her cheerful attitude and plots to kill her and render her body so damaged with magic that she will be unable to rise as undead. He is tall for an elf, with a thin frame. His skin and hair have been darkened almost to pitch black due to his fevered study of magic.

The Defias Brotherhood

Membership: 1,600.

Alignment: Neutral evil.

Affiliation: Independent.

Regions of Influence: Elwynn Forest, Westfall, Duskwood.

Activities: Attacking caravans and travelers across central and western Azeroth. In Westfall, brazenly and openly looting farms and village merchants.

Razed by the Horde in the First War, the city of Stormwind required a small army of engineers and artisans in order to begin a massive program of reconstruction. After restoring the city to its former glory, the workers gathered outside Stormwind Keep to collect payment for their services. This came as a surprise to the nobility of the city, who had assumed that the work was being done as a matter of civic pride. Whether they were unable or simply unwilling to proffer payment, they immediately ordered the workers exiled from the city. With only the tools in their hands and the clothes on their backs, the workers were forced out of Stormwind and into Elwynn Forest. The shocked and forlorn workers were rallied by engineer Edwin VanCleef and became bandits, collecting their payment one traveler at a time. Marking themselves with a tattoo of a cog on their right hand, the bandits declared that "the machine will not run smoothly if the parts go renegade" to each waylaid traveler.

Banditry and thievery quickly became a way of life for the exiles, banding together under VanCleef's leadership as the Defias Brotherhood. Over the years, the ranks of the Brotherhood have been bolstered by the skilled, the desperate and the outcast, and now those marked with the cog tattoo signifying membership number in the hundreds. In Elwynn Forest and the area around Stormwind, the Brotherhood has mastered the art of the ambush, and despite protection by the Stormwind City Guard, few caravans get through the woods unhindered. The Guard's inability and unwillingness to pursue the Brotherhood into Westfall has led the farmers and villagers in the area to form the People's Militia in an attempt to stave off the Brotherhood's constant looting.

Lacking any formal military training, the outcasts who formed the Defias Brotherhood might have been forcibly disbanded long ago were it not for the skilled craftsmen and tinkers who made up its founding membership. These founders have worked together to give members of the Brotherhood access to an array of mechanical devices and weapons ranging from climbing equipment and smoke bombs to automatic crossbows and wagon traps (clamps buried in the ground that seize heavy wheels passing overhead and stop wagons on the spot).

When the Defias Brotherhood advanced into Westfall, the goblins of the area were upset both by the Brotherhood's raids on the merchant trains that supplied their shops and by the Brotherhood's refusal to sell their inventions at goblin merchant outposts. After repeated attempts by the goblins at negotiation were met by increased attacks on their suppliers by the Brotherhood, the merchants hired a group of mercenaries to hunt the bandits. This hunt resulted in the only major battle fought by the Brotherhood — and led to the capture of all goblins in Westfall by the renegade bandits. Chained together, they were marched south into the Dead Mines and put under the command of Edwin VanCleef. What has happened to them since is unknown.

Organization

Anyone with a sword and a cog tattoo can declare himself part of the Defias Brotherhood and begin robbing traveling merchants. Yet the Brotherhood hears of such activity quickly, long before even the Stormwind Guard, and new self-initiates soon find themselves visited by a member who instructs them in the ways of the Brotherhood. If the initiate agrees, he is officially allowed to join the Defias Brotherhood. If an initiate proves disagreeable, he is paid a second, quieter visit shortly thereafter by a shadowy form wielding a pneumatic crossbow.

Most initiates quickly join one of the Brotherhood's many established raiding parties. These groups are generally known as "bands," though they often adopt more colorful nicknames, from the "Southpath Raiders" to the "Roadspirits." In some cases, as with "Rillo's Leafwalkers," a band is named after its leader, called a "captain" in the Brotherhood. Captains lead and control their bands with force and cunning, and most experienced captains bear scars demonstrating their ability to

withstand challenges by young upstarts. Captains plan the raids of their bands, and they are responsible for supplying their bands with not only food and shelter but also training in the art of the ambush and the technology that gives the Brotherhood an edge. Initiates interested in becoming full Defias renegades quickly become familiar with the requirements described for the prestige class of the same name in Appendix Two, as their instructors put them through a grueling training regimen until they qualify.

Captains and their bands are given free reign by the Brotherhood's leadership to steal, pillage, harass and harry as often as they like and as long as they can avoid open conflict with the troops of the Stormwind Guard and the People's Militia. Occasionally, however, higher-ranking members of the Brotherhood are sent out with "knife squads" to warn bands who go too far; in the words of Edwin VanCleef, "a dead traveler carries no treasure, and a ruined village has no plunder." The Brotherhood requires that captains bring a quarter of all loot to Moonbrook, where it helps fund the research and activities of VanCleef and the Brotherhood's leadership. In return, the Brotherhood gives captains access to the technological advances made in the labs within their hidden headquarters.

Locations

Bands of the Defias Brotherhood are found mainly in Westfall and Elwynn Forest, though they occasionally range into Duskwood and other parts of northern Azeroth. The few who have managed to track them so far believe that the Brotherhood works out of the remote town of Moonbrook in southern Westfall. Yet its true headquarters is actually nearby in an underground fortress constructed in the labyrinthine Dead Mines.

Members

Renegades of the Defias Brotherhood tend to be exceptionally skilled, swift of foot and mind, and mechanically adept. They also tend to feel alienated from society at large and are often looking for some sort of revenge, even if they don't know how or against whom. As well, they need to be able to show enough initiative to seek out and join the Brotherhood of their own free will, though once inside they are expected to follow orders within the wide borders of freebooting and banditry. The majority of the renegades are human, with a small portion of dwarves come south out of Khaz Modan and a few high elves upset at the army of Stormwind for refusing to march north and retake all of Quel'Thalas. Half-elves, half-orcs and others who feel outcast from their own races have also bonded with Defias bands and become renegades.

Leaders

Edwin VanCleef (male human Rog13/Exp3): Edwin VanCleef was once a "roofwalker" in Stormwind with a specialty in defeating mechanical defenses. Yet when the Horde destroyed the city, he called upon skills he learned as a child at the side of his father, a master stonemason, and was one of the first to offer his talents to rebuild Stormwind. He was also among the first artisans cast out of the city gates when they sought payment for their services.

It was VanCleef who took the group of artisans and tinkers sitting in the mud outside the gates of Stormwind and turned them into the Defias Brotherhood. After teaching them the skills he learned from the city's thieves, he helped them adapt to the wild until they had perfected their ability to ambush travelers. When the Stormwind Guard began to respond, VanCleef and the tinkers in the Brotherhood augmented the abilities of the renegades with mechanical devices and weapons.

VanCleef's search for a secure location where he could build a tinker's works led him across Westfall to the Dead Mines. Once his laboratory was constructed, he entered the mines and has rarely left in more than two decades. Yet he knows of everything happening across central Azeroth, particularly where the Brotherhood is involved. Rumors say that in recent years he has grown particularly zealous in his belief in technology's means to defeat Stormwind.

Jac Northshire (male human Ftr7/Dre6): Also known as Jac Strongarm, Northshire is the Brotherhood's enforcer. When a group of potential members appears, Jac is sent to investigate and determine whether they should be allowed into the Brotherhood. When renegades overstep the boundaries, Jac tracks them down to mete out the same punishment to the renegades that they inflicted upon others. Finally, when a particularly well-guarded Stormwind caravan makes its way into the Elwynn Forest, Jac is at the vanguard of the ambush. Despite a growing collection of scars, he has yet to fail in his duties.

Hartargan Stark (male human Tnk9/Eng8): One of Edwin VanCleef's closest advisors, Stark has been part of the Brotherhood since the exiles first found themselves barred from Stormwind. A talented tinker, he specializes in creating non-lethal weaponry such as net guns and sling-thrown smoke bombs. Through relatives in Stormwind he maintains a large network of contacts and provides much of the Brotherhood's inside information on the comings and goings of caravans around the city.

Brighteyes (female human Rog8/Dre5): Among the renegades, Brighteyes is known as "the shadow." Mute since birth, she is as silent in step as she is in voice. The leader of many Brotherhood ambushes, she is known to slip undetected into a guarded camp in the middle of the Westfall plains, then depart with everything of value without being noticed. Rumors circulate in the Brotherhood that her abilities come not from skill but from an ancestry tainted with the blood of the wizard Medivh, but these rumors are only repeated quietly and with one eye on the darkness.

The Explorers' Guild

Membership: 2,350.

Alignment: Good.

Affiliation: Alliance.

Regions of Influence: Worldwide, though more often in the east (Azeroth, Khaz Modan and Lordaeron) than on Kalimdor.

Activities: Exploring nearly every corner of the world. Searching for titan artifacts. Amassing one of the world's largest libraries of information on Azeroth's history, people and cultures.

When it was first discovered that the origins of the dwarven people might be tied to the ancient and mysterious titans, expeditions were quickly organized to search for artifacts and information that might confirm the theory. The first of these expeditions were led by hardy dwarven prospectors accustomed to long treks in unforgiving territory. As they taught their skills to the new generation of journeymen, a new breed of dwarven traveler emerged. These travelers appointed themselves the task of gathering as much information as possible about the world, its history, and its cultures in hopes of finding the scraps of information the titans might have left behind to lead their progeny to the truth. Though they often still called themselves "prospectors," they gathered together under the banner of their true calling: the Explorers' Guild.

In less than a decade, the Explorers' Guild has already amassed an incredible archive of information and artifacts in their guildhall close to the dwarven throne in Ironforge. The tales brought back by the members of the Guild have ignited the imaginations of the dwarven nation, and children who once dreamed of carrying a blunderbuss into battle or piloting a gyrocopter now play at exploring in the caverns near their home.

Though many of them think the dwarves' obsession with the titans verges on the ridiculous, the soldiers and diplomats of the Alliance are happy to support the efforts of the Explorers' Guild so long as it continues to provide useful news from distant and unexplored places. In addition to the cultural and geographic intelligence it gathers, information provided by the Guild has allowed the Alliance to produce a map of more than 400 untapped gold mines across Khaz Modan and Lordaeron in preparation for an eventual move north to battle the Scourge.

Organization

New members of the Explorer's Guild spend their early days honing their skills close to home, guiding travelers through the peaks and passes of Khaz Modan and leading supply expeditions for the dwarven kingdoms. Once they've proved themselves, these "prospectors" are upgraded to "journeyman" status and given their first field missions by the Guild. Often, these missions involve traveling to remote but previously visited locales in order to update the Guild's library with news of current events in the area. Eventually, the journeymen are upgraded to full Explorer status and given carte blanche to travel where they will with full Guild support, provided that they produce regular reports on their excursions.

The dwarven king is the official head of the Explorer's Guild, though the title is mostly honorary — only once in Guild history has the king filed a report in the Archives. The daily operation of the Guild is overseen by the Excursion Council, made up of several dozen of the oldest and most experienced members of the Guild. The younger members of the Guild have nicknamed this group the "Excuse Me Council," as many of the Council are constantly leaving behind their duties to set off on

REPORT TO THE GUILD COUNCIL
on
A Journey to the Southland in Search of Azotha Ruins and Evidence of the Titans
Submitted by Journeyman Aron Kodosbreath

I cover my travels through well-known territory in my separate report *Update on Events in Zul'kunda and the Vile Reef* (File Index #3SV-42K47). Suffice it to say that the journey lasted for the better part of a month, and my expedition (including three mercenary swordsmen, a pair of freeborn archers, one Quel'dorei sorcerer, and six goblin camp adjuncts; see attached expense report form 5674) arrived in the area to be investigated, approximately four days' travel east of Booty Bay, in early summer.

The following summations provide an overview of the portion of the expedition covered in each section of the following pages:

DAYS ONE – FIVE (pp. 08–63): Establishing a base camp; Making contact with nearby villages and gathering information.

DAYS SIX – EIGHT (pp. 64–148): My first journey into the hills in search of Azotha ruins; My discovery of the Savage Hills; A skirmish with Jungle Trolls.

DAYS NINE – ELEVEN (pp. 149–154): Planning a new course of action; Scouting the Troll encampment with Tohas Steelarm.

DAYS TWELVE – THIRTEEN (pp. 155–208): The midnight raid and the kidnapping of Quellan Maisara; News from the village.

DAYS FOURTEEN – EIGHTEEN (pp. 209–289): War among the tribes; Tracking the Trolls; A dark ritual witnessed; The heroic sacrifice of two Goblin Brothers.

DAY NINETEEN, PART ONE (pp. 290–325): Into the Temple; Confronting the Witch Doctor; Accepting the Challenge.

DAY NINETEEN, PART TWO (pp. 326–364): Ancient prescriptions and preparations; A visit from two Ghosts; Visions of the Titans.

DAY NINETEEN, PART THREE (pp. 365–445): Return to the Temple; Ancient evidence; Warnings from Quellan; The duel.

DAYS TWENTY – TWENTY-THREE (pp. 445–470): The aftermath; The Azotha revealed; An unexpected departure and a wedding; Sifting the debris.

DAYS TWENTY-FOUR – TWENTY-SEVEN (pp. 470–515): Gathering the tribes; Marking the trail; Striking camp.

CONCLUSIONS (p. 516-697)

APPENDIX A: Local Myths and Legends

APPENDIX B: Sketches of the Lost Mosaics

APPENDIX C: The Savage Hills Treaty

their own self-assigned journeys. Yet so long as a small fraction of the Council remains in Ironforge to coordinate outgoing and incoming Guild expeditions, the organization continues to run smoothly.

Locations

For many years, members of the Guild met in the Weary Boots Tavern in Ironforge, storing their reports and retrieved artifacts on sagging wooden shelves in a disused warehouse. Several years ago, treasure gathered by the Guild was combined with a bequest from the throne to pay for a new block of chambers to be carved out of the rock of the dwarven capital. The newly completed Guildhall provides members with offices and meeting rooms, workshops to repair gear and equipment, warehouses and libraries, private quarters for higher-ranking members and group bunkrooms for newer initiates. A large museum open to the public shows exhibits of relics collected by the Guild; when titan artifacts are on display, the line to get into the museum often snakes out the entrance of the Guildhall and across the public square in front of the building.

Smaller guildhalls, called "way stations," are being established in far-flung corners of Azeroth, usually in the back rooms of inns or taverns along well-traveled routes to distant parts of the continent. Though they still vary in the level of service they can offer, some way stations can provide

detailed maps of the local area while others stockpile supplies of dried foods and basic traveling necessities that can be drawn upon by Guild members (who are expected to pay for their withdrawals of Guild property whenever possible).

Members

The overwhelming majority of members in the Explorer's Guild are dwarves. Fewer than a dozen members of other races are inducted into the ranks each year, usually after providing exemplary service to the Guild on several official expeditions.

A green torch burning at the entrance to the Guildhall in Ironforge marks the rare occasions when the Guild is accepting new applicants, a call usually answered by hundreds of young dwarves who can demonstrate the requisite skill with languages and a broad base of geographic and historical knowledge. For each opening, twenty top potentials are selected and taken into the mountains of Khaz Modan by one of the Excursion Council. What follows is an intensive three-week trial that tests not only the potentials' physical ability and stamina but also a wide range of skills from map making and tracking to herbalism and mineral location. At the end of the test period, the applicants who come out on top are inducted into the Guild and officially allowed to call themselves prospectors.

Membership in the Guild is selective, as each member receives a stipend from the Guild of two gold pieces per day, rising to five gold pieces when on a sanctioned expedition. In addition, the Guild stores will completely outfit any official expedition with supplies and equipment — though the quartermasters are notoriously stingy when arguing the definition of "completely outfit". All Guild members can also make their home at the Guildhall in Ironforge, though when all the private quarters are taken up by higher-ranking members of the Guild (as during the annual Convocation, when the Guild gathers to share stories and plan expeditions for the coming year), even full-fledged explorers can find themselves sleeping in the fifth slot up in the bunkhouse.

Guild members come from all walks of life, their skills contributing to the goals of the Guild and the dwarven people. For some, however, exploration

becomes more than a profession — it becomes an avocation and a passion. See the dwarven prospector prestige class in Appendix Two for more information on the path taken by these adventurers.

Leaders

Tomli Magellas (male dwarf Sor13/Dpr5): A master archaeologist and well-known historian among the dwarves, a family fortune based on gemstone mines allowed Magellas to pursue the life of a scholar and discover the clues hinting at his race's divine heritage. Magellas' contributions to the Explorer's Guild helped build the Guildhall, and his wisdom earned him a place at the head of the Excursion Council. Officially, Magellas is High Explorer of the Guild, though he is often mistaken for a librarian as he spends nearly every day deep in the Guild Library searching for legends and myths that Guild explorers can be sent to investigate.

Samul Strangehands (male dwarf Ftr11/Dpr6): An experienced veteran of the First and Second Wars, by avocation Samul is a renowned stonecarver and sculptor who gained a taste for the outdoors wandering the mountains of Khaz Modan in search of raw material for his statues. Always trying to evoke the fiery spirit of his people in his art, he was fascinated to discover that the titans may have lit that spark long ago. In search of the truth, he was among those who founded the Explorer's Guild to go in search of titan artifacts that might uncover the heritage of the dwarven race. Though Samul is a trusted advisor to the High Explorer, he is content to keep the simple title of "Prospector" and mentor many young explorers.

Ryona Blondbeard (male dwarf Sor6/Tnk9): Despite his limited field experience, Ryona has distinguished himself as one of the most talented and useful of the Guild's staff at the Ironforge Guildhall. After becoming a prospector, Ryona was assigned to the quartermaster's shops and proved to be rather skilled at not only repairing equipment but improving it, from caltrop boots to field medical kits. When he was assigned to help create a system to help sort incoming field reports, he pressed on to create both an organizational system and corresponding racks of shelves for all reports and artifacts in the archives. Now Chief Quartermaster, he is in the middle of an ongoing attempt to read every report in the archives.

Hona Stonefall (female dwarf Sct8/Dpr5): When the green torch burns outside the Guildhall, it's Field Instructor Hona Stonefall who helps determine which dwarves will make up the next generation of prospectors. She's notorious for leading groups of candidates into the mountains and within a day convincing all but the brightest and toughest that they should try an easier profession, like defusing goblin land mines. Yet those who persevere and are trained to become prospectors by Hona are among the most famous members of the Guild.

Yulanini Hammersmith (male dwarf Ftr6/Dpr4): Yulanini spent most of his life in a small clanhold on the shores of Loch Modan and traveled to Ironforge as a old man to petition the throne for assistance building a new aqueduct. While in the capital, he met members of the Explorer's Guild and was fascinated by their stories of adventure and faraway places. Though he soon realized that he was too old to set out as an explorer, he found through delivering his petition that he had theretofore undiscovered diplomatic abilities and offered his skills to the Guild. Today, he is the liaison between the Excursion Council and the King, ensuring that the Guild stays in the throne's good graces.

Royal Apothecary Society

Membership: 3,500.

Alignment: Lawful evil.

Affiliation: Forsaken.

Regions of Influence: Based in the Apothecarium in Undercity, the Royal Apothecary Society is active in Tirisfal Glades and Silverpine Forest. Wherever there are Forsaken, there are Society members.

Activities: Undead tinkers, rogues and wizards continuing their studies of science to eradicate the humans and Scourge from the area.

When Lady Sylvanas shrugged off the control of Arthas and the Scourge and began to free the forsaken, they staked out an area of Lordaeron for their own and attempted to exist in the ruins of Lordaeron City. The forsaken burn with a desire to eradicate the Scourge, seeing it as the reason behind their undeath and misery. Recent attacks from humans have forced them to realize they truly have no friends in this harsh post-war world.

The Scarlet Crusade and the Scourge are their greatest enemies, both refusing to let the forsaken exist as they are. When the Scourge began attempting to control Lady Sylvanas' subjects after she had

freed them, she knew drastic measures were needed to protect the forsaken's way of existence. The Scourge had a limitless supply of warriors: any mortal they killed could be raised as an undead to be controlled. The forsaken do not have that level of necromantic power at their disposal, and the Lady realized she needed another way of dealing with the threats. Then she discovered that mortals, particularly the zealots of the Scarlet Crusade, did not believe that the forsaken were not like the Scourge, and destroyed any undead they found regardless of affiliation. When her scouts didn't return from their missions around human territory, Lady Sylvanas correctly assumed the worst and began making plans for defenses against humans as well.

The forsaken queen initially chose two brilliant minds to lead her new Apothecary Society. Faranell, a human wizard who excelled in magical potion creation, and Oni'jus, a half-elf infiltrator who was a master of mundane poison concoction (and whose idea it was to add "Royal" in front of their fledgling group's name). A dwarf tinker, Brightflame Masjenal, later rounded out her three leaders, with Faranell leading the three. They were set to build a society dedicated to researching ways to protect the forsaken from both mortal and Scourge attacks using toxins and poisons.

Lady Sylvanas has ordered her Master Apothecary to construct a plague to match the one Ner'zhul brought to Azeroth, only killing undead as well as mortals. This impressive feat has not been accomplished yet, in large part because of the lack of necromancers in the Royal Apothecary Society. Yet Faranell has the best minds under him working on the problem and they slowly make progress. Their plague still kills mortals without giving them undeath, but Faranell promises results in the future.

The Royal Apothecary Society has grown to 3,500 members now. Its top minds are making deadlier and more destructive toxins as Lady Sylvanas works to free more beings from the Scourge's control. The Forsaken, and the Society, are alone in the world, liked by neither mortals nor their fellow undead, but they will fight to maintain their freedom from both.

Organization

The Royal Apothecary Society is broken into three groups: Research and Development; Testing; and Implantation.

R&D is staffed by wizards and rogues with a talent for mixing poisons. They make a variety of toxins from run-of-the-mill nerve gas, delayed poison and flesh dissolving sprays, to more magical potions such as fire potion (which burns the drinker from the inside), and even one that makes the drinker insane, assuming the mannerisms of another race. They are also in charge of roaming the countryside to look for ingredients for their foul concoctions. This group resides solely in the Undercity and reports directly to Master Apothecary Faranell.

Testing is comprised of the more daring undead, many who were fighters and rangers in their lives. Their job is to scout the area of Tirisfal Glades and Silverpine Forest for subjects on which to test what comes out of R&D. Mortals or Scourge, it doesn't matter as long as they're not Forsaken. They must take these beings alive, and preferably as unharmed as possible, and return them to the Undercity. Here the Testing department applies the various potions the R&D department has concocted, seeing if they have the desired effects. The desired effects are commonly horrific — the best mortals can hope for is that a potion merely kills them instead of having its intended effect. Quick death is rarely the goal of these vile brews. The Scourge have it a little easier, as potions may commonly have little to no effect, as there is no life to be taken away. However, if they survive a round of tests, they will be present for the next round. It is very unlikely these unwilling test subjects will return alive — or undead. Master Apothecary Oni-jus heads this area in addition to aiding the R&D department.

The third group, Implantation, is dedicated to getting the finished toxins to their target, which is primarily the job of tinkers, rogues and other crafty types. Some devise mechanisms to deliver toxins or design and forge weapons for the job; others have the more dangerous job of administering the toxins personally, wielding the weapons or sneaking into the dwellings of the targets. This group reports to Master Apothecary Brightflame Masjenal.

Locations

The base of the Royal Apothecary Society is in Lady Sylvanas' Throne Room in the Undercity, where the three leaders can meet with their queen and discuss plans of attack and reported Scarlet Crusade and Scourge movements. The laboratories and testing rooms of the Society are also located in the Undercity.

Members

The Royal Apothecary Society originally was created from those forsaken with poison-concocting skills: wizards and rogues. The forsaken have no claim to necromancers — they are all closely guarded by the Scourge — so Sylvanas freed as many mages and rogues as she could, although they were few and far between. She was best at freeing fighters and barbarians to follow her.

Later, the Society became large enough to find places for anyone who felt qualified to join, as the brawnier undead were needed to catch test subjects and the more intellectual were needed to develop the toxins and the delivery mechanisms. As Sylvanas must free every undead she can (being picky isn't an option), the Society is not particular as to who joins. A willingness to work hard, a talent that can be utilized and a deep-seated hatred for the Scourge is all that is needed.

Lady Sylvanas does not prefer one race over another, despite her high elf roots. The forsaken, and therefore the Society, are mostly human because the undead who existed around Lordaeron City were human. As it grows, dwarves, high elves, half-elves, and even some orcs and trolls have joined the Society.

An undead who wishes to join the Royal Apothecary Society only has to inform an existing member, usually identified by an armband with a flask and crown embroidered on it, of her interest. The Society member will inform his leader, one of the Master Apothecaries, who sets up an interview with the interested party. If Sylvanas manages to free a wizard or sorcerer from the Lich King's control, she will invite him or her to the Society herself.

Leaders

Master Apothecary Faranell (male human forsaken Sor8/Exp2/Dap2): The first Royal Apothecary member, this human was a wizard taken by the Scourge at Dalaran. A personal friend of Jaina Proudmoore, he watched as she failed to protect her people from her former lover. He hates the humans and the Alliance almost as much as he hates the Scourge for taking his life. The Lich King paid him little interest as he never showed much promise with necromancy, which left his will free enough to be rescued by Sylvanas. Despite his inability to create death magic, he is a valuable asset as his skill at crafting potions is unparalleled. He leads the Re-

search & Development branch of the Society and urges the wizards and sorcerers under him to develop their death magic so that the forsaken will have the might to go against the Scourge some day. He adores his Lady and daily his heart aches more and more for her, but love is not for the undead, only sorrow and loss. He looks like most of the undead in the Society, as his body is covered in sores and rotting flesh. He is permanently stooped from some crushed vertebrae he suffered in the fall of Dalaran. He looks no one in the eye except for his queen, whom he gazes upon adoringly.

Apothecary Oni'jus (female half-elf forsaken Rog10/Inf4): Oni'jus was one of Prince Arthas' infiltrators before the war, having an uncanny ability to ferret out the prince's enemies (even the ones he was unaware of). She considers it her greatest failing — and the one she paid the highest price for — that she failed to see the prince's deterioration in front of her. She fled his side before his embrace of Frostmourne in Northrend, but fell to the plague on her way to warn Lordaeron. The strong will she developed as an infiltrator allowed her to keep mostly free of the Scourge's control, and she willingly followed when Sylvanas called. Oni'jus' poison and assassination skills are invaluable to Sylvanas, and the queen appointed the half-elf to lead the Testing department of the Society, sending teams of warriors and rogues out to capture mortals and Scourge alike to test the vile toxins she and Faranell create. She is dedicated totally to the destruction of Arthas and the Scourge. Vain of her fair looks in life, she enshrouds her decomposing body in swaths of black cloth, which helps her conceal herself in darkness. No one knows what she looks like under her yards of protection; only her glowing eyes show.

Apothecary Brightflame Masjenal (female Ironforge dwarf forsaken Tnk9/Dap1): Brightflame was her family's pride and joy, embracing its tinkering business and demonstrating a flair for developing odd weapons. She was unlucky enough to be studying with an armorer in Lordaeron when the Scourge blazed through, catching her in their wake of undeath. She fought mindlessly for the Scourge, utilizing none of her talents for the Lich King until freed by Sylvanas, and was instrumental in fashioning tools to help rebuild the Undercity. When she heard about the Society, she alerted the Lady to her skills as a weaponsmith and was quickly accepted — and promoted — within the Society. She heads the Implantation branch of the Society, finding the best way to release the toxins, whether in weapons or mechanical spiders. Brightflame is happiest in her workshop surrounded by like-minded tinkers, but one mention of Khaz Modan or her family and she will fly into a mournful rage, howling and throwing anything around her. She is small for a dwarf, her body twisting in undeath but thankfully leaving her fingers long and supple to work her craft.

Scarlet Crusade

Membership: 12,000.

Alignment: Lawful evil.

Affiliation: Independent.

Regions of Influence: Based in the Plaguelands, but hunts undead everywhere it can in northern Lordaeron.

Activities: A group of maddened zealots so dedicated to the removal of all undead that they commonly attack the living.

The priest Isillien was formerly a priest of the Holy Light in Lordaeron, assigned to be the liaison for the Knights of the Silver Hand. There he worked closely with High General Abbendis and his youthful charges, tutoring the young paladins in their quest for truth. Priests and paladins fought as the Scourge attacked the city, but they fled as Lordaeron fell around them. Some whisper it was the wounds both men received in battle, or perhaps just the shock of seeing their whole purpose destroyed, but since that day both Isillien and Abbendis have been quite insane.

Isillien and Abbendis wandered the area as the Scourge defiled the land, destroying what undead they could, gathering what warriors would join them. They had but one concern: eradication of all that had destroyed Lordaeron. They were joined by young Taelan Fordring, one of Isillien's protégés, who adored his tutor and his general. He offered his family's keep and land, untouched by the undead, for their base of operations.

The Crusade gained members whose lives had been ruined by the Scourge. Most members have seen a loved one die and, more often than not, be raised to fight alongside her murderer. Isillien became the spokesman for the group, his ravings gaining more followers than repelling them — and who could argue with the man that the undead were evil?

Some had reason to pause when Isillien's young page was found with Isillien's knife through his heart, and the priest calmly reported that the page had died that afternoon while hunting, and the undead had raised him and sent him back as an assassin. He was so convincing that the incident cemented the fear for most: if a freshly killed and raised undead can look just like a regular human, they had no idea who among them may or may not be with the Scourge.

After a month of quarantine, all priests and warriors with the Crusade were declared clean. Abbendis and Isillien felt that although they had a good base, they really needed to attack the Scourge where they were the thickest: in the Eastern Plaguelands. Isillien took on the title of Grand Inquisitor and control of the Western Crusade, while Abbendis led the majority of the forces to Tyr's Hand in the east to strike at Stratholme.

As they established their bases and took in many more warriors, they destroyed any undead they found. Frequently, groups of refugees fleeing the undead also fell beneath their furious swords. As the Grand Inquisitor claims, one cannot be too careful.

All undead — good, evil or neutral, Scourge or forsaken — are the rivals of the Scarlet Crusade. The undead are abominations and must be destroyed before the land and the people can heal. They count the Alliance and the Church of Holy Light as their allies, but these organizations quickly distance themselves from these fanatics, and instruct all travelers to give a wide berth to any Crusaders.

Organization

The Scarlet Crusade is structured much like the military. Abbendis and Isillien are the leaders, with Abbendis the official head of the Scarlet Crusade. He considers himself the arm of the Crusade while Isillien is the heart. Abbendis guides the military attacks of the Crusade from Tyr's Hand in the Eastern Plaguelands, communicating frequently with Isillien, who guides the priests in the Crusade in their new roles as inquisitors, based in the Western Plaguelands. He is in charge of questioning undead and mortals alike to ferret out whatever information he can on the movement and settlement of the undead. Abbendis acts as the leader of the priests and guides the inquisitions in the east while Isillien controls the warriors through his impressionable paladin Taelan in the west.

The Crusade has thirteen generals leading the lower ranks: 2,000 troops based in Hearthglen and 10,000 based in Tyr's Hand. The generals were not only chosen by the ranks they had in the war, but also by their dedication to the cause. Few make it very high in the ranks if they do not have a burning fervor to destroy all undead. Veterans who have fought the Scourge before are quickly promoted.

Any dissent in the ranks is considered to be caused by undead infiltration, for the Crusade cannot fathom a reasonable mortal having any disagreement with the elimination of the undead. Such individuals are considered to be undead themselves, or worse, deranged undead sympathizers. Thus the organization of the Scarlet Crusade is flawless, as the crusaders work with one mind towards one goal. If they do not work with total agreement, it is at least complete fear of their superiors that keeps them in line.

Locations

The Western Crusade's headquarters are in the rural area of Hearthglen, the inheritance of Taelan Fordring. Their main headquarters are in the Eastern Plaguelands in Tyr's Hand, a small community hosting the newly built Scarlet Monastery, a massive building that draws refugees looking for safety.

Members

Membership in the Scarlet Crusade is high, relative to the human population of the region. The strong sense of abandonment, futility and fear runs high in all humans on Lordaeron, and the Scarlet Crusade feeds that fear with reassurance that the evil will fall while the good remain untainted.

The Crusade attracts mostly warriors, people who find in this post-war state that living by the sword is the only way to survive. They feel the need for a strong community where their skills will be utilized, and the Scarlet Crusade maintains that they need strong warriors for their cause. Some priests are drawn to the righteous eradication of the undead, but they often see the Crusade for the zealots they are and rethink their entry. This, of course, is considered suspicious, and they are often slain for their misgivings.

The biggest problem prospective members encounter is assuring the Crusaders that they are not undead

themselves. Since the Grand Inquisitor was almost killed by his own page (so the story goes), the group is incredibly paranoid about the undead infiltrating their ranks. The supposedly common knowledge that undead are hideously deformed and easy to discern from the living makes no difference to these people; they believe necromancers are capable of disguising the undead as living. Thus, new members (if they survived alerting the Crusade to their desire to join) are quarantined for 30 days to see if they begin to exhibit signs of the plague or being an undead. They are visited by the Grand Inquisitor or the High General during this time and are "questioned." No Scarlet Crusader discusses his quarantine and initiation.

Leaders

High General Abbendis (male human Ftr10/Pal8): No one really knows what happened to the High General to make his hatred of the undead so virulent. Some (very quietly) speculate that he and the Grand Inquisitor were captured and tortured by the Scourge, but no stories have ever been verified. Asking the High General exactly why he hates the undead brands the inquirer as maddened by the plague. He is of the opinion that one must hate the undead and remove them from Lordaeron, else the humans will never regain their foothold on their homeland again. He feels his actions follow the Light, that he is doing good for his race and his home. He deeply admires his partner, the Grand Inquisitor, and is very proud of the organization they have built together. He is a tall man in his 40s, dark of skin with wild, white hair. His madness is evident in his face, but his followers see it as merely utmost dedication to his cause.

Grand Inquisitor Isillien (male human Hlr8/Pre10): The Grand Inquisitor is the spiritual heart of the great Crusade. Once a devoted priest of the Holy Light, he now sees his dedication to the Crusade as an even greater purpose. This dedication is real; it's a powerful and total commitment to something that has measurable results — something the Holy Light never gave. Early in the life of the Crusade, he developed techniques for inquisition and questioning, as well as holding cells and torture chambers to extract information or to hold prisoners or initiates to see if they are infected by the plague. Undead are also held in these cells, and Isillien often visits them late at night, always alone. Crusaders say he enters the dungeon looking angry and almost mad ("mad" relative to the average crusader, which would be justifiably insane to the average eye). He exits calm and smiling, and speaks to no one about what he has been doing, and no one cares enough about the undead to wonder too much. He is 55, short and thin with a balding head and wide, green eyes.

Highlord Taelan Fordring (male human Ftr10/Pal2): Poor Taelan Fordring simply wanted to serve the Knights of the Silver Hand, learning about how to serve the less fortunate with his pure soul and his sword. Isillien taught him about the Holy Light and what it was to serve. When he saw the Scourge destroy his home, he could only watch, powerless, as each friend he saw struck down rose again in undeath. Blind with grief and seeking guidance, he fell under his old tutor's sway again and readily joined the new Crusade, eagerly offering his home to be their western base. He is honestly blind to the evil the Scarlet Crusade spreads and looks up to his leaders with respect and admiration. He regrets the innocent lives lost, but he's had enough years of war to know that some innocents always die. And that's what he considers this: war. He is 34 years old and the epitome of the powerful and good paladin warrior. Tall and powerfully built, he has long brown hair and blue eyes.

Condoned by the Alliance?

The Alliance races have many problems currently, the greatest of which is the loss of their homeland to the undead, the Horde, the demons and various monsters. Their once proud populations are either dead, undead or in hiding. They don't even have much of a base to call their own except for the remote city of Stormwind, too far away to deal with the problems of Lordaeron with any real effectiveness.

The elimination of the Scourge is any reasonable mortal's goal, but the Scarlet Crusade considers the many mortals it kills in its quest as acceptable losses. To the Alliance, the Crusade's single-mindedness is madness.

So, no, the Alliance does not condone the Scarlet Crusade's actions, but sees the problems caused by this organization as akin to having a stain on your shirt while your house is on fire. Until the greater problems are dealt with and the homeland is retaken, the Crusade will be free to act as it wishes.

Stormwind Assassins

Membership: 2,500.

Alignment: Neutral.

Affiliation: Alliance.

Regions of Influence: Based in Stormwind, influence spreads to Elwynn Forest, Westfall and the Redridge Mountains.

Activities: Elite assassins dedicated wholly to the Alliance's goals, but willing to do the dirtier jobs.

The Stormwind Assassins are one of the oldest surviving organizations on Azeroth. Long before any of the wars, the Alliance faction of Stormwind felt it was unable to do everything it wanted to within the law. One of the leaders, Erwill Youngton, secretly approached a thief in their prisons. Pathonia Shaw had been imprisoned by the Alliance repeatedly for theft. Caught perhaps three times, she was notorious for scores of high profile crimes. Youngton offered her clemency if she agreed to form a society to take care of the Alliance's dirty work quickly and cleanly. She agreed at once — and added that she would find a way to do it with a sense of style as well.

The Stormwind Assassins began that day, with Pathonia Shaw sneaking into a corrupt high-elf mayor's room that night and killing him, making sure to keep the bedroom immaculate: not a drop of blood spilled nor a sheet rumpled. With the agreement of Erwill Youngton, she combed the prisons for her fellow thieves to bring into the family, as they were called, and soon built a small force to serve the Alliance.

The Assassins were there when the orcs poured from the Dark Portal, taking out stray scouts; yet they found it difficult to make a true dent in the enemy forces because of the Horde's sheer numbers and the Assassins' lack of military training. The Assassins work best one-on-one, they quickly discovered, and concentrated more on aiming for the Horde's leaders.

Shaw had been a thief for the thrills and was not necessarily evil. Once she was allowed to do her favorite thing in the world and still get paid for it, she became a loyal Alliance fighter. She made sure to hammer this home in her recruits: one does not steal from the hand that feeds. If the thrill of the stolen goods and the secret kill, along with a steady salary, was not good enough for her thieves, they were not initiated into the Assassins. The message was clear: only commit the crimes sanctioned by the Alliance.

Shaw had one other requirement when she built the society: secrecy was a must. The thieves did not normally walk around claiming to be thieves, and they had no reason to do so once they were legitimate assassins either. The leader of Stormwind is the only one with a full list of the Stormwind Assassins, and when one was assigned to be part of a larger operation, as happened in the three wars, her true purpose was not revealed to the other troops. They passed as fighters or scouts, even wizards from time to time, but still did their primary jobs of stealing and killing when needed. Their commanders would know of their secret when needed, but often only the assassin knew of her true reason for being in the field.

The population of Stormwind knows the Assassins exist, and the public relations machine has taken their reputation to the extreme: these are glamorous fighters, too talented to serve with the mere warriors in the army; they are stealthy people who work by the night, shrouded in mystery and barroom tales. Some children — even wealthy types — become thieves in the hope that someday they can be Stormwind Assassins too. No one knows who they are, but almost everyone claims to have seen them at work, although this is highly unlikely.

Shaw retired 10 years ago and put her grandson Mathias in charge. She had groomed him for the job from when he was an infant, testing his speed and dexterity on a physical level and making sure he understood the difference between doing what was right and doing what was necessary, and how those two do not always mix.

The Cathedral of Light understands that the Stormwind Assassins must exist for the good of Stormwind and the Alliance, but the priests do not condone assassination. They choose simply to look the other way.

Organization

The Stormwind Assassins view themselves as a hand grasped around a knife, forming the organization into five branches. Mathias Shaw and his group of leaders make the thumb, dealing with the management and leadership. The leadership consists of about 30 older rogues, many of whom knew

Pathonia, some of whom were appointed by her. They are familiar with how she wished the organization to be run, and often steer the young Mathias on the correct path. The other leaders are in charge of the other four Fingers, leading, training, taking reports, and even running the books and making sure salaries are distributed.

The next two Fingers of the hand are made up of the highest-level members and consist of about 500 rogues each. The First Finger, the highest level an assassin can reach before leaving the life behind to become a leader in the Thumb, is dedicated to assassination, targets being anyone from rival military leaders to corrupt priests. The Second Finger is dedicated to "acquisitions" of material, either taking already stolen material to give to its rightful owner, or taking a particularly powerful item from a person it would be politically uncomfortable to kill outright.

The 500 or so rogues who make up the Third Finger excel in espionage, often working with rogues from the First and Second Finger to gather information, read and remember scrolls without stealing them, and serve as lookouts and diversions while the others do their jobs. The Fourth Finger rogues make up the largest and lowest level. These 1,000 rogues are the jacks-of-all-trades: they commonly handle burial of victims (and Stormwind Assassins), body-hiding, and alibi-establishing. It is their job to make sure the Stormwind Assassins' identities do not get discovered. They are also in charge of recruitment.

Locations

The Stormwind Assassins are based in Stormwind, but often travel to other Alliance-held lands in Azeroth. They have influence in Elwynn, Redridge and Westfall. They have done jobs in other areas, such as Duskwood and Deadwind Pass, but they almost never go further south.

Members

Every rogue and thief in Stormwind wants to be part of the Stormwind Assassins. The entire city views their work as necessary and admirable. It is a difficult organization to join, however, as the leaders of Stormwind do not want to endorse the Assassins' way of life. The organization began by a judicious picking through of the prison for "trustworthy" rogues, and word spread. Some thieves attempted to get caught just for the chance of getting picked (and the pardon didn't hurt either).

When Stormwind found the Stockade filling with hapless, eager-faced thieves, King Anduin Wrynn approached Mathias and demanded he do something about it. Mathias assigned the Fourth Finger of the Stormwind Assassins to recruit others, training a handful of rogues to recognize talent and discreetness (something the rogues in the city had left behind in their eagerness to join the Assassins). A rogue from the Fourth Finger will follow a rogue and leave him a note card with a place and a drawing of an open hand on it. If the rogue arrives alone at the meeting place, he meets with the Fourth Finger rogue. If the meeting goes well, the rogue will then receive another note card with another meeting place and a closed fist on it, indicating his acceptance.

Some of the rogues under Pathonia wanted to show their pride with tattoos of the fist that is the organization's symbol, but she did away with that thought, warning that they should make no permanent indication on their bodies that they belong to the Stormwind Assassins. They instead took to wearing one piece of white clothing with a single red thread carefully sewn in, looking like a stray piece of lint. Stormwind Assassins know what to look for, while others would not notice.

Initiation is difficult. The rogue is tested in everything from skills to morals. Many of the tests are subtle: the rogue must be entirely trustworthy, for without trust among the rogues, the entire organization of the Assassins will fail. Morality and a desire to serve the city of Stormwind are two of the most important aspects in an Assassin, and these qualities are understandably difficult to find. When prospects are rejected, they leave with only the face of their recruiter in their minds — if even that. The society does not feel the unveiling of a Fourth Finger's identity will hurt them too much, so this is an acceptable risk.

Upon full acceptance, the new Fourth Finger is given dirty work to do, all the while training, buffing his skills, working to become a Third Finger. Even accomplished rogues, thieves and assassins must start at the bottom and work their way up.

Leaders

Master Mathias Shaw (male human Rog13): Mathias Shaw is a young man to lead such a

powerful organization, but the 33-year-old isn't daunted. His mother was a First Finger assassin who died on the job when he was 4 years old. He grew up at Grandmother Pathonia's knee, as the founder of the guild did not see fit to lie to him about her death or his family's business. He was the youngest member of the guild when his grandmother made him a Fourth Finger at 10, and he worked his way up slowly, spending much more time in the various levels than most. This worked very well for him, as he knows intimately what is done at every level, and what is needed in new recruits. When his grandmother passed control to him on his 30th birthday, choosing to retire instead of die and leave things in disarray for him, he eagerly took the reins. He attempted to make improvements on her designs, but after a couple of months finally had to accept that her design was flawless, and he simply needed to run the already well-oiled machine. He has deep brown eyes and is diminutive, very unassuming for a guild leader of assassins. His first kill was the target his mother had failed to eliminate.

Forthisal D'Neve (female high elf Rog6/War3/Wiz2): Forthisal deserves mentioning because she is a unique experiment for the Stormwind Assassins. While the various guilds in the city work well together, Mathias does not trust the Church of the Holy Light, knowing they do not fully trust the Assassins. He placed Forthisal, a Third Finger rogue, on an extended espionage mission. She is studying with the Knights of the Silver Hand to become a paladin. She was born to wizards who died at Dalaran while she fled south with the refugees. Seeing the futility of magic, she left the wizards and made her living on the streets, where she was recruited by the Assassins. She has the skill to be at least a Second, maybe First Finger, but she remains a Third so she can continue gathering information about the Knights and the Church. She is 37, with black hair and green eyes.

Waltion Freemore (male human Rog15): Freemore was one of the first rogues Pathonia Shaw recruited from the Stockade. He served as her right-hand man and lover for 30 years, helping her build the guild into the powerhouse it is today. He is the grandfather of Mathias, but no one knows of the relationship he had with the powerful Pathonia, and he has promised to keep that secret. He knows he is at the end of his life, but agreed to stay with the guild for five years to aid Mathias, and he admits that the young man has his grandmother's (and grandfather's) vision clearly in his mind. He leads

the Fourth Finger rogues, ordering initiation and training in humility. He is in his seventies but walks with a straight back and strong step. When meeting new recruits, he prefers to be hooded so that no one will know his age. To the public, he is a valet to nobles within Stormwind Keep. He is bald with clear, blue eyes and a pudgy build.

The Syndicate

BE IT NOW KNOWN that the individual called Lord Aiden Perenolde and every known ally (see attached list), due to their association with the vile Horde during the war and their traitorous actions toward the Alliance and her citizens, shall be stripped of all land, holdings and wealth and known hereafter as traitors to the Alliance. They shall forfeit all rights to citizenry in the Alliance. Indeed, they are considered enemies of all citizens of Lordaeron. Let no good people of this land show them hospitality, mercy or sanctuary. Consider the honor they gave the Alliance and her citizens, and treat them no better.

So said in this seventh year of the new Alliance.

Sir Uther Lightbringer of the Knights of the Silver Hand

— Proclamation from Uther Lightbringer regarding the ousted noble traitors, known later as The Syndicate

Membership: 3,000.

Alignment: Chaotic evil.

Affiliation: Independent.

Regions of Influence: Based in Strombrad, wields strong influence throughout the Alterac Mountains and the Arathi Highlands, where another faction is being built in Stromgarde.

Activities: These corrupt, dethroned nobles now seek to take advantage of the Alliance's troubles and retake their lands.

During the Second War, the Horde attempted to conscript some Alliance nobles to help them in their campaign, and the weak-willed nobles of the Alterac Mountains readily agreed to help the orcs overthrow the Alliance leaders and take Lordaeron. With the defeat of the Horde came the punishment for these traitors: exile from their former holdings. Many citizens thought death would not have been too harsh for these turncoats, and thus life became difficult for them. Very few people wanted to be associated with the exiles, and they were turned away from every door. On a realistic level, their numbers were large; they resembled refugees instead of a handful of exiles, and most farmhouses couldn't have kept them if they'd wanted to.

The ousted nobles discovered, to their dismay, that the few bands of free orcs in Lordaeron wanted nothing to do with them and refused them sanctuary, so they began stealing to stay alive. Soon they banded together to become more powerful and called themselves the Syndicate. A haughty, fractious group led loosely by Lord Aiden Perenolde, this collection of fledgling rogues had many troubles working together, but managed to stay alive, stealing from towns and villages and traveling frequently. During their travels, other outlaws joined their ranks. These professional thieves found they preferred a larger community of rogues to working alone, although some detested the Syndicate's haughty noble leaders.

Lord Aiden Perenolde, the self-proclaimed leader, realized he had to do something drastic to reclaim his lands. When the Burning Legion and the Scourge began their assault on Lordaeron, he did not make the same mistake twice by allying himself with the enemy; he simply took advantage of the Alliance's distraction to begin moving on his lands. The harried and panicked citizens, the people they used to lord over, were frightened and confused and put up little fight, more concerned with the hellish creatures that were rampaging over the land.

The Syndicate thus retook the Alterac Mountains and currently battles with ogres and the undead to keep their lands. After regaining much of their lost territory, they sought to expand their sphere of influence, looking to punish the already hurting Alliance. They set their sights on the Arathi Highlands to the South.

Like the Scarlet Crusade, these humans are considered enemies of the Alliance, but that shattered organization has no resources with which to deal with them. The only true threats to these rogues are the individual humans in the areas the Syndicate threatens. The Trollbane family is such a rival. They also hate the Horde with a passion, as these orcs severed ties right when the Syndicate needed them.

Organization

The trouble with the Syndicate is that it is primarily made up of egotistical, high-born nobles, with lands, farms and citizens who once owed fealty to

them. When time came for them to band together and work as one, there was difficulty in finding a leader, as they all wanted the job. Once the Alterac Mountains were retaken and nearly every noble was back in his former home with a citizenry of bandits serving him, many of the old habits returned. Each noble claimed autonomy from the others and considered himself answerable to no one.

When Lord Aiden Perenolde came up with the idea to take advantage of the Alliance's crippled state and attack neighboring lands, the Syndicate once again came under his rule, grudgingly. There is little structure beyond his rule, although Lord Falconcrest has taken over command in the Arathi Highlands.

Each noble has a household and family that serve him or her, including whatever rogues or bandits they've picked up along the way. These nobles in turn answer to Lord Perenolde, but there is little organization beyond that. The Syndicate suffers from pride and jealousy, each leader wishing to be in Perenolde's position. There are no titles and little management. Infighting, usually over newly acquired holdings, is a frequent problem.

The dirty work, of course, is done by the people lower in the household. The nobles did the stealing and the fighting when they were exiles, but they consider themselves too good for that now, desiring to merely train their underlings and plan grand conquests over ravaged Lordaeron. Yet don't mistake, these nobles are fierce in battle and will pick up weapons if pushed.

Locations

The Syndicate is based in the Alterac Mountains, with Lord Aiden Perenolde's keep in the Uplands considered the meeting place for the Alterac nobles. The group has spread southwards to the Arathi Highlands, where most nobles there serve Lord Falconcrest (who is based in Stromgarde).

Members

Most Syndicate members had no choice in the matter: they were part of the traitorous nobles' households, either staff or family, and they were exiled with their lords. They learned the lifestyle of the thief the hard way, leaving their pampered lives behind to steal from others. They still managed to justify it with no problem, saying that their victims should be supporting them anyway, as they once did.

Many of these valets, stablehands, and pampered noble children found themselves developing a clever hand and a scrappy demeanor when it came to living hand-to-mouth on the road. After some weeks of whining, most everyone began pulling their weight when their bellies became empty enough. With enough stolen items, they began to build a semblance of a community in the foothills,

Leaving the Syndicate is very difficult. Each noble knows who belongs in his own little "gang" and notices when someone goes missing. The penalty for attempting to leave is whipping and branding the lower back with an "S."

Bandits found the Syndicate a powerful organization that, while fraught with infighting, is still better to belong to than the smaller gangs they were leading. The Syndicate had greater plans than simply robbing the refugees fleeing Lordaeron. Land conquest was more than the bandits had ever dreamed, and they were eager to join. The Syndicate accepted their pledges of fealty, and thus stronger warriors and rogues brought their skills to the group. One of the smarter decisions Aiden Perenolde made for the Syndicate is to break up these bandit gangs among the noble families, giving the bandits new allegiances so the gangs couldn't stay together to work against the nobles. This trick worked perfectly, and most bandits went along with it for the greater reward.

Any member of the Horde wishing to join the Syndicate is slaughtered on sight.

Leaders

Lord Aiden Perenolde (male human Rog12/Ftr4): Aiden grew up wealthy, never knowing need. He adored his home in the Alterac Mountains, but had his eyes on Lordaeron City. He held none of the lineage for the throne, even if everyone in Lordaeron died inexplicably. When the Horde invaded Lordaeron, he saw his chance to ride the wave of their destruction and claim the jewel of the Alliance as his own. When the nobles were thrust from their lands into the Arathi Highlands after the Horde's defeat, he knew if they didn't work together they would die. He managed to gain a loose hold on the prickly nobles to organize raiding parties on the local towns. When he regained control of his lands — and his neighbors — after the Third War, he had a burning desire to punish the Alliance (never mind that it lay shattered with

the fall of Lordaeron). He managed to urge his fellow nobles into taking more and more surrounding land, and currently the Syndicate holds a good portion of the Alterac Mountains and Arathi Highlands. He knows he is a target for the nobles who chafe under his rule and protects himself accordingly. He is 66, dark of skin and hair with blue eyes.

Lord Falconcrest (male human Rog7/Ftr5): Lord Falconcrest was one of the many lesser nobles under Lord Perenolde. He never liked the older man, but he admitted that Perenolde had a good idea from time to time, and thought it was a fine idea to work with the Horde. After they were exiled, he believed the Syndicate should be under his control as he blamed Perenolde for the loss of their holdings. He thinks he would have been able to get lesser sentences from the Alliance instead of exile to the wild to fend for themselves like peasants. He does admit that their plans to take Lordaeron lands have worked better than expected, and grabbed the opportunity to lead the Syndicate faction in Strombrad in the Arathi Highlands.

Far enough away from Perenolde's control, he is slowly grooming the rogues under him to work against Perenolde and the northern Syndicate, although he knows he must move slowly and methodically to make sure his forces are strong enough before he makes the schism. He is younger than Perenolde, only in his forties, and is prepared to bide his time until he is ready. He has red hair, white skin and light blue eyes and dresses in flowing, light garments to keep the sun from burning his sensitive skin.

Lady Beve Perenolde (female human Rog9/Wiz5): Beve is the oldest child of Aiden Perenolde and his dead wife, Isolde. She was sent to Lordaeron City to study magic as a young woman, but left the school voluntarily to join her family in exile, lending her magical skills to their cause. She is fiercely devoted to her family, but disagrees with her father on many issues. She knows she is in line to inherit the holdings when he dies, and she fully expects the leadership of the Syndicate to be her birthright as well. She thinks her leadership would be so beneficial that the Syndicate and her brothers and sisters would not miss Lord Perenolde for long. Her father is constantly surrounded by several bodyguards, so it would be unlikely she could attempt an assassination. This doesn't stop her from continuing her magical studies and looking for an opening in his defenses. She believes he is blind to her machinations, but he is well aware of her desires.

She is valuable to the Syndicate as the most powerful of the few mages within the ranks. She is in her forties, of average size with blonde hair and serious brown eyes. She commonly wears mage's robes.

APPENDIX TWO: MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

Whatever seemed not to fit in the main body of the narrative, I've tossed in here, though the items below hold a fair measure of importance with regard to the peoples and character of the eastern lands. Besides, I acquired such information at the cost of much sweat and toil, not to mention a goodly amount of gold over ales at several of the east's finer establishments, so it deserves to go somewhere. It should all prove of interest to the Council, I am sure.

Feats

This section offers six new feats for use in **Warcraft** games.

Distraction Fighting [General]

By using feints and verbal taunts, you are able to distract an attacker from an ally or a sought-after item.

Prerequisites: Cha 13, Bluff 5 ranks, Taunt†.

Benefit: You can distract an enemy into focusing totally on you, forgetting your fallen comrade or the magical item you are protecting. The enemy will follow you, dedicated only to killing you; he will not stop until one of you is dead. You must be able to speak, and will not be able to communicate verbally with your allies while performing this feat. The attacker must make a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your character level + your Charisma modifier) each round to keep his focus on his original goal.

Foe Hunter [General]

You are particularly adept at battling a certain type of creature. This may be due to lots of practice, intense hatred, special training or some other reason.

Benefit: Choose a specific type of creature, such as forest troll, blue dragon or nathrezim dreadlord. You gain a +1 competence bonus on attack and damage rolls against creatures of that type. When using a ranged weapon, you only gain the bonus to damage if the target is within 30 feet.

Special: A fighter may select Foe Hunter as one of his fighter bonus feats. You can take this feat multiple times. Its effects do not stack. Each time it applies to a different creature type.

Iron Flesh [Special]

Your connection with your titan ancestry permanently hardens your flesh.

Prerequisites: Con 15, stone flesh ability.

Benefit: You gain a +1 natural armor bonus. This bonus stacks with that provided by your stone flesh ability.

Special: You can take this feat multiple times. Each time, your natural armor bonus improves by +1.

Spell Crusher [General]

Your special training, powers and hatred of spells grant you the ability to wipe them out.

Prerequisites: Cha 15, Iron Will, Spellbreaker†, Spell Eliminator‡ (twice), base attack bonus +8, inability to cast arcane or divine spells.

Benefit: Once per day as a spell-like ability, you can use *greater dispel magic* as a sorcerer of a level equal to your character level.

Special: You must take Spell Eliminator twice to meet the prerequisites for this feat.

You can take this feat more than once. Each time you do, you can use *greater dispel magic* one additional time per day.

Spell Eliminator [General]

Your special training and hatred of spells grant you special power over them.

Prerequisites: Cha 13, Iron Will, Spellbreaker†, base attack bonus +8, inability to cast arcane or divine spells.

Benefit: Once per day as a spell-like ability, you can use *dispel magic* as a sorcerer of a level equal to your character level.

Special: If you have this feat, you can take the feats Control Magic†, Devour Magic† and Steal Magic† even if you do not meet the prerequisites for those feats. Spell Eliminator counts as all the prerequisites for those feats, so if you lose access to Spell Eliminator you lose access to those feats as well. If you have Spell Eliminator and Steal Magic†, they count as fulfilling all the prerequisites for Transfer Magic† (you do not need two other metamagic feats to take Transfer Magic).

You can take this feat more than once. Each time you do, you can use *dispel magic* one additional time per day.

Swift Craft [Technology]

You craft items much faster than normal, with no loss of quality.

Prerequisites: Craft (any) 4 ranks.

Benefit: Whenever you craft an item, divide the item's creation time by 5. If multiple characters are working on a single item, the time is reduced in this manner if you are in charge (i.e., you have the highest Craft skill and the others are assisting you). Other factors, such as cost and difficulty, are unaffected by this feat.

Special: A tinker may select Swift Craft as one of her tinker bonus feats.

Equipment

Described here are three new weapons.

Bayonet: This pointed blade can be attached to a long rifle, blunderbuss or anything else that's long and stick-like. Bayonets save riflemen the trouble of carrying a backup melee weapon.

Greathammer: Though often associated with human paladin warriors, Ironforge dwarves invented these massive, two-handed hammers. That paladins favor them is testament to their destructive power.

Hammer, Dwarven Battle: The dwarven battle hammer is a larger, heavier version of the standard warhammer. Ironforge dwarves invented these weapons as improvements over smaller warhammers.

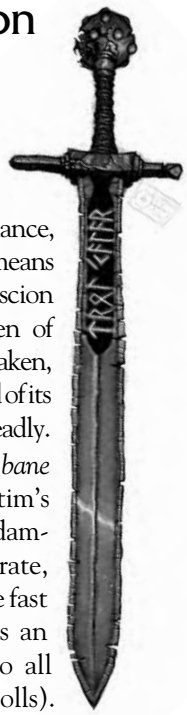
A character must possess a Strength of 13 or greater to take the Exotic Weapon Proficiency (dwarven battle hammer) feat. Ironforge and Wildhammer dwarves treat dwarven battle hammers as martial rather than exotic weapons. Other characters can use dwarven battle hammers as martial weapons if they wield them with two hands.

Magic Items

This section presents several new magic items, including potions, rings and wondrous items. They are tied primarily to the eastern continents, but they can appear anywhere in the world of Azeroth.

Specific Magic Weapon

Trol'Kalar



Description: This bastard sword is notched and old, but its appearance belies its sharpness and balance. *Trol'Kalar* pulses with a dim white radiance, almost as if alive. The weapon's name means "Troll Slayer" in an ancient tongue. The scion of the Trollbane family, Prince Galen of Stromgarde, wields *Trol'Kalar* against forsaken, the Syndicate, murlocs and ogres instead of its traditional foes. The blade still proves deadly.

Powers: When this *+4 keen giant bane bastard sword* wounds a troll, the victim's fast healing ability cannot repair the damage. The wounds heal at their normal rate, just as if the victim did not possess the fast healing ability. *Trol'Kalar* also deals an extra 1d6 points of holy damage to all those of evil alignment (including trolls).

Trol'Kalar bestows one negative level on any evil creature attempting to wield it. The negative level remains as long as the weapon is in hand and disappears when the weapon is no longer wielded. This negative level never results in actual level loss, but it cannot be overcome in any way (including *restoration* spells) while the weapon is wielded.

Strong evocation, conjuration and transmutation; CL 12th; Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *holy*

Table 7–1: New Weapons

Martial Weapon	Cost	Dmg (S)	Dmg (M)	Critical	Range Increment	Weight*	Type
Two-Handed Melee Weapons							
Bayonet	15 gp	1d6	1d8	x3	—	2 lb.	Piercing
Greathammer	40 gp	1d10	2d6	x3	—	10 lb.	Bludgeoning

Exotic Weapon	Cost	MR	Dmg (S)	Dmg (M)	Critical	Range Increment	Weight*	Type
One-Handed Melee Weapon								
Hammer, dwarven battle	30 gp	—	1d8	1d10	x3	—	8 lb.	Bludgeoning

* Weight figures are for Medium weapons. A Small weapon weighs half as much, and a Large weapon weighs twice as much.

smite, keen edge, summon monster I, creator must be good; Price 99,315 gp; Cost 49,815 gp + 3,960 XP.

Potions

Potion of Flesh Dissolving

Description: Carefully created by the Royal Apothecary Society to use against their Scourge enemies, this potion will dissolve the flesh of any undead. The beauty of it is that only a small amount is needed, so it could even be delivered as a mist and it would cause great damage. Its application to weapons causes them to sink deeper into their targets as the resisting flesh merely dissolves.

Powers: The character must make an attack roll to hit the target, after which the potion takes immediate effect. It initially does 1d4 points of damage, but it will do an additional 1d2 points of damage every round it is allowed to stay on the skin, up to 10 rounds. It can be washed off with normal water. If the potion is delivered by a slashing or piercing weapon, a DC 15 Heal check is required to wash away the potion.

If the potion is taken internally, either breathed in or swallowed, it does 1d12+3 points of damage, but does no further damage.

Moderate transmutation; CL 3rd; Brew Potion, *cripple**; Price 4,000 gp.

Potion of Racial Confusion

Description: One of the few things remaining to people in the lands ravaged by frequent wars is a sense of self. One will usually know where one stands as a human, orc, or half-elf, whether this knowledge brings happiness or sorrow. This potion was designed by the Royal Apothecary Society to cause confusion within the ranks of mortals (particularly humans), taking away their sense of self and replacing it with complete confidence that the target is a member of another race, usually a hostile one. Inevitably, the new orc, for example, will find himself surrounded by hated humans and elves, and attack.

Powers: This potion must be taken internally, although it can enter the body through a wound, such as a dart or arrow. The target must make a DC 14 Fortitude save, else he will think himself of a race other than his fellows, often an enemy race (this is the GM's choice). He will feel a great compulsion to attack his former friends and get free of their presence.

Faint transmutation; CL 7th; Brew Potion, *confusion*; Price 1,500 gp.

Rings

Cursed Ring of Momar

Description: This ring is a flat band of dull silver with an unpolished chunk of crystal set into it.

Powers: When placed on a finger on the right hand, the ring immediately begins to freeze the skin it touches. It will continue turning the skin of the wearer's arm to ice at a rate of 4 inches per round, inflicting 1 point of damage every round until the wearer makes a DC 13 Fortitude check, at which point the ring may be removed. If the ring is placed on the left hand, it allows the wearer to cast *frost nova** 3 times per day.

Faint evocation; CL 12th; Forge Ring, *frost nova**; Price 3,000 gp.

Dread Band

Description: This weathered bone ring is brown with age. The *dread band* serves as a potent aid to dreadlords.

Powers: When worn by a dreadlord, the *dread band* allows the creature to use its energy drain and vampiric aura abilities with any melee weapon (not just claw attacks).

Strong necromancy; CL 15th; Forge Ring, *enervation, vampiric aura***; Price 10,000 gp.

Ring of Ghostly Duels

Description: This mithril ring is twisted many times. Images of weapons and humanoid figures locked in combat are barely visible beneath the ring's surface.

Powers: A character wearing a *ring of ghostly duels* can make himself and one other creature incorporeal. The two remain visible as ghostly outlines (unless they are invisible by some other means). (See Chapter 8: Glossary in the *DMG* and Chapter Three: The Scourge in **Manual of Monsters** for more information on incorporeal creatures and how they function in the **Warcraft** setting.) The two do not suffer the standard miss chances for attacking incorporeal targets, and thus can damage each other with weapons, incapacitate each other with spells and so forth. The effect lasts for 10 rounds or until the wearer chooses to end it.

Evoking the ring's power requires a successful touch attack. An unwilling target may attempt a DC 23 Will save to resist the effect.

A *ring of ghostly duels* may be used just once, after which it fades from existence.

Special: If you use the *ring of ghostly duels* in a non-**Warcraft** setting, the ring shifts the wearer and target to the Ethereal Plane instead of making him incorporeal.

Strong transmutation; CL 17th; Forge Ring, *etherealness*; Price 3,150 gp.

Wondrous Items

Chalice of Opal Voices

Description: This chalice is a 12-inch tall silver goblet with opals set around the foot. The lining of the goblet is also opal, carved from a single great gem and imbued with power.

Powers: Anyone who drinks clean water from this chalice gains a +4 bonus to Charisma-based checks and rolls for the next 5 rounds. Used most commonly by musicians, this chalice has also come in useful for diplomatic endeavors.

Moderate transmutation; CL 8th; Craft Wondrous Item, *eagle's splendor*; Price: 4,000; Weight: 2 lb.

Crown of Will

Description: The crown gleams constantly, giving off an almost hypnotic pattern of light that immediately catches the gaze of all who approach. Fashioned entirely from rare, polished gemstones, the *crown of will* was created centuries ago by a Highborne sorcerer who was worried about the possibility of losing his mind to a magical mishap. The *crown's* purpose is to fortify its wearer's mind, shielding it from any form of controlling spell or enchantment.

Powers: The wearer gains a +4 bonus on all Will saves and is continuously affected as though by the *mind blank* spell. Any ongoing, mind-affecting effects afflicting the wearer are immediately ended when the *crown* is donned.

Strong Abjuration; CL 15th; Craft Wondrous Item, *mind blank, resistance*; Price 246,000 gp; Weight 2 lb.

Dark Ruby

Description: This deep red ruby is strung on a gold chain and worn about the neck. Dark Iron dwarves, especially those in leadership positions, often wear such pendants. The *dark ruby* adds to the wearer's force of personality, grants her protection against fire and allows Ragnaros' fiery servants to keep an eye on the wearer.

Powers: A *dark ruby* grants its wearer a +2 enhancement bonus to Charisma and resistance to fire 20. The item is also keyed to a particular fire elemental or other favored servant of Ragnaros. This specific creature can use *clairaudience/clairvoyance* and *scrying* through the ruby at will, and can cast *hold person* on the wearer once per day as a spell-like ability with no saving throw allowed. The fire elemental can also teleport (as *greater teleport*) to the ruby's location once per week. If the fire elemental to which the ruby is keyed dies, the *dark ruby* loses all its powers and flashes into ash.

The object's creator keys the *dark ruby* to a specific creature at the time of creation. The choice cannot be changed.

Strong abjuration, divination and transmutation; CL 13th; Craft Wondrous Item, *clairaudience/clairvoyance, eagle's splendor, hold person, resist energy, scrying*; Price —; Cost 18,500 gp + 1,480 XP; Weight —.

Darksap Venom

Description: The Hinterlands' Witherbark forest trolls combine voodoo magic and herbal lore to create this deadly poison. The toxin is black and sticky, like tar, and usually comes in small clay or wood containers.

Powers: *Darksap venom* is an injury-based poison. The venom's initial damage is 2d6 points of temporary Constitution damage, and secondary damage is 3d6 points of temporary Constitution damage. The Fortitude save DC to resist the effects is 20. In addition, the spells *slow poison* and *neutralize poison* are ineffective in countering this magic venom (though *heal* and other 6th-level and higher curative spells eliminate it), and antitoxins provide no bonus.

Moderate necromancy; CL 7th; Brew Potion, Craft Wondrous Item, *poison*, Survival 5 ranks; Price 5,000 gp per dose; Weight —.

Prestige Classes

The following four prestige classes are available primarily to PCs and NPCs of the eastern continents; each one is also connected to a specific organization detailed in Appendix One.

Dark Apothecary

Description: The agents of the Royal Apothecary Society scour the land for the deadliest toxins and most powerful potions, searching for the ultimate weapon in their battle to rid Azeroth of the Scourge.

Hit Die: d6.

Requirements

Affiliation: Independent.

Skills: Craft (alchemy) 8 ranks, Knowledge (undead) 5 ranks.

Feats: Brew Potion, Great Fortitude.

Class Skills

The dark apothecary's class skills (and the key ability for each) are Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Decipher Script (Int), Heal (Wis), Knowledge (Int), Profession (Wis), and Spellcraft (Int). See Chapter 4: Skills in the *Player's Handbook* for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Dark apothecaries are proficient with all simple weapons.

Spellcasting: A dark apothecary continues to grow in magical ability as his studies progress. When a character gains 2nd level as a dark apothecary and at every other level thereafter, the character gains new spells per day as if he had also gained a level in whatever arcane spellcasting class he belonged to before entering the prestige class. The spells available to the dark apothecary are those of the character's former arcane spellcasting class.

Improved Brew (Ex): Learning the secrets of the Royal Apothecary Society allows a dark apothecary to brew potions with no cost in experience points and at incredible speeds, requiring only 1 hour per potion, though the cost of materials needed remains the same.

Throw Potion (Ex): Potions created by a dark apothecary can either be imbibed normally or used by the dark apothecary as a thrown splash weapon with a range increment of 15 feet (see "Throw Splash Weapon" in Chapter 8 of the *Player's Handbook*). Spell effects released via a thrown potion are treated as though the spell had been cast normally and targeted at the point of impact. Trained in the proper methods of throwing potions, dark apothecaries may select how spells with a line or shaped effect are released, though the effect must always occur in the half-arc away from the apothecary and the line of throw.

Identify Potion (Ex): As a result of their extensive alchemical studies, dark apothecaries can identify unknown potions at will as though casting *identify* at their spellcaster level. As the Royal Apothecary Society's classification system uses odor rather than taste (to protect young initiates from mistakenly imbibing poisons), a dark apothecary must be able to smell a potion in order to identify it.

Extend Potion (Ex): Once initiated into the Royal Apothecary Society, a dark apothecary can cause the effects of a previously-brewed potion to last twice as long as normal. Potions whose effects have durations of concentration, instantaneous, or permanent are not affected by this process, which requires 1 hour and materials equal in cost to one-quarter of the potion's base cost.

Corrupt Water (Su): The blood of a dark apothecary is tainted with toxins from his experiments. Beginning at 2nd level, a dark apothecary who bleeds himself for 1 point of Constitution damage can drip the blood into a vial of water to create one dose of a powerful poison. Glass vials of this poison can be thrown using the dark apothecary's throw potion ability. In addition, the poison affects both living and undead creatures. The dark apothecary is immune to the effects of this poison (contact, Fort DC 8 + the dark apothecary's class levels, initial damage paralysis for 2d6 rounds; see "Poison" in Chapter 8 of the *DMG*). As the dark apothecary advances in the prestige class, he gains new options for the secondary damage, selecting from those available to him at the time of the poison's creation:

- *2nd level:* 2d6 points of damage.
- *4th level:* 2d4 Dex.

Table 7–2: The Dark Apothecary (Dap)

Class Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Spells
1st	+0	+0	+2	+2	Improved brew, throw potion, identify potion, extend potion	—
2nd	+1	+0	+3	+3	Corrupt water	+1 level of arcane spellcasting class
3rd	+2	+1	+3	+3	Empower potion	—
4th	+3	+1	+4	+4	Poison immunity, corrupt water	+1 level of arcane spellcasting class
5th	+3	+1	+4	+4	Greater brew	—
6th	+4	+2	+5	+5	Corrupt water	+1 level of arcane spellcasting class
7th	+5	+2	+5	+5	Poison touch, widen potion	—
8th	+6	+2	+6	+6	Corrupt water	+1 level of arcane spellcasting class
9th	+6	+3	+6	+6	Potion touch	—
10th	+7	+3	+7	+7	Poison reach, corrupt water	+1 level of arcane spellcasting class

- *6th level:* 1d6 Con.
- *8th level:* Unconsciousness for 1d8 hours.
- *10th level:* 1d6 points of damage to any two abilities.

Empower Potion (Ex): Dark apothecaries can use their alchemical knowledge to maximize the effects of a previously-brewed potion. All variable, numeric effects of a potion are increased by one-half, as though the spell contained in the potion was under the effects of the Empower Spell feat. Empowering a potion is a process that requires 1 hour and materials equal in cost to one-tenth of the potion's base cost.

Poison Immunity (Ex): Upon reaching 4th level, dark apothecaries have experimented with so many potions, chemicals and toxins that they become immune to the effects of all poisons.

Greater Brew (Ex): At 5th level, the dark apothecary gains the ability to create potions of any 5th-level or lower spell that he can cast.

Poison Touch (Su): At 3rd level, the dark apothecary acquires the ability to pass the effects of poison via touch. Within 15 minutes of imbibing a poison, the dark apothecary can transfer the poison's effects to a target he hits with a successful touch attack, which expends the poison completely.

Widen Potion (Ex): When achieving 7th level, a dark apothecary can maximize the area affected by the spells brewed into his potions. This effect is as per the Widen Spell feat, but limited to potions. Widening a potion is a process that requires 1 hour and materials equal in cost to one-tenth of the potion's base cost.

Potion Touch (Su): At 6th level, a dark apothecary learns to extend his ability to pass along the effects of poisons in order to transfer potion effects. If touching another creature while imbibing a potion with the effects of a spell of 3rd level or less, the dark apothecary may share the effects of the potion.

Poison Reach (Su): Upon reaching 7th level, a dark apothecary may pass along the effects of a poison he has imbibed via a ranged touch attack with a range equal to the dark apothecary's class level times 5 feet. Only one creature may be affected per dose imbibed, and the attack must be made within 15 minutes of imbibing the poison. If an attempt to poison using this ability fails, the imbibed poison is expended.

Defias Renegade

Description: There are two ways someone is typically introduced to the Defias Brotherhood. Some are traveling through central Azaroth and suddenly find themselves surrounded by cloaked figures demanding their valuables in exchange for passage. Others, despite their skills and talents, get caught in desperate situations — and find a member of the Brotherhood stepping forward to assist them, then vanishing back into the night.

Both groups tell their stories and hear what others say about the Brotherhood. They hear of how the Brotherhood was cast out of Stormwind and how it rebels against the authority that once ruled its members. They hear of how the Brotherhood's members hone their technological acumen and teach one another the secret art of the ambush.

A very few choose to mark themselves with a cog tattoo and set off into the wilderness. Out of desperation, dedication or determination they decide to join the quest of the Brotherhood to change the world one unwary traveler at a time. Turning their backs on society, they join the Defias Brotherhood and become renegades.

Hit Die: d6.

Requirements

Affiliation: Independent.

Base Attack Bonus: +4.

Skills: Knowledge (history: Defias Brotherhood) 3 ranks, Use Technological Device* 8 ranks.

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes.

Special: A character who wishes to join the Defias Brotherhood must mark herself with a cog tattoo on the back of her right hand.

Class Skills

The Defias renegade's class skills (and the key ability for each) are Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Disable Device (Int), Escape Artist (Dex), Gather Information (Cha), Hide (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Open Lock (Dex), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis), Use Rope (Dex), and Use Technological Device* (Int). See Chapter Four, "Skills," in the *Player's Handbook* and Chapter Two, "Heroes," in the **Warcraft RPG** for skill descriptions.

Table 7–3: The Defias Renegade (Dre)

Class Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+0	+2	+2	+0	Mechanical aptitude, trapfinder (+2)
2nd	+1	+3	+3	+0	Sense ambush, sabotage (x2)
3rd	+2	+3	+3	+1	Exotic Weapon Proficiency
4th	+3	+4	+4	+1	Ambush, bonus feat
5th	+3	+4	+4	+2	Lurker, trapfinder (+4)
6th	+4	+5	+5	+2	Sense ambush (partial action), sabotage (x3)
7th	+5	+5	+5	+2	Exotic Weapon Proficiency
8th	+6/+1	+6	+6	+3	Bonus feat
9th	+6/+1	+6	+6	+3	Trapfinder (+6)
10th	+7/+2	+7	+7	+3	Sabotage (x4)

Skill Points at Each Level: 6 + Int modifier.

Class Features

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Defias renegades are proficient with all simple weapons, all ranged martial weapons, and all crossbows. They are also proficient with all light and medium armor.

Mechanical Aptitude (Ex): Defias renegades add half their level in the prestige class on any Use Technological Device* skill checks they make to operate devices. This bonus can also be applied to any Craft (technological devices)* checks made by the renegade to create, repair or upgrade technological devices whose primary functions are related to stealth or ambush (such as "sneakboots" or a "carriage trap").

Trapfinder (Ex): At 1st level, Defias renegades get a +2 competence bonus to any attempts to find or detect non-magical traps. This bonus increases to +4 at 5th level and +6 at 9th level.

Sense Ambush (Ex): A Defias renegade is well-versed in the staging and execution of ambushes, and rarely falls into one herself. Beginning at 2nd level, she adds half of her level in the prestige class to any checks made to determine awareness at the beginning of combat. After achieving 6th level, even if the Defias renegade fails her awareness check, she still retains her Dexterity bonus to AC and gets a standard action in any surprise round.

Sabotage (Ex): The Defias Brotherhood instructs its members not only in the construction of devices, but also in ways to impede the operation of a functioning device. Beginning at 2nd level, a Defias renegade may study a device as a full-round action. She can then attempt to sabotage the device by making a Use Technological Device* check with a DC equal to that required to operate the device. (This check does not require the renegade to have any of the proficiencies necessary to operate the device.) If the check is successful, the Malfunction Rating of the device is doubled. A successful sabotage by a Defias renegade of 6th level or higher triples the device's Malfunction Rating, and sabotage by a 10th-level renegade multiplies the Malfunction Rating by 4. The effects of a sabotage remain until the device malfunctions and is repaired, after which the MR returns to normal.

Exotic Weapon Proficiency: At 3rd and 7th level, the Defias renegade may select a bonus exotic weapon proficiency for any technological weapon (defined as any weapon with a Malfunction Rating, such as the splinter gun; see Chapter Five in **Magic & Mayhem**).

Ambush (Ex): Beginning at 4th level, a Defias renegade adds her levels in the prestige class to the DC of any checks made by opponents attempting to detect the renegade lying in wait for an ambush.

Bonus Feat: At 4th and 8th levels, a Defias renegade gets a bonus Technology feat.

Lurking (Ex): Beginning at 5th level, a Defias renegade gets a bonus equal to half her levels in the prestige class when making any Hide or Move Silently checks.

Dwarven Prospector

Description: For untold centuries, prospectors wandered the mountains of Khaz Modan searching for untapped veins of ore and potential sites for new underground clanholds. However, with the discovery of their titan origins and the founding of the Explorer's Guild, the ranks of the dwarven prospectors have swollen and their wanderings have spread until they now cover all of Azeroth.

Hit Die: d6.

Requirements

Race: Dwarf.

Affiliation: Alliance.

Skills: Profession (explorer) 8 ranks, Profession (miner) 5 ranks, any two Knowledge (place) skills at 3 ranks or more.

Feats: Negotiator.

Class Skills

The dwarven prospector's class skills (and the key ability for each) are Appraise (Int), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Decipher Script (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Disguise (Cha), Gather Information (Cha), Handle Animal (Cha), Heal (Wis), Hide (Dex), Knowledge (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Profession (Wis), Ride (Dex), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Speak Language, Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis) and Use Rope (Dex). See Chapter 4: Skills in the *Player's Handbook* for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Level: 6 + Int modifier.

Class Features

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A dwarven prospector often ventures into the wild on his own, and few set out without a personal arsenal of weapons and the skills to use them. Dwarven prospectors are proficient with all simple and martial weapons, and light armor. At 1st level, they may also select one exotic weapon proficiency representing a martial skill acquired in their travels.

Mineral Sense (Ex): Dwarven prospectors have an uncanny knack for determining the location and quality of ore and mineral resources. Any Appraise, Knowledge, Profession, Search or Spot checks made by a prospector related to the location and identification of minerals get a competence bonus equal to the character's prospector levels +3.

Direction Sense (Ex): Wandering in and under the mountains in search of fresh veins of ore leads dwarven prospectors to develop an extraordinary bump of direction. Even while underground, a dwarven prospector will unerringly know the direction of north.

Luckstone (Su): Prospectors can be a superstitious lot, and many have particular items they swear were vital to past successes and victories. Traditionally, this item has been a rock taken from the prospector's birthplace, but some prospectors swear by their "special belt" or "lucky boots." At 1st level, a prospector chooses one of his possessions to serve as his "lucky object." This object must be non-magical and cannot be a weapon or piece of armor. Each day, the prospector's lucky object grants him a "luck pool" containing a number of points equal to his Wisdom modifier that may be

Table 7–4: The Dwarven Prospector (Dpr)

Class Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+0	+2	+2	+0	Mineral sense, direction sense, luckstone
2nd	+1	+3	+3	+0	Favored terrain, kodo's memory (+3)
3rd	+2	+3	+3	+1	Native friends
4th	+3	+4	+4	+1	Archive delving, bonus feat
5th	+3	+4	+4	+1	Favored terrain, kodo's memory (+6), luckstone (prospector levels)
6th	+4	+5	+5	+2	Native friends, gem sense
7th	+5	+5	+5	+2	Polyglot, fleet
8th	+6	+6	+6	+2	Favored terrain, kodo's memory (+9), bonus feat
9th	+6	+6	+6	+3	Native friends
10th	+7	+7	+7	+3	Luckstone (character levels)

applied as a luck bonus to any roll made by the prospector. When a point from the luck pool is applied as a bonus, it is spent and isn't refreshed until the prospector gets a full night's rest. When the prospector achieves 5th level, the luck pool contains a number of points equal to his prospector levels. After reaching 10th level, a prospector's luck pool contains points equal to his character level. If a prospector is separated from his lucky object, he may not spend points from his luck pool until it is recovered.

Favored Terrain (Ex): In their journeys, dwarven prospectors learn how to travel through and survive in many types of wilderness. Upon achieving 2nd, 5th and 8th levels, a dwarven prospector selects a general terrain type (see *DMG*, Chapter 3, "Wilderness Adventures"). When traveling through these types of terrain, the prospector receives a +4 competence bonus on Climb, Handle Animal, Ride and Survival checks as well as Constitution checks made to continue running and to avoid nonlethal damage from forced marches. The same terrain type may not be selected twice.

Kodo's Memory (Ex): Prospectors have prodigious memories for the places they visit. (They are often compared to kodo beasts, which will remember the face of a hunter who wounded them more than a decade earlier.) At 2nd level, a dwarven prospector can make a Knowledge check pertaining to a geographic locale he has previously visited as though he had 3 ranks in the skill. At 5th level, this figure rises to 6 ranks, and at 8th level to 9 ranks.

Native Friends (Ex): Prospectors often make numerous friends and allies in their travels, until it seems as though they have acquaintances nearly everywhere they go. At 3rd, 6th and 9th levels, a dwarven prospector selects a region (such as the Barrens, Westfall or Stranglethorn Vale). While traveling in this region, there is a percentage chance equal to 5 times the character's prospector level that he is within an hour's travel of a friendly acquaintance who will be able to offer shelter and assistance. Elsewhere, this chance is equal to 1 times the character's prospector levels. The same region may not be selected twice.

Archive Delving (Ex): Prospectors quickly become experts at library research as they study their past and future destinations in the halls of a library or archive. After achieving 4th level, a dwarven prospector receives a bonus equal to half his levels in the prestige class on any checks related to research, including library-based Decipher Script and Gather Information checks.

Bonus Feat: At 4th and 8th levels, a dwarven prospector may select a bonus general feat.

Gem Sense (Ex): At 6th level, the dwarven prospector's ability to locate and assess minerals encompasses gemstones. This ability is the same as mineral sense, but extends to gemstones as well.

Polyglot (Ex): By 7th level, a dwarven prospector usually knows so many languages that learning new ones is extremely easy. For each skill point spent, the prospector can learn two languages. Further, with a DC 20 Intelligence check, the prospector can understand (but not speak) a language he does not know.

Fleet (Ex): Prospectors learn how to pace themselves when traveling long distances and can move at an impressive speed. When traveling overland and out of combat, a prospector of 7th level or higher gains a bonus of 30 feet to his base speed.

Scarlet Crusader

Description: As they wander the blasted wastes, the undead creatures who call the Plaguelands home have learned to scan the horizon continually for the crimson garb of the Scarlet Crusade. Scarlet Crusaders come from many vocations — warrior, priest, wizard, scout — but all have one obsession: the complete and utter destruction of the plague-born creatures who have conquered and occupied their ancestral homelands. Whether a red robe, a red tabard or red lacquered armor, a Scarlet Crusader wears the bright color as a brazen declaration that the red blood of the living still flows in her veins and as a beacon calling her undead foes to battle. Though often seen traveling in squads, even a lone Crusader will charge into battle with a zealous rage to destroy both the undead and any she fears may be "plagued." The truly unlucky are those captured alive by a Scarlet Crusader and taken back to one of the Crusade's hidden encampments, where the Crusaders eagerly interrogate and torture prisoners for any information that will help the Crusade achieve its goals. Crusaders are predominantly human, with only the occasional dwarf or high elf — they hate other races and blame them for everything bad as well.

Hit Die: d8.

Requirements

Affiliation: Alliance or Independent.

Base Attack Bonus: +5.

Skills: Intimidate 8 ranks.

Feats: Iron Will, Power Attack.

Special: A Scarlet Crusader may not be of the undead creature type.

Table 7–5: The Scarlet Crusader (Slc)

Class Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+2	+0	+2	Tracker
2nd	+2	+3	+0	+3	Favored enemy (undead)
3rd	+3	+3	+1	+3	*Detect undead*, *lifetouch* (critical hits)
4th	+4	+4	+1	+4	*Crimson circle*, *track undead* (1 hour)
5th	+5	+4	+1	+4	*Lifetouch* (nonlethal damage), *interrogator*
6th	+6	+5	+2	+5	*Track undead* (12 hours)
7th	+7	+5	+2	+5	*Lifetouch* (mental immunity)
8th	+8	+6	+2	+6	Lifecloak, *track undead* (1 day)
9th	+9	+6	+3	+6	*Inquisitor*
10th	+10	+7	+3	+7	*Lifeburn*

Class Skills

The Scarlet Crusader's class skills (and the key ability for each) are Disable Device (Int), Gather Information (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (Int), Profession (Wis), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Cha), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis), and Use Rope (Dex). See Chapter 4: Skills in the *Player's Handbook* for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A Scarlet Crusader can use all simple and martial weapons, light and medium armor, and light shields.

Tracker (Ex): Waging guerilla warfare in the Plaguelands, a Scarlet Crusader masters the subtle art of finding her undead quarry. Beginning at 1st level, a Scarlet Crusader receives a +5 bonus to all Survival checks when tracking an undead creature.

Favored Enemy (Undead) (Ex): A Scarlet Crusader gets a great deal of quick experience tracking and killing her chosen enemies. At 2nd level, she gains a +2 bonus on Bluff, Listen, Sense Motive, Spot and Survival checks when using these skills against undead creatures. Likewise, she gets a +2 bonus on weapon damage rolls against undead creatures. These bonuses increase by +2 every other level thereafter, to a maximum of +10 at 10th level.

***Detect Undead* (Sp):** Beginning at 3rd level, a Scarlet Crusader can focus his senses through the lens of his zealotry and gain the uncanny ability to detect nearby undead. This ability operates as though the character was casting the spell *detect undead* with a range equal to her Crusader level times 5 feet, and it can be used at will.

***Lifetouch* (Sp):** Midnight rituals of the Scarlet Crusade imbue its devotees with the ability to "infect" the undead with the spark of life — and, in doing so, make them as vulnerable as normal mortals. Beginning at 3rd level, a Scarlet Crusader who makes a successful touch attack against an undead creature renders the creature susceptible to critical hits. After the Crusader has achieved 5th level, the same attack also makes the undead creature vulnerable to nonlethal damage. Upon reaching 7th level, the touch attack also robs the undead creature of its immunity to mind-affecting effects such as charms and compulsions. All of these effects last for a number of rounds equal to the Crusader's class level.

***Crimson Circle* (Sp):** All inductees into the Scarlet Crusade receive a crimson ring that reminds them not only of their devotion to the cause, but also of this ability. As a standard action, a Scarlet Crusader of 4th level can create a circle 15 feet in diameter that lasts for 1 minute per level in the prestige class and that will prevent undead creatures from crossing its boundaries. Clever members of the Crusade have learned to use this ability to imprison the undead, either for questioning or slaughter. This ability may be used a number of times per day equal to the character's Wisdom modifier.

***Track Undead* (Sp):** As she hones her abilities, a Scarlet Crusader can soon sense the presence of her undead enemies. Upon achieving 4th level, a Scarlet

Crusader's ability to detect undead lets her detect any undead that came within range of the ability within the last hour. At 6th level, this time period increases to within the last 12 hours, and at 8th level to within the last day. The ability does not reveal the current location of the undead creature, only that it was present at some point during the time period.

***Interrogator* (Sp):** Once a Scarlet Crusader has proven her devotion to the Crusade, she is introduced to the dark art of interrogation. Beginning at 5th level, a Scarlet Crusader who inflicts 10 or more points of lethal damage on another creature in a non-combat situation may read the creature's thoughts as though using a *detect thoughts* spell focused on the individual creature, allowing the Crusader to read the creature's surface thoughts immediately. This ability can be used on undead creatures. Each successive time this ability is used on a single creature, it gains a +2 bonus to its Will save; if it successfully saves, the Scarlet Crusader's ability may not be used again on that creature for 24 hours.

***Lifecloak* (Sp):** Just as the Scarlet Crusade trains its members to manipulate their life force, it also trains them to protect it. A Scarlet Crusader of 8th level or higher is immune to the effects of all ability drain and energy drain powers.

***Inquisitor* (Sp):** A Scarlet Crusader who has mastered the art of interrogation can inflict such pain that a creature cannot help but reveal all that the Crusader wishes to know. When a Crusader of 9th level or greater inflicts 20 or more points of lethal damage upon a creature in a non-combat situation, the creature will answer questions truthfully for 1 minute. The creature is allowed a Will save against this ability, with a DC equal to 15 + the Crusader's Charisma bonus. Each successive questioning grants the creature a +2 bonus to this save. If the creature successfully saves, it may not be questioned again for 24 hours.

***Lifeburn* (Sp):** At 10th level a Scarlet Crusader can use her life force to incinerate any who stand in her way. With a successful touch attack, a Scarlet Crusader can deal 6d6 points of damage; against undead creatures, this damage is doubled to 12d6 points. Each use of this ability also inflicts 2d8 points of damage to the Crusader.

Monsters

Described below are six new monsters found in the eastern lands.

Crocolisk

Medium Animal	
Hit Dice:	4d8+16 (34 hp)
Initiative:	+0
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares), swim 40 ft.
Armor Class:	15 (+5 natural), touch 10, flat-footed 15
Base Attack /Grapple:	+3/+8
Attack:	Bite +8 melee (1d8+5) or tail slap +8 melee (1d12+5)
Full Attack:	Bite +8 melee (1d8+5) or tail slap +8 melee (1d12+5)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Improved grab, lacerate
Special Qualities:	Low-light vision, hold breath
Saves:	Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +2
Abilities:	Str 21, Dex 11, Con 18, Int 1, Wis 12, Cha 2
Skills:	Hide +8*, Listen +4, Spot +4, Swim +13
Feats:	Alertness, Skill Focus (Hide)
Environment:	Warm marshes
Organization:	Solitary or colony (6–11)
Challenge Rating:	3
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral
Advancement:	5–7 HD (Medium); 8–12 HD (Large)
Level Adjustment:	—

The lizard-like creature is massive in length and covered in thick, rough scales that run from the end of its tail to the tip of its maw. Mottled green in color with yellowish fangs, the beast is supported by six squat legs and webbed feet, each of which ends in short, black claws.

Description

Crocolisks are amphibious predators relatively common in most regions of Azeroth. They exist naturally in both fresh and saltwater environments, usually preferring to remain close to land. However, seafarers occasionally report sighting giant crocolisks out in the ocean, miles from dry land.

Crocolisks spend most of their time submerged, but are equally at home on land and often climb onto shore to sun themselves or to roll in warm mud. They are extremely proficient swimmers, able to surge forward with bursts of speed that often catch prey by surprise. They typically prefer to feed on relatively defenseless prey, such as small, aquatic creatures or larger land creatures that flounder when crossing bodies of water. However, crocolisks never hesitate to defend their territory aggressively from trespassers.

Recently, a new breed of mutated crocolisk has been sighted in remote areas of Azeroth. Corrupted by an unknown force, these twisted crocolisks are known as dreadmaws and reportedly grow to monstrous proportions.

Combat

A crocolisk prefers to lie in wait, submerged at the edge of a river with only its eyes and nostrils showing. The crocolisk charges and attacks any creature that wanders within 30 feet. It uses its lacerate ability until the victim bleeds to death, then drags the corpse back to its watery home.

Improved Grab (Ex): To use this ability, a crocolisk must hit with its bite attack. It can then attempt to start a grapple as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity. If it wins the grapple check, the crocolisk uses its lacerate ability.

Lacerate (Ex): When a crocolisk succeeds at an improved grab, it automatically lacerates its foe. The victim suffers 1 point of Constitution damage from blood loss. A critical hit does not multiply the Constitution damage. Creatures immune to critical hits (such as plants and constructs) are immune to this effect.

Hold Breath (Ex): A crocolisk can hold its breath for a number of rounds equal to 4 times its Constitution score before it risks drowning.

Skills: A crocolisk has a +8 racial bonus on any Swim check to perform some special action or avoid a hazard. It can always choose to take 10 on a Swim check, even if distracted or endangered. It can use the run action while swimming, provided it swims in a straight line.

*A crocolisk gains a +4 racial bonus on Hide checks when in the water. Further, a crocilisk can lie in the water with only its eyes and nostrils showing, gaining a +10 cover bonus on Hide checks.

Dragonhawk

Large Magical Beast

Hit Dice:	4d10+12 (34 hp)
Initiative:	+3
Speed:	10 ft. (2 squares), fly 90 ft. (average)
Armor Class:	16 (–1 size, +3 Dex, +4 natural), touch 12, flat-footed 13
Base Attack /Grapple:	+4/+12
Attack:	Bite +8 melee (1d8+6)
Full Attack:	Bite +8 melee (1d8+6)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	—
Special Qualities:	—
Saves:	Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +3
Abilities:	Str 19, Dex 17, Con 17, Int 3, Wis 14, Cha 6
Skills:	Listen +6, Spot +11*
Feats:	Alertness, Weapon Focus (bite)
Environment:	Forest
Organization:	Solitary or pair
Challenge Rating:	3
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Always neutral
Advancement:	5–8 HD (Huge); 9–12 HD (Gargantuan)
Level Adjustment:	—

This large raptor could carry away a man — on its back, or in its talons. Its beak gleams wickedly, but its feathers are unremarkable but for hints of blue and red at the neck and wing.

Dragonhawks are vicious flying predators. They are swift and deft, able to crack bones and pierce hides with their mighty jaws. They can be trained as aerial mounts and seem to have a particular affinity with high elves, and are often used as mounts by high elf warriors.

As their name implies, dragonhawks resemble a cross between a hawk and a dragon. They look much like large hawks with dragonlike heads and a few other draconic characteristics — long neck, sleek body and large wings. Dragonhawk plumage is brown with touches of blue and red.

Combat

Dragonhawks are able predators. They prefer diving attacks, snatching prey in their talons to devour at their leisure. When trained, they readily fight in tandem with a skilled rider.

Skills: *Dragonhawks receive a +2 racial bonus on Spot checks.

Training a Dragonhawk

Training a dragonhawk as an aerial mount requires a successful Handle Animal check (DC 24 for a young creature, or DC 29 for an adult). High elves receive a +2 racial bonus on this check.

Dragonhawk eggs are worth 2,500 gp apiece on the open market, while chicks are worth 4,000 gp each. Professional trainers charge 1,000 gp to rear or train a dragonhawk, and riding one requires an exotic saddle. A dragonhawk can fight while carrying a rider, but the rider cannot also attack unless he or she succeeds at a Ride check (see the *PHB*, Chapter 4: Skills, "Ride").

Carrying Capacity: A light load for a dragonhawk is up to 350 pounds, a medium load 351–700 pounds, and a heavy load 701–1,050 pounds.

Dwarf, Dark Iron

Dark Iron Dwarf, 1st-Level Warrior
Medium Humanoid (Dwarf)

Hit Dice:	1d8 (4 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	15 ft. in scale mail armor (3 squares); base speed 20 ft. (4 squares)
Armor Class:	18 (+2 Dex, +4 scale mail, +2 heavy steel shield), touch 12, flat-footed 16
Base Attack /Grapple:	+1/+2
Attack:	Dwarven waraxe +2 melee (1d10+1/x3), or light crossbow +3 ranged (1d8/19–20)
Full Attack:	Dwarven waraxe +2 melee (1d10+1/x3), or light crossbow +3 ranged (1d8/19–20)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	—
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., resistance to fire 6, fire magic affinity, Dark Iron dwarf traits
Saves:	Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0
Abilities:	Str 13, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 8
Skills:	Listen +2, Spot +2
Feats:	Point Blank Shot
Environment:	Any underground
Organization:	Solitary (5th–10th level rogue or assassin), team (2–4), squad (11–20 plus 2 3rd-level sergeants and 1 Large fire elemental), or clan (30–100 plus 30% noncombatants plus 1 3rd-level sergeant per 10 adults, 5 5th-level lieutenants, 3 elder fire elementals and 1 8th-level chieftain)
Challenge Rating:	1/2
Treasure:	Standard
Alignment:	Always chaotic evil
Advancement:	By character class
Level Adjustment:	—

This dwarf has pallid skin and stark white hair. Orange eyes burn from an impassive face.

Description

Dark Iron dwarves are the Ironforge dwarves' evil kin. Three hundred years ago, Clan Dark Iron split from Clan Ironforge and Clan Wildhammer. The Dark Irons practiced evil magic, which their Ironforge brethren could not abide. Clan Ironforge therefore exiled the Dark Irons, who founded their kingdom of Thaurisan in the Redridge Mountains. The Dark Iron sorcerer-king, also called Thaurisan, refused to accept his banishment. He amassed an army and attacked Dun Morogh, thereby sparking the War of Three Hammers against both Ironforge and the Wildhammer dwarves of Grim Batol. The Ironforge and Wildhammer forces defeated Thaurisan's armies and pushed him back to the Redridge Mountains. Seeing he was doomed, Thaurisan decided to summon a magical creature to aid his Dark Irons. Yet he inadvertently summoned Ragnaros, a blazing Old God whose birth tore the land asunder. Ragnaros' summoning destroyed the city of Thaurisan, and in its place was a great volcano that dwarves would later name Blackrock Spire. Ragnaros bent the remaining Dark Irons to his will, and he and his new servants retreated to the safety of the Blackrock Spire's depths.

Now, the Dark Irons have returned to the surface. The Third War's devastation leaves Ironforge with few allies, and the world is ripe for a Dark Iron emergence. Their current battles are mainly against the black dragon Nefarion and his allies, who claim Blackrock Spire's upper reaches. Dark Iron forces are scattered across Khaz Modan, searching for

items and slaves to help them destroy their ancient enemies.

Dark Iron dwarves physically resemble Ironforge dwarves, but they are not nearly as stocky and are more dexterous. Their skin is pale white and their hair and beards white or black. Their eyes glow with orange flame — one of many gifts from their Old God master. (See the "Badlands" region entry in Chapter Three: Khaz Modan for more information about the Dark Iron dwarves.)

Combat

Dark Iron dwarves avoid straight combat, preferring ambushes and ranged assaults. Dark Irons are self-serving, with little of the clan loyalty so dominant in Ironforge culture. A Dark Iron willingly flees or betrays his allies in order to save his own life.

Fire Magic Affinity (Su): Whenever a Dark Iron dwarf casts a spell with the [fire] descriptor, his caster level is treated as one level higher than it actually is for the purposes of any level-dependent effects (such as range, duration and so forth).

Dark Iron Dwarf Characters

Very few Dark Irons are neutral or good, and even fewer break from Ragnaros' dominance. Ironforge and Wildhammer dwarves despise Dark Irons and attack them on sight. Other races have little experience with Dark Iron dwarves and may be curious or suspicious rather than hostile.

Dark Iron dwarves favor the rogue class and can take levels in the assassin prestige class (as it appears in the *DMG*). Dark Iron dwarves possess the following racial traits.

— +2 Dexterity.

— A Dark Iron dwarf's base land speed is 20 feet.

— Darkvision out to 60 feet.

— Racial Skills: A Dark Iron dwarf character gains skills based on his character class.

— Racial Feats: A Dark Iron dwarf character gains feats based on his character class.

— Stonecunning: Dark Iron dwarves possess the stonecunning ability, just like their Ironforge brethren (see the **Warcraft RPG**, Chapter Two: Heroes).

— Weapon Familiarity: Dark Iron dwarves treat blunderbusses, long rifles, flintlock pistols, dwarven urgroshes and dwarven waraxes as martial weapons rather than exotic weapons.

— +2 racial bonus on saving throws against poison.

— +2 racial bonus on Appraise checks related to stone or metal items and Craft checks related to stone or metal. Appraise and Craft are considered class skills for all Dark Iron dwarf characters.

— –2 penalty to Hide checks due to their glowing eyes. A Dark Iron dwarf may close his eyes or wear tinted glasses to avoid this penalty.

— Resistance to fire equal to 5 + character level (maximum 25). Dark Iron dwarves' association with Ragnaros has granted them some protection against fire.

— Special Quality: Fire magic affinity (see above).

— Automatic Language: Dwarven.

— Favored Class: Rogue.

— Level Adjustment: +0.

Stranglethorn

Large Plant

Hit Dice:	5d8+15 (37 hp)
Initiative:	+0
Speed:	0 ft. (0 squares)
Armor Class:	17 (–1 size, +8 natural), touch 9, flat-footed 17
Base Attack/ Grapple:	+3/+12
Attack:	Slam +7 melee (1d6+7 plus poison)
Full Attack:	Slam +7 melee (1d6+7 plus poison)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./10 ft. (20 ft. with tendrils)
Special Attacks:	Constrict 1d6+7, poison, improved grab
Special Qualities:	Blindsight 30 ft., camouflage, low-light vision, plant traits, resistance to fire 20
Saves:	Fort +7, Ref +1, Will +3
Abilities:	Str 21, Dex 10, Con 16, Int —, Wis 15, Cha 7
Skills:	—
Feats:	—
Environment:	Temperate forests
Organization:	Solitary or patch (2–4)
Challenge Rating:	4
Treasure:	1/10th coins; 50% goods; 50% items
Alignment:	Always neutral
Advancement:	6–20 HD (Large); 21–40 HD (Huge); 41+ HD (Gargantuan)
Level Adjustment:	—

The plant consists mostly of large, trunk-like stalks covered in semi-translucent bark. Its entire length is dotted with numerous clusters of leafy, thorn-covered vines that almost manage to conceal a pattern of strange, swollen bulges protruding from various places along the main stalk.

Description

Man-eating stranglethorn vines derive their name from their native environment: the dangerous, mist-filled jungles of Stranglethorn Vale. Stranglethorn vines are a crucial part of the jungle ecosystem, acting as a counterweight to some of the region's larger predators. Blending in with other types of less-dangerous flora, they often lay in wait, concealed for several days, until unwitting prey approaches within range.

Possessing a rudimentary digestive system, stranglethorn vines can extract nutrients only from the easily digestible outer layers of fleshy creatures. After food is stripped of all nutritional value by the vine, it is expelled from the trunk and discarded at the plant's base.

Inedible creatures, such as beetles, insects and skeletons, are completely ignored by stranglethorns. In fact, carrion beetles often form symbiotic relationships with stranglethorn vines, living in burrows at a vine's base. There, they help to break down the partially digested remains of the plant's victims and lay eggs in suitably decomposed corpses. In turn, carrion beetles are considered tasty morsels by other predators and serve as lures that help to draw additional prey within the vine's reach.

Combat

A stranglethorn attacks with vine-like tendrils when prey strays within reach. Its paralytic poison subdues foes and makes them easier to pull against its main trunk.

A paralyzed creature is drawn to the trunk and encased over the next hour in a bark-like shell as the main trunk grows around it. The outline of a victim is usually still visible for several days afterward. Once the creature is digested within the main trunk, a split forms and indigestibles are expelled. The split closes back up, leaving the stranglethorn's treasure buried under a thin layer of dead leaves and organic debris at the base of the main trunk.

Poison (Ex): Injury, Fortitude DC 15, initial damage paralysis for 1 round, secondary damage sleep for 2d4 hours. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Improved Grab (Ex): To use this ability, a stranglethorn must hit with its slam attack. It can then attempt to start a grapple as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity. If it wins the grapple check, it establishes a hold and can constrict.

Constrict (Ex): A stranglethorn deals 1d6+7 points of damage with a successful grapple check.

Blindsight (Ex): Stranglethorns have no visual organs but can ascertain all foes within 30 feet using sound, scent and vibration.

Camouflage (Ex): Since a stranglethorn looks like a normal plant when at rest, it takes a DC 20 Spot check to notice it before it attacks. Anyone with ranks in Survival or Knowledge (nature) can use one of those skills instead of Spot to notice the plant.

Threshadon

Large Animal

Hit Dice: 8d8+32 (68 hp)
Initiative: +2
Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares), swim 50 ft.
Armor Class: 14 (–1 size, +2 Dex, +3 natural), touch 11, flat-footed 12
Base Attack/Grapple: +6/+16
Attack: Bite +11 melee (2d8+9)
Full Attack: Bite +11 melee (2d8+9)
Space/Reach: 10 ft./10 ft.
Special Attacks: —

Special Qualities: Low-light vision, scent
Saves: Fort +12, Ref +8, Will +3
Abilities: Str 22, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 2, Wis 13, Cha 9
Skills: Hide +3*, Listen +6, Spot +6, Swim +14
Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Great Fortitude
Environment: Warm aquatic
Organization: Solitary, pair, or herd (5–8)
Challenge Rating: 5
Treasure: None
Alignment: Always neutral
Advancement: 9–13 HD (Large); 14–24 HD (Huge)
Level Adjustment: —

The huge, reptilian beast lumbers awkwardly on four squat legs. Its muscular neck is long and flexible, capped by a relatively small head decorated by a colorful fin. Its mouth is filled with long, rounded teeth that appear designed for chewing plants but seem equally capable of crushing armor and snapping bone.

Description

Threshadon are amphibious herbivores that typically live in freshwater lakes or marshes. Their long, flexible necks enable them to eat leaves off the tops of trees and to nuzzle down into muddy lake floors for algae and lichen. They tend to be passive creatures, preferring to graze unmoving in one spot until they are forced to seek additional sources of food elsewhere. Threshadon usually stand in medium-depth water, with the tops of their backs exposed to the heat of the sun and their long necks free to graze. When threatened, they often retreat to deeper water for protection.

Threshadon are primarily motivated by hunger. Their huge bodies require almost constant nourishment, so they migrate frequently whenever they exhaust all edible plant life in an area. They travel in loose herds that are led by a dominant male. When grazing sites are found, the beasts scatter out in a vast circle with pairs grazing together for protection.

Their most dangerous natural enemies are murlocs. Twice a year, murloc tribes engage in ceremonial hunts, prowling lakes and streams for threshadon. Murlocs prize the threshadon's back fins as material for crude shields and armor, and extract a greenish mucus from the colored head fin for use by chieftains as a powerful aphrodisiac.

Combat

Though an herbivore, a threshadon aggressively defends its territory. It attacks anything it notices. The creature is strong, fast and highly maneuverable in water, able to turn quickly and lunge at prey with its long neck. It prefers to attack from within water, with only its head exposed, gaining a +2 cover bonus to AC.

Skills: A threshadon has a +8 racial bonus on any Swim check to perform some special action or avoid a hazard. It can always choose to take 10 on a Swim check, even if distracted or endangered. It can use the run action while swimming, provided it swims in a straight line.

*A threshadon gains a +4 racial bonus on Hide checks when in the water. Further, a threshadon usually approaches with only its head out of water, gaining a +4 cover bonus on Hide checks.

Worgen

Medium Humanoid (Worgen)

Hit Dice: 3d8+6 (19 hp)
Initiative: +1
Speed: 30 ft. (6 squares)
Armor Class: +13 (+1 Dex, +2 natural), touch 11, flat-footed 12
Base Attack/Grapple: +2/+5
Attack: Bite +6 melee (1d6+3 plus disease)
Full Attack: Bite +6 melee (1d6+3 plus disease) and 2 claws +3 melee (1d4+3/19–20)
Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Disease, leap

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, damage reduction 5/silver, leap, night healing, scent

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +2

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 8

Skills: Hide +4, Listen +4, Move Silently +3, Spot +4, Survival +1*

Feats: Improved Critical (claws)[B], Multiattack, Weapon Focus (bite)

Environment: Temperate forest

Organization: Solitary, pair, gang (2–5), band (6–10 plus 50% noncombatants plus 1 leader of 3rd–6th level), or tribe (20–200 plus 1 3rd-level sergeant per 20 adults, 1 or 2 lieutenants of 4th or 5th level, and 1 leader of 6th–8th level)

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Usually neutral evil

Advancement: By character class

Level Adjustment: +2

Resembling a cross between human and dire wolf, the hunched over creature is roughly humanoid. Its body is covered in coarse, grayish-black fur with twitching claws and snarling teeth. The creature's eyes are mottled yellow in color, unblinking and devoid of any discernable emotion other than hunger.

Description

Cursed beings from another dimension, worgen only appear in Azeroth as the result of magical mishaps. True aberrations, they are accidentally drawn through temporary rift tunnels and deposited in this world with no apparent way of returning. Nothing is known about the worgen's home realm, or even precisely how to spawn the rift tunnels through which they come.

Worgen are usually encountered in small packs near sites of recent intense magical activity. Fiercely territorial creatures, they rarely stray from the general vicinity of the place in which they first appeared. Fearless beasts, they brazenly prowl near both villages and monster lairs. Although worgen display an apparent fondness for nighttime and its darkness, they can perform equally well in the daytime.

Pure killing beasts, worgen tend to attack any creatures that they encounter, regardless of whether animal, humanoid, Scourge or something even more fearsome. Strangely, however, worgen refuse

to feed on the remains of their victims, preferring to shred and tear the corpses and then to return immediately to prowling. Rumors suggest that worgen somehow receive sustenance continually from their native dimension… as well as guidance from a distant force.

Combat

Worgen prefer to hide in shadows before leaping great distances upon their foes. They attack with feral tenacity, slashing with their deadly claws and biting with sharp, infectious fangs. Worgen are nearly fearless and typically fight to the death, relying on their regeneration to save them.

Disease (Su): The saliva of a worgen carries a dangerous infection. When a worgen succeeds at a bite attack, the victim must make a DC 13 Fortitude save or contract a maddening disease. (Incubation period 1 day; damage 1d6 Charisma.) As an infected subject's Charisma drops, the victim slips deeper into a feral madness. This disease does not lower the victim's Charisma below 1, and unlike normal disease, it continues each day until magically removed. The Fortitude saving throw is Constitution-based.

Leap (Ex): Worgen are impressive leapers. As a full-round action, a worgen can move up to double its normal speed and make a Jump check with a +30 racial bonus at any point during the move.

Night Healing (Ex): Worgen have an affinity for the night. A worgen has fast healing 2, but at night

a worgen also has regeneration 5. A worgen is dealt normal damage by silver weapons.

Skills: A worgen has a +1 racial bonus on Listen, Move Silently and Spot checks, and a +2 racial bonus on Hide checks. *A worgen has a +4 racial bonus on Survival checks when tracking by scent.

Worgen as Characters

Worgen characters possess the following racial traits.

— Strength +6, Dexterity +2, Constitution +4, Intelligence –2, Wisdom +2, Charisma –2.

— Medium size.

— A worgen's base land speed is 30 feet.

— Darkvision out to 60 feet.

— Racial Hit Dice: A worgen begins with three levels of humanoid, which provide 3d8 Hit Dice, a base attack bonus of +2, and base saving throw bonuses of Fort +4, Ref +1 and Will +1.

— Racial Skills: A worgen's humanoid levels give it skill points equal to 6 x_ (2 + Int modifier). Its class skills are Hide, Listen, Move Silently and Spot.

— Racial Feats: A worgen's humanoid levels give it two feats.

— +2 natural armor bonus.

— Special Attacks (see above): Disease, leap.

— Special Qualities (see above): Damage reduction 5/silver, night healing, scent.

— Automatic Language: Worgen. Bonus Language: Common.

— Favored Class: Barbarian.

— Level Adjustment: +2.

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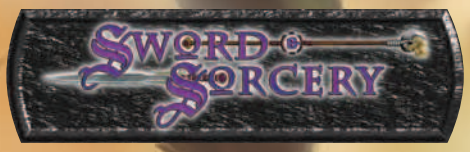

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